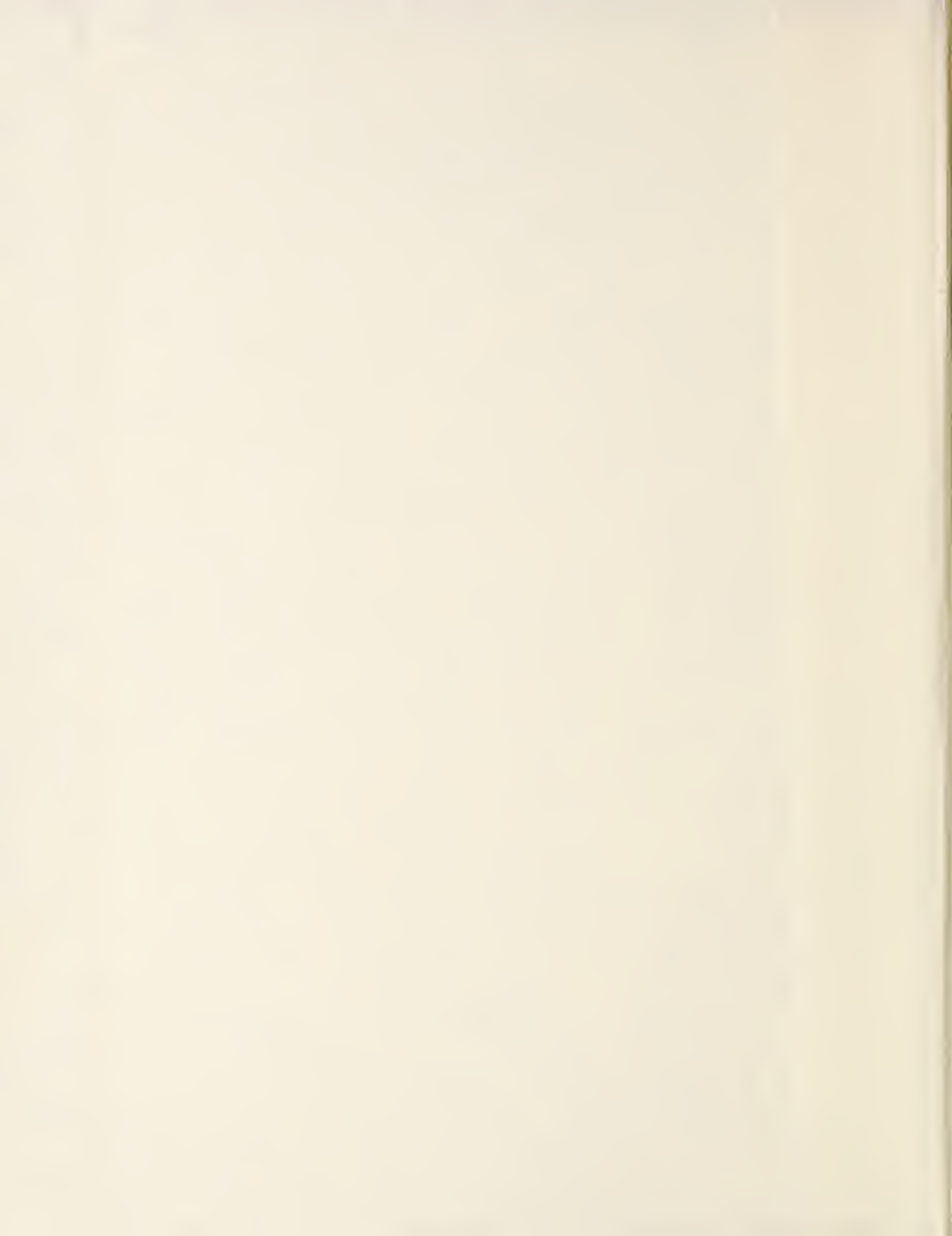
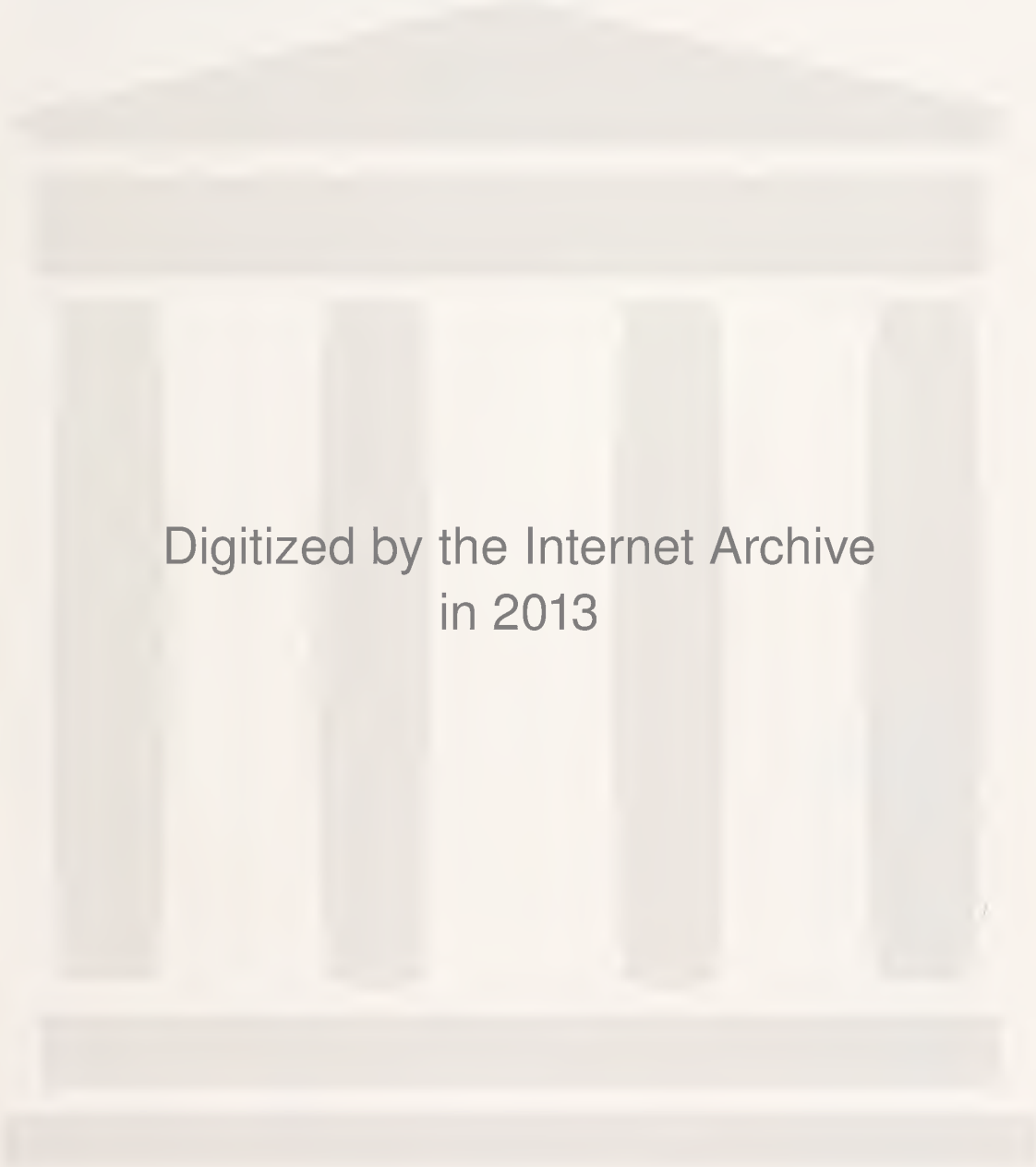


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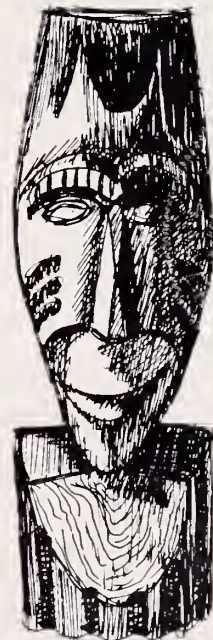




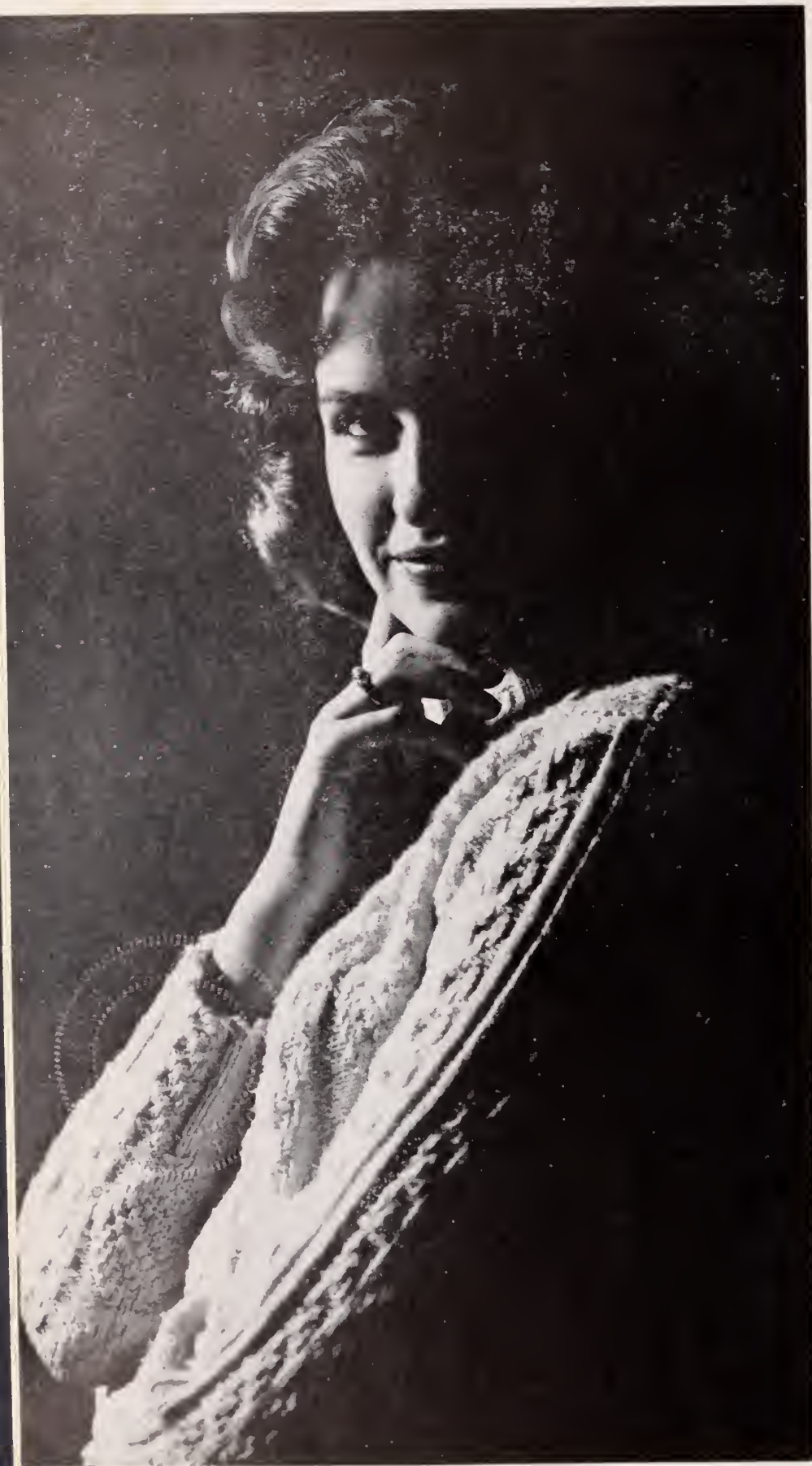
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THE CHRONICLE
OF CLEMSON COLLEGE



SPRING 1961



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CHRONICLE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Ted Wheeler

MANAGING EDITOR
Gray Garwood

FEATURE EDITOR
John Coyle

HUMOR EDITOR
Bill Metts

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Jerry Stafford

ART EDITOR
James Gandy

Associates

Herman Smith
Dick Magill
Mike Medlock
Bob Wiley
Ed Shealy
Dail Dixon
Geo. Rabasas



Advisor
Mark Steadman

Cover Design
Pete Rugheimer

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The Editor's Notes

The Calhoun Literary Society is proud to present to the students, faculty and friends of Clemson, a new magazine, The Chronicle. We sincerely hope that you will enjoy our efforts.

Some of the older alumni may remember The Chronicle from years gone by, and we hope that they will appreciate the latest effort. As you will notice, the format of the magazine has been changed. This was done to better adapt the publication to the present time and situation. We have tried to arrange the magazine in such a manner that it will be of interest to a greater range of students.

Our main interest and objective in the publishing of this magazine is to promote and stimulate more student interest in creative writing. Next, we want to show the people that Clemson has not only scientific and technical talent, but artistic talent.

It is the express intention of the Calhoun Society to put out a magazine which will be of interest to the majority of the student body. In doing this we will **not** allow the magazine to turn into a copy of certain publications which are not sold on local newsstands. We hope that the contents will gain higher and higher respect and merit as time goes by. It is only by sticking to these rules that the publication will survive.

We shall try to present to the students all forms of writing and art. We consider all forms of writing as art, even humor and satire. They are a serious art to the writer who has to sweat over them.

T. C. Wheeler

The agricultural commissar of Russia was making one of his routine tours of one of the cooperative farms — mingling with the peasants and all that. He strode up to one of the workers who was weeding potatoes. He tapped him on the shoulder with his swagger stick and inquired, "Comrade, how is the potato crop this year?"

"Ah, comrade," replied the peasant, "we're growing enough potatoes that if they were piled high they would reach the very feet of God!"

"But comrade", came the terse retort, "there is no God."

The laborer shot back, "Hell, man, there are no potatoes, either."

* * * * *

One sage has observed that with our present foreign aid policy, if another Statue of Liberty is ever built she'll surely be holding the bag instead of the torch.

To better evaluate our efforts in the field of magazine publication, the members of the Calhoun Society would like each and every one of you to fill in the critique below. By doing so, you will be helping us to determine what you would like to see in the magazine.

In comparison with other college magazines I have seen, I rate The Chronicle as:

Excellent _____	Average _____
Very Good _____	Fair _____
Good _____	Poor _____

The feature I enjoyed the most was:

Short stories _____	Essays _____
Poetry _____	Photographs _____
Illustrations _____	Other _____
Cartoons _____	

I feel that the magazine could be improved with the addition of:

Comments: _____

Please cut this out and put it in the box on the loggia. Thank you.

FLASH

By Gray Garwood

Forgive
Me,
My good man,
While I
Hold onto your
Table.
I don't intend to
Stay long.
It's just—I'm not
Too stable

The booze,
The wine,
And
The high flying floozies
Combine
Over time
In my belly full of
Woozies
To make me think—indeed
I know
That I have been
Too rash.

And now my friend
I say no more,
My destination—
Yon weaving door.
I bid you now a
Fond farewell—
The time has come
To dash!

SEX

By Gray Garwood

Sex,
Said the mouse,
Is a subject worth
Discussion.

To some
It's abhorred;
To some
It's their play.

To many
It's adored;
To others
It's just a
Roll in th' hay

"This is your Captain speaking. On behalf of myself and my crew, I'd like to welcome you all aboard American Airline Flight 766."

As I listened to his laborious account of various altitudes, weather conditions, and uninteresting whatnot concerning our flight, I leaned back in my safety-belted seat and languished in the thoughts of our destination.

San Francisco, the most cosmopolitan city on the North American continent. And it was to be all mine for the next few precious days. Or perhaps I should say ours. Then, for one horrible instant, I wondered if she would still be there. Of course she would. Dominique was as much a part of the town as the Top o' the Mark and the cable cars.

The incessant drone of airplane engines will beat a stiff barbituate any day, and as the big ship leveled off I began to get drowsy. Through half-closed eyes I began to visualize the autumn afternoons in her apartment high above the Presidio. Afternoons of almost unendurable pleasure that comes only with the nearness of Dominique. I recalled how sometimes we would read, first alone, then aloud to each other, and many times far into the night. To be together with her was infinite joy, whether she was running on the beach like a school girl or making the passionate demands of a sensitive and mature woman. How had I left without her? It had been nearly two years. And that telephone call last November. "No occasion," she had said, "I just wanted to hear your voice. It's

VENUS ABORTED

short story by herman smith

Dominique Forgette, the loveliest creature I had ever known.

Tall as women go, she came to the bridge of my nose, and I'm just over six feet. Widely read, she could speak with ease on nearly any subject and did so in a manner that made even the driest subject come alive and take on a radiance that was hers alone. Her hair fell well below her shoulders and it seemed to me that Mother Nature had been indecisive as to whether or not she should have been a blonde. The outcome was a silky light brown that cascaded in soft curls around a beautiful captivating face. Dominique's mouth was unquestionably the sexiest I had ever seen. Still in all, by the Hollywood standard of today, Dominique probably would not have been considered pin-up material, since she certainly did not have an overly large bust. Thirty four, I think. It didn't seem very important at the time. And it doesn't now. I think I may have been more conscious of her legs, because they were sheer poetry.

been so long for us." She was crying, and I had never wanted anything more than I wanted her at that moment.

Thinking about these things I began to feel something of that peculiar ache in the pit of my stomach that women experience more often than men. A strange feeling that is both pain and sensuous pleasure.

"Oh for God's sake . . ." I glanced at my watch and impatiently slapped the armrest of my seat with enough force to attract the attention of the stewardess, whom I suppose thought I was in some sort of difficulty. I put on my best reassuring smile for her and she returned to her seat without so much as a hint of a change in her own Plaster of Paris smile.

I would call her when we landed for refueling at Dallas. I could imagine how her beautiful blue eyes would light up . . . and a moment later, . . .

fill with tears. I had seen it happen many times as I leaped the last four or five steps of the aluminum staircase from the airplane into her outstretched arms at the beginning of those mad weekends we had spent together.

The drone of the engines began dropping in pitch, and glancing below, I could see the Dallas Air Terminal bathing in the Texas sunlight. The terminal smelled strongly of grease and raw onions. The little fan in the telephone booth didn't work—do they ever?—and I began to perspire the moment I stepped inside. The customary sounds of long-distance telephone connections were punctuated with some metallic clicks and beeps and I heard a muffled ringing. The palms of my hands grew cold and wet. I thought "Please, dear God, let her answer the phone" and the ringing stopped. When I heard her speak, all the tight little muscles in the back of my neck let go at once. I could hear her quite clearly. She was calm at first but I could soon sense that she had begun to bite her lower lip. She had always done that when she was excited. She breathed a warm "yes, yes, yes, yes" into the phone and I knew that she would be at the airport . . . biting her lip.

I must have looked rather strange walking back to my seat on the plane with my face split by that big silly grin, but the lovely sound of her voice had carried me into another realm of existence, and the opinions of mere mortals mattered not at all.

The lumbering hulk of the big DC-6 turned into the West Texas sun, paused to allow its engines to roar their defiance at the law of gravity, and slowly began to move clumsily down the runway. Not long after we had divorced ourselves from the narrow strip of concrete I began to feel a slight shudder throughout the plane's framework. The shudder became a rumble and the rumble soon became a roaring vibration that threatened to dislodge the metal fillings from my teeth. The screaming contortions of the aircraft had nearly driven me to insensibility when I felt the left wing strike something solid. I lost all control of my body. I saw the aluminum skin peel back alongside my seat and the noise it made was painful. I was aware of being lifted and hurled against the now shattered and punctured concave wall of the aircraft. Everything was happening in slow motion but the sharp pain in my legs and back. I was able to see the razor-sharp jagged edge of sheet aluminum coming up at me from below and I heard it slam into my groin with a soft thud.

Blinded by blood, I passed the point of caring and the new wounds made little difference.

When the violent tossing stopped, I was in indescribable agony. I could hear screams and someone crying. Wiping the blood from my eyes, I saw a patch of sky through a hole in the metal. I looked down to see a stream of blood trickling in spurts from the end of my shoe. My left thigh had split like an overcooked sausage and my trousers were bloody from the waist down. A cool liquid began spattering across my chest and shoulders in a steady stream and my dulled senses told me the cool liquid would soon bring death. It was high octane gasoline . . .

And then it was that fourteen hours and twenty-six minutes later they probed the charred wreckage and found the little green book.

"Does it have a name in it?"

"It's pretty badly burned, sir, but it looks like a book of poems that was a gift to somebody. Can't make out the name . . . let's see . . . VER . . . then CHRISTMAS 19 something or other . . . ALL MY LOVE, DOMINIQUE."

The crusty black edges of the pages fell away as he opened the book and read:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may . . .

Old time is still a'flying

And that same flower that smiles today

Tomorrow will be dying"

MOONBEAMS

By Dick Magill

They form a silver tapestry of light

Weaving in the trees and hedges
with bright

Threads of silver brilliant to my sight
The mystic enchantments of the night.

Boy, was the sergeant mean! He was mean,
mean, mean! He spent all his spare time in the
library punching down braille.



NO, I'M NOT GOING ON TO CANTERBURY.
JUST ALONG FOR A WHILE TO
COLLECT MATERIAL FOR A BOOK

Essence of Freedom

"Just as freedom is our foundation,
it is our destiny."

By Jeff Denit

The United States as a nation was founded upon freedom. The American Revolution was a fight for freedom. It was preceded by a proclamation of freedom in the Declaration of Independence. Through the Constitution of the United States, we endeavored to make a free government operative. Dedication to the principles of individual and collective freedom may be traced through our brief but brilliant history. The War of 1812 was fought to establish freedom of the seas. Even the bloody War Between the States was fought on the basis of conflicting philosophies of freedom.

In our surroundings of free speech, free press, free enterprise, and all of the essential individual freedoms, we have achieved progress and prosperity beyond any other nation in the world's history. Our very success has made us a target of totalitarian ambitions, and has made us the subject of world debate on political structure and philosophies. During our earlier history our vigorous internal development programs, coupled with relative physical isolation, enabled us to take a somewhat distant view of the problems of other nations and of the world as a whole. By economic and scientific changes, new elements of competition emerged, and the protective barriers of distance were eliminated.

Our problem today is not to establish and develop freedom but to foster and preserve the freedom upon which our government rests. First we must recognize and act upon the need for maximum health and education of our people. We must do everything within our power to encourage and promote medical research and advancement for the physical well-being of our population. Physical health is important for military defense and for economic production. Similarly, education—mental development—is in itself an insurance of freedom. Only an enlightened population will fully understand and appreciate the advantages of American freedom. As in the case of physical health, moreover, only an educated people can hope to preserve our position in the forefore of social and technical advancement.

The next factor important in our prescription for the preservation of freedom is economic stability.



Periods of economic depression in which large segments of the population are deprived of living necessities, such as food and shelter, lead to central controls, special regulations, and even to dictatorial government. In conserving our economic well-being, we must also recognize that there is an element of freedom within the nation's economy. That is the ultimate end of free enterprise. Economic stability must not be confused with mass production on a monopolistic scale. The continuing opportunity for the investment of private capital in new activities and new ideas without unfair competition or competitive suppression is a vital necessity.

A third essential part of our formula is a strong, effective, modern military machine. In this nation, our concept of military needs is always in terms of national defense and not international conquest. But we have maintained world leadership in military sciences and techniques. The foreign challenges to our freedom would multiply if we permitted our military organization to become weak or outmoded. This does not mean that we should invest all of our scientific genius in military matters. The social and economic contributions of science is of equal importance. What we must do, however, is to be certain that we have

(Continued on page 8)

Last Attempt

By George Rabasas

Hank stumbled wearily into the dimly lit tavern he knew so well. His eyes, at last, saw something that wasn't different this Christmas Eve, at least no gaudy decorations or stupid blinking lights. His mind raced feverishly after the effects of the cheap wine had begun to cloud his senses.

"You'd think just 'cause somebody had been born 1960 years ago everybody was to feel real happy and all. Hell, nobody remembers when Hank was born—not even Hank."

The sight of the familiar tavern was comforting, however. No annoying lights, just the same three hookers that sat near the corner night after night, trying to make a living the only way they knew how. Christmas never changed them much.

Hank noticed with anger that the effects of the wine were wearing off as he lumbered towards the nearest stool. He did not want to remember his youth, as he always did when Christmas came around. His youth, Ha! Nobody dreamed thirty years ago when he was born that he would deteriorate into a slobbering bum. A slobbering bum who lived from day to day on what he could make washing cars or peddling newspapers.

Hank downed the gin in one motion and suddenly felt the need for some fresh, cool air, even if it was wet. Slowly his feet shuffled towards the forbidden land. His tall frame contrasted with the snow that filtered through his tattered shoes. Holding his thin overcoat close to his body, he walked towards the ever increasing brightness. The lights of the hotels, penthouses, and stores twinkled as if to beckon the stranger.

"It sure is pretty," he thought to himself.

Bright lights were, to Hank, the bright stars that come into a dreamer's life. For Hank, was indeed a dreamer. At night, surrounded by the snores of his companions in the world of misplaced freaks, he would dream of being admired—for nothing special—just as long as he was looked up to. He'd see himself strolling through Central Park, and the people would whisper hurriedly, "There's Hank Ringling!" Eventually, in his dreams of grandeur, Hank would concede that all he wanted was just to be known. Then he would tuck his shoes under his makeshift pillow and fall into uneasy sleep.

Hank woke from his reverie only to find himself lying in the snow and hearing a young, well dressed man mutter a quick apology, "Sorry I bumped into you, pops . . .

Here's a half dollar, get yourself a cup of coffee or something . . . Oh yeah . . . and Merry Christmas, pops." The young man walked away quickly. Hank did not move. He lay on the cold snow and cried bitterly. Meanwhile the world continued its indifferent pace—a dog barked and a girl daintily side-stepped motionless Hank with no more attention than that given to a sleeping animal.

"A lousy half dollar . . ." Hank mused to himself, ". . . he sends me sprawling on this damn ice, and all it costs him is a lousy half dollar."

Hank finished his daily session of self pity at the urgent order of a city cop. Slowly he rose shakily to his feet, clutching the half dollar tightly in his fist. As he brushed the snow from his half frozen eyebrows, he continued his trek through Fifth Avenue — a misfit in a world of round pegs in round holes.

If a half dollar is the only money you have, it can bring more problems than no money at all. Hank was facing this as he made his way back to North Fifth. What would it be this time? A bowl of greasy chili or a bottle of cheap wine? He settled for the former.

As he walked, the snow started to fall again, bringing with it a biting wind that struck Hank's

face like a cluster of needles. Slowly he was encountering familiar landmarks but still a long way to the tavern. He could see the fat polack that worked in John's bakery, and for a minute Hank was almost tempted to get something to eat, but decided against it as soon as he thought of the wine again. Then he saw him. His eyes fell on a small boy, no more than seven years old, dressed in tatters with his nose pressed against the frosty glass of the bakery.

"Looks good, don't it, son." The child looked up to him with the mixture of fear and distrust that only comes from living in the streets of the wrong part of town. The kid, however, saw a spark of kindness in the bum's eyes and smiled shyly. As if God's eyes were on him, Hank gave the hungry child the fifty cents. Without waiting for a word of thanks, he turned around as if ashamed for having weakened, and started to cross the street. Hank turned around for one more look; the last thing he saw was the happiness he had created. The boy was standing in front of the bakery with a loaf of bread and a look of admiration for the man who had given him such a large sum of money. The last thing Hank heard was the screaming brakes of a car's futile attempt to stop on the smooth ice. It was twelve o'clock, Christmas Day.

Essence of Freedom

(Continued from page 6)

adequate scientific personnel and the facilities to keep pace with military developments and to meet a military emergency should one arise.

Important in all of the factors described is the element of intolerance which threatens our social economic, and military objective. Early in our history, certain local prejudices developed—some as to religion; others to race; and still others to national origin. Population growth and an increasing interdependence compel the need for complete uniformity in the basic ideal of freedom. Intolerance and prejudices, whether at city, county, state, or regional levels, are obstacles to the important things we must do in the name of freedom. If we would avoid international contempt, we must practice freedom in everything we do.

Finally there is an element of the formula of both internal and external significance. It is self-evident that our chances of preserving significance. It is self-evident that our chances of preserving our own type of freedom are most secure in a world of free nations. Should we some day

find ourselves in the position of being the only nation practicing the type of freedom we cherish, we would be forced inevitably to succumb to pressures which might lead to our elimination or our forced conformity to undemocratic forms. Just as freedom is our foundation, it is our destiny. We must make it the world's destiny. This goal we can achieve by assuming leadership in responsible world organizations and by being prepared to make the sacrifices necessary to champion the cause of free peoples ,wherever they may be. This goal is more than a noble ideal; it is an essential part of our own peaceful existence.

The formula outlined is, in a sense, freedom's guaranty. In it are embodied the freedoms to do as we will and to be safe from fear and want, enunciated by the late President Roosevelt. The basic tenets of the formula are being vitalized today through NATO; the Middle East doctrine; the United Nations; and our comprehensive programs of governmental and private enterprise. The essential vitality, however, will diminish and die unless it is fed by the enthusiasm and intelligence of Americans. We, the people, are freedom's own dynamics.

The Problem

By Dick Magill

The star-swept midnight comes
Upon the sleeping land
And gently calms the restless
With a gentle nocturne hand.

And all the world is dark
But for heaven's starry light
And a Clemson student's room
Where lamps are burning bright.

With a problem in his Math
The student has a date
For it's due tomorrow
And the teacher will not wait.

Slowly to the classroom
Upon the fateful day
The red-eyed, sleep-blind student
Begins to make his way.

Up the rugged stairs he climbs
And staggers to his seat
And lets his limbs succumb
To relaxation sweet.

A test the prof announces—
O friends try not to weep—
Our hero cannot hear
For he is fast asleep.

The remainder of this tale
I leave to you, dear friends,
For I cannot bear to tell
How this sad story ends.

Eternal Love

By Dick Magill

Eternal love be yours to hold,
If you can claim a spirit bold
To take it like those heroes old
Who spent their lives for love—not gold—
Whose deeds by poets are told.

Eternal love be in your soul,
If you seek it as your goal
When fears and hatreds take their toll
As wandering from pole to pole
You seek a haven for your soul.

Eternal love make swift your way
And guide your feet with brilliant ray,
As from each day to weary day
You wander where life's perils lay
Their traps for those who go astray.

Eternal love be in your heart
Until the mystic veil shall part
And life shall end that life may start
In a world of eternal art,
Made by God for the loving heart.

Eternal love forever shine
And lead you where wild roses twine
And Jewelled stars forever shine
Around the golden throne Divine
And perfect peace is ever thine.

Tiger Tales

It's hard to find
For love or money
A joke that's clean
And also funny

Deep in the heart of the jungle, two Ubange (plural for Ubangi) sat drinking of the fermented juice-of-the-vine. Said one to the other. "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." Now you fan me.

* * * * *

Once upon a time, an American visited a very proper Englishman at his country estate. The American was accustomed to a very active life and just couldn't stand the idleness of country living. "How about a game of chess?", he asked his lordship.

"No thank you. Tried it once — didn't like it", said his host.

"Then how about a round of golf?"

"No thanks. Tried it once — didn't like it."

"Well, tennis, maybe?"

"No thanks. Tried it once — didn't like it. Tell you what, though, I'm sure my son would like to play."

"Your only son, I presume", said the American.

* * * * *

A knock was heard at the Pearly Gates. Saint Peter went to answer.

"Who's there," he called.

"It is I", came the reply.

"Go to Hell", cried St. Peter. "we've got enough English majors here already."

* * * * *

Overheard in a Frat house: "Hey you guys! Cut out the cursing, there's a lady in my room."



By Ann Acker, Converse '60

Two fathers of college students were talking.
"Tell me John what's Jim going to be when he finishes college?"
John: "senile".

* * * * *

A lobbyist who was fighting any appropriation for a state college called on a state representative who prided himself on being 'self-educated'. This was good. It took some of the blame off our schools.

"Sir," he said, "do you realize that up at the state college that both male and female students are required to use the same curriculum?"

The lawmaker was astounded!

"And, moreover, the men and women often matriculate together."

"You're kidding," said the legislator. "I had realized that things were serious—but not this bad."

"Wait, that's not all", said the lobbyist. "At any time, a female student can be forced to show a male professor her thesis."

The legislator was appalled! "I won't vote 'em a damn cent!"

So now you know why we don't have a new auditorium.

GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

Sandra Browning, Miss South Carolina 1961



beauty has been captured in these photos for the scrutiny of all.

Sandra's accomplishments and talents encompass a wide scope and range—from water-skiing to a membership in the National Honor Society. This talented girl also has an avid interest in painting, golfing, sewing, and traveling. One of the ten Miss America semifinalists, Sandra is remembered by beauty contest fans everywhere for her now famous rendition of "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate."

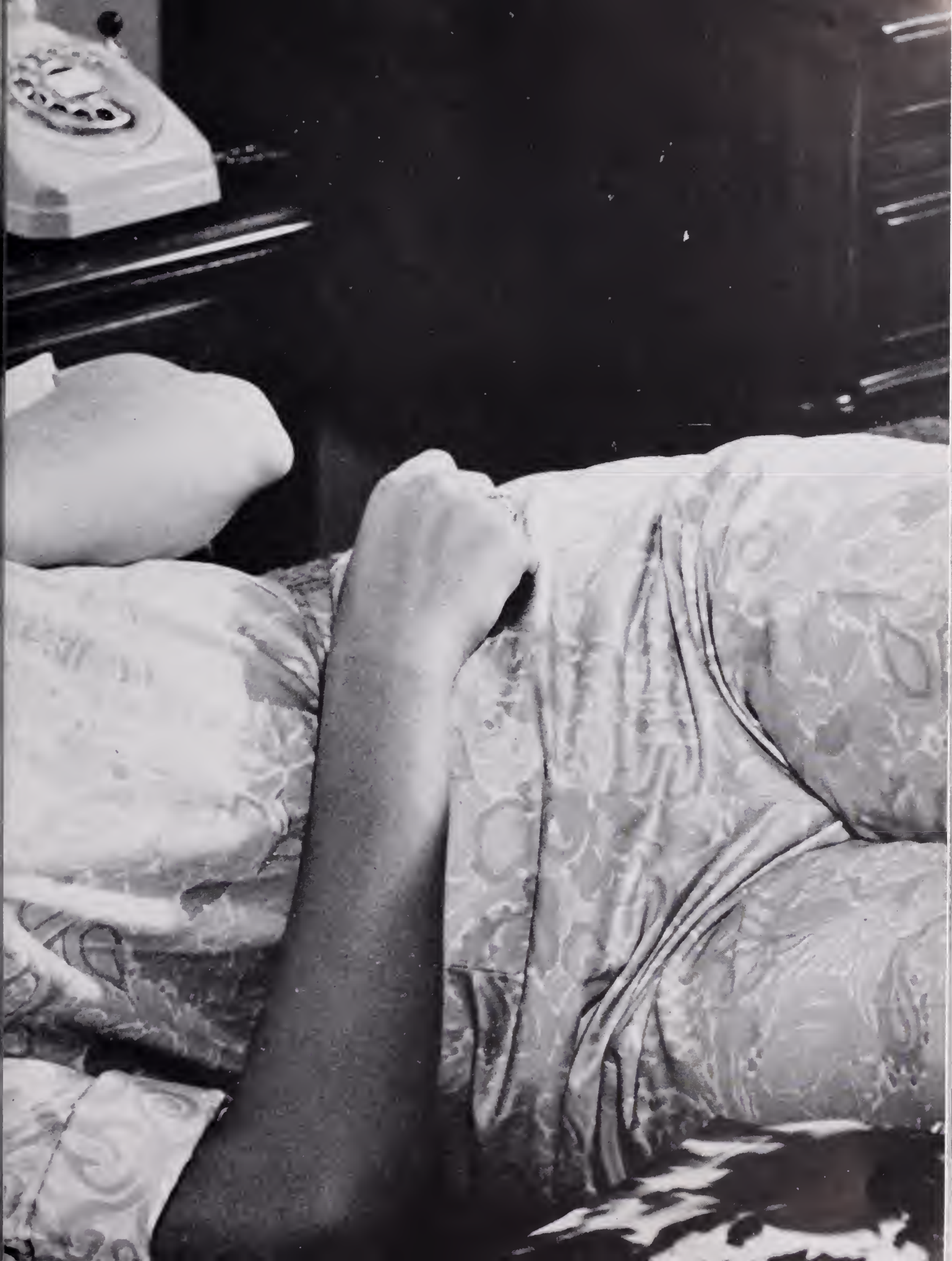
Miss Browning is an English major at Columbia College and, while averaging three or four personal appearances a week, she still manages "to do fairly well" in her studies, her semester grades being four A's and two B's.

Photos by Jerry Stafford

What more could an eager and anxious young photographer ask for than a beautiful spring day, a case of film, and the loveliest of the lovelies to be his model. The setting for this ideal photographic venture was to have been the picturesque, lake-side home of the Browning family. The plans of our debonair photographer, Jerry Stafford, however, were thwarted by an ill humor of the fates. Alas, it rained and Jerry was forced to photograph Sandra indoors. The results may be seen within these pages where Sandra's radiant









By Ken Talbert

A blank-faced, bearded young man enters a dimly-lighted room, wearing dark glasses and indescribably filthy clothes. He seats himself on the floor, and begins snapping his fingers in 4/4 time, and crooning monosyllabic phrases under his breath, as he listens to a form of music called jazz. (A special type of music reserved for beatniks and other would-be neurotics.)

A nervous, wild-eyed Negro looks anxiously around him as he huddles in a dark alley, waiting to make a "connection" with a "pusher" who will supply him with a small, white paper filled with heroin. Music filters into the alley, and the Negro turns his head apprehensively toward its source and grips the trumpet in his right hand a little more tightly, remembering that he has a set to play. What is this music? It is, of course, jazz. (All jazz musicians, especially Negro jazz musicians, are drug addicts, better known as "dope fiends.")

These are only two of the many mental pictures which the uninformed (or misinformed) have concerning jazz. A long, hard struggle for respectability has finally resulted in the acceptance of jazz as a valid art form, yet the many continue to regard this music with suspicion. A well-known accordion player named Lawrence Welk announced recently that he planned to organize a teen-age

dance band, hoping that it would help to "steer teen-agers away from the harmful effects of modern jazz." It would seem that a person of Welk's stature in the musical world would try to encourage the development and appreciation of music, rather than to destroy it with such an immature statement. Welk's attitude points out that it is not only the layman who believes the misapprehensions, misconceptions, and downright lies surrounding jazz.

Why is jazz so strongly associated with crime? One explanation which cannot be overlooked lies in jazz's beginning in back-street New Orleans. Ragtime piano players found no difficulty in obtaining work in the many vice-ridden establishments of the city. At the same time, however, the Tuxedo Brass Band and other marching bands of this type were playing spirituals set to a jazz rhythm. They played at funerals, escorting the coffin to the cemetery playing "Nearer My God to Thee," slowly and somberly, and then would return from the cemetery playing "When the Saints Go Marching In" or "Didn't He Ramble" in ragtime.

Here we can see a dichotomy, a good and an evil meaning for jazz. Yet the good is forgotten, the evil remembered and closely linked to the music.

The mass media are another contributing factor to the degradation of jazz. The musical scores for movies are a prime example, offering such films as "I want to Live!" the story of a condemned murderess, and "Anatomy of a Murder." No self-respecting detective show on television today would be without the services of jazz as a background for its endless panorama of violence. Newspapers, however, are undoubtedly the most blatant offenders in the distortion of events linked with jazz. Not long ago the headline of a well-known newspaper read, "JAZZMAN HELD IN SLAYING." This "jazzman," upon further investigation, proved to be an amateur musician who sometimes played in local dance bands in the Baltimore area. Obviously, the smiling Mr. Welk's music must have had a harmful effect on this "jazzman", if we use the accordion player's own reasoning. The word "jazz" seems to hold a great deal of warped glamour for many newspaper reporters, and as long as this persists, every yokel who plays a jew's-harp and commits a crime will be called a "jazzman", and every riot that takes place in the presence of one or more musicians will be called a "jazz festival riot" in print.

(Continued on page 23)

The Girl

By Dick Magill

There she is again. I see her in this class every morning. Of course, that's not at all bad. She's a very good-looking girl. That red skirt with the white shirt and unbuttoned white sweater seems to be her trade-mark or something. She does wear a plaid skirt sometimes. She's wearing the red one today, though. It goes nicely with her brown hair. I wish she would use a darker shade of lip-stick though. That one looks sick.

She looks tired even at nine o'clock in the morning. Still, that doesn't keep her from smiling. Sometimes it looks like she has a permanent smile. It's a funny sort of smile, though. Most people just smile with their lips. She smiles with her lips, her eyes, her whole face—in fact, her whole body. I never saw anybody smile like that before.

She's a smart girl, a real smart girl. At least she knows all the answers in class. She must be a smart girl. At least, she's smarter than I am in class. In fact, she's smarter than just about anybody in class. Maybe she reads a lot. Maybe she's just smart. I don't know.

She's got a funny sort of voice. Even when she's just answering a question, it sort of caresses your ears. It's the sort of voice you can feel that way. Now with some people, their voices are the kind you hear and that's all. Others you can feel like when you cut yourself shaving. She isn't like that. She has a voice that feels good. It feels nice and warm and soft. It feels like a soft hand sort of stroking your hair.

It's funny, but I don't even know her name. We've been in the same class for a month and I don't even know her name. It's silly being in the same class and all that and not even knowing her name. Maybe it's because the prof doesn't bother to call the roll. Of course, with a class that size it would take more time than the lesson. Maybe that's why I don't know her name.

She always gets out of class before I can. I don't blame her, with that class. Everyone feels like sleeping in there. You can hardly stay awake in it. You know the kind of class I mean. I guess that's why she gets out as quickly as she can.

I'd like to get a date with her. I bet she'd be a lot of fun. There's a little cafe just outside town. You know the kind. It has candlelight and soft music and all that stuff. She'd like that kind of place, I bet. I just bet she would. It's sort of romantic and all that. I can just see the candlelight playing on her hair. She'd like that soft music too. It's a real romantic place and all that.

After that, we could drive down to the beach. It's real pretty down there with the moon, surf and all that. The moonlight's real pretty on the sand. They're both silver and all that. It's a real romantic place. I bet she'd like it down there. I really bet she would. All the boys take their girls down there on week-ends. It's sort of away from everything else and all that. It gets real pretty and peaceful down there. I really bet she'd like it.

I wonder what kind of wife she'd make. I bet she'd keep a place real nice, neat and all that. She'd keep the place neat enough to live in, but not too neat to live in. I can see us down in married students' housing. Of course, it wouldn't be a palace, but it would do. They have some pretty nice apartments down there. They're modern, fixed up and all that. I bet she'd like a place out there.

I really wish I could get to meet her. It's silly not even knowing her name and us in the same class and all that. It's really silly. I really should find out her name. But then what good would it do? I wish she wasn't married already.



I am
proud to be an American
with my shopping centers
and my book-of-the-month clubs
and my credit cards
proving I am accepted
and my spacious parking lots
and my democracy
with equal rights
for ALL

I am
proud to be an American with all these things
while helots
die in Hungary
and I sit on the sidelines
wearing white gloves
wondering why no one comes to their aid
and while human skeletons
toil
over the parched Mid-East
deserts
hoping
for **one** day
when he may eat until he fills
and I eat
what I want
but
throw away
more of what I don't want

I am
proud to be an American
eating my cherry pie
with ice cream
as I watch my Pittsburgh Pirates
finally
battle for a pennant
because I know
the India Browns
are out of it
for I stood by
and saw them
plummet
to
the
cellar
and then
drop out of the league —
s
t
a
r
v
i
n
g

As a
proud American
I curse the time wasted at the doctor's
office
getting a vaccine
while
thousands of Africans rot with diseases
and
when I hear Panamanians criticize us
I wish
they would
choke
on
their
bananas
after all
what right have they?

As a
proud American
I see films of the hundreds of Cubans
executed
and listen to Castro
and wish
we would use the island as a
nuclear test site
assuming it is our
responsibility to exterminate
such savage humans

But then one day
a fearful stomach-wrenching eerie stillness
prevails over the country
as mushroom shaped clouds
hide the sun
making it a dark day
for
suddenly unproud Americans
and I wonder if this is
not
a good thing
for
this is what it takes
to
make
us
realize

—By FRED CLEAVES

It Just Goes To Show Ya'

By Gray Garwood

There he is again. You'd think the damn fool had better sense! I'll say one thing—he certainly has guts. I don't think I'd show my face around here again if I'd done what he did. I wonder why he did it? At first he seemed like a real good Joe, but that just goes to show that you can't really

know people. They aren't at all like you imagine them to be. At least he wasn't. He would have been the last person that I would have suspected of doin' it, but that just goes to show ya.

I wonder how he feels now that everyone knows. He stands there so calm and aloof, and yet he isn't right. Everybody is lookin' at him so—like he had white bucks on with an ivy vest or something. Maybe he feels sorry—at least he orta for what he's gone and done! I don't know. He was such a nice guy before—so friendly like, and real easy to get along with. At least he always stopped and spoke to me when we passed on the walkway.

FRAT FROLICS

This year has seen many changes taking place on the Clemson campus. Gone are the spirited dining hall sessions of the family style dinners, and many other changes are being noticed lately. To make up for some of the losses in school spirit resulting from these changes, Clemson has entered into the Fraternity tradition. We now have a total of seven local, social fraternities on campus and they are certainly doing their part to help regain this lost spirit—in many ways!

This year these fraternal lads have initiated a tradition new to Clemson—pledge initiation trips. These trips are encouraged as a means of spreading the names of Clemson fraternities to greater heights of fame in the state and surrounding areas,



Everybody liked him then! It's sorta funny how he just stands there; lookin' at nobody and yet seein' how everybody kinda looks at him as they pass.

Why! He's smilin'. Funny tho', it ain't a nice smile at all—at least it ain't like any I've seen before. Makes him look mean all over and he never used to look like that before. Just goes to show ya' tho'—even the nice ones aren't really what you think they are.

Wonder what he'll do now? They say his fraternity dropped him real quick like, and I guess you can't blame 'em for that after what he did. It's sorta funny. He was so popular there for a while.

All the girls smiled at him and th' boys seemed so glad to meet him and all that. They made a real smart crowd. Ivy league stuff, you know. But, I guess they're ashamed of him cause none of them are here. It just goes to show ya'.

Kinda funny—life I mean—before he did it he was a regular b.m.o.c. and all that stuff; now nobody'll even speak to him. It does seem like he would have had better sense, tho'. I mean—everybody has a bad break now an' then. It's part of livin'. You get where you expect 'em. I guess he just couldn't take it anymore—at least it seems that way bein' as he did what he did.



and from all accounts, this they have certainly achieved! Pledges, dressed in fashionable clothes, were sent to colleges in all parts of this state, Georgia, and North Carolina to carry out their goodwill missions.

Some of these missions have been captured, by the magic of photography, on these pages to illustrate to you just what I am talking about. Charleston, Rock Hill, and Atlanta, Ga., are the scenes for these brave endeavors of Kappa Delta Chi (KDX). In Charleston the Civil War celebration was in the final stages of preparation and these patriotic lads wished to do what they could to help the city in a grand kick-off celebration. Fourteen hardy pledges were chosen to visit this fair city to offer the aid of KDX to the mayor (pictured to the right). These pledges staged a grand parade to get things off to a good start, and then before they departed, locked the gates to the Citadel to make certain that no aroused yankee lads would be on hand to spoil the reenactment of the firing on Fort Sumter.

Another group of KDX's paid a social visit to Winthrop in Rock Hill to see if the girls there needed any escorts for the evening. The first girls they approached turned them down and so we see them making new plans of attack on a handy sidewalk. Needless to say, a Clemson man always comes through and at last they scored with these pert Winthrop girls.

Hearing that the prized rock of the KS fraternity at Georgia Tech was in need of a new coat of paint, Clemson's KDXs sent another crew to the rescue. This group arrived too late at night to catch any of the members up, so they went on with their task with good cheer—leaving their calling card behind.

Photos by KDX

Towers of Man

By Mike Medlock

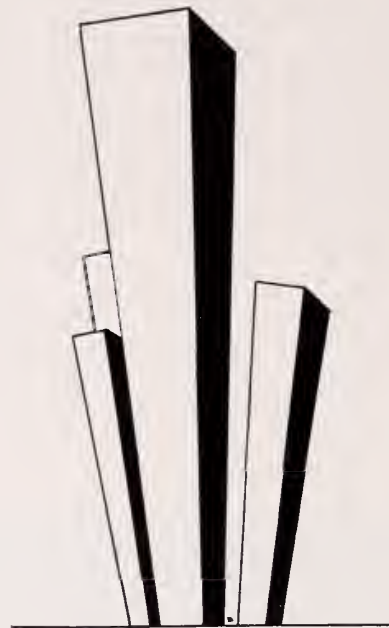
On the afternoon of the third day of their journey, the three men came within sight of the white towers of the city, which seemed to reach up and touch the clouds. The three men continued along the pitted and scarred ribbon of asphalt that had led them this far, and which would lead them into the city. By late afternoon the three were on the outskirts of the city where ruins of old towers had once stood. But the three men were not interested in these ruins. Their objective lay in the center of the towers of the new city, which they sought to reach before nightfall. The shadows thickened as they made their way deeper and deeper into the city. It was not quite dark by the time the three men reached their goal. They immediately made preparations for the night, which, as they expected, passed uneventually.

The next morning they arose before sunrise. In the faint morning light, they could see the dim outlines of their surroundings. They had spent the night in a large raised square, flanked on two sides by tremendous towers. The remaining two sides were unobstructed, for an avenue, whose width was greater than that of the square, ran the entire length of the city. In the middle of the square, the only object that broke the stark bareness, was a white, stone altar that was stained black as if a giant flame had been held to it. It was in front of this altar that the three men dropped to their knees and broke the silence of the city by strange prayers.

Almost at once there descended from the sky a pillar of fire that came to rest on the black-stained altar. The three were overcome with the sight of it and bent their heads to the floor of the square and covered their eyes with their hands.

A voice, which seemed to say from amid the pillar of fire, spoke saying, "Do not be afraid. Lift up your head and eyes to **Me!**" With this command the three men assumed their former position and looked into the flames. Again the strange disembodied voice came, "Why have you called **Me?**"

The oldest one of the three answered, "O Master, you have given us much, but we come to ask you now only for knowledge."



"Speak, and you shall have the knowledge you desire," spoke the flames.

"Tell us, O Master, of our ancestors."

"You know that your ancestors are not to be spoken of. The knowledge of them will bring only discomfort," replied the flames.

"Howbeit Master, you said speak, and you would surely grant us the knowledge we seek."

"Then **I** shall tell," said the fire, "but **I** must warn you that the things of which you are about to hear will not be pleasant to your ears, so prepare yourselves."

The three men settled themselves in a more comfortable, yet still respectful, position and attempted to prepare themselves for what they were about to hear as the flame began to speak.

"Your ancestors were a very war-like people, although they considered themselves civilized. They continued to fight among one another in minor wars up until the then called Twentieth Century when they had a different kind of war. This war was the first of its type, for the first earth war was fought by more nations than ever before. The second earth war started before the middle of this century. It was during this war that your ancestors developed a weapon that had the power of suns which would lead them to their downfall. Many nations were also joined in this war, and great numbers of men, women, and children were killed. Late in the Twentieth Century, after three more minor wars, your ancestors had traveled to and explored the moon and Mars and Venus. In the early years of the Twenty-First Cen-

tury a vessel was readied to carry a specially selected group of men and women to the star Sirius on a journey that would last some fifteen years.

"The population of the earth at this time reached an enormous number. The problems of feeding all the people and the problems generated by quarrels between the stronger nations had to have some answer. And that answer was **war**. The weapons with the power of suns brought death and destruction to all nations. The human race, your ancestors were almost completely obliterated. Small groups of people were left, and they gradually reverted to a way of life that was not far above that of their oldest ancestors.

"This backward movement was stopped when I came to them. I moved them forward again, but not in their former ways. I taught them to value knowledge of self above all other things, to know rather than to believe, and to learn rather than guess. These people are your true ancestors, for **their** ancestors were a selfish, greedy, belligerent people who knew nothing of themselves, only of the material things around them."

The pillar of fire paused, and then began again, "You are man as man was meant to be. You and your kind will grow and prosper as those that have gone before you never dreamed possible. Yours will be the greatest civilization to ever exist in the entire universe."

With that the pillar of fire ascended into the sky as it had come, leaving the three men shaken, but more sure of themselves than ever before. They sat long in the square, letting the weight of what they had heard sink into their brains. Soon, the men rose and quickly made their way out of the city of towers towards their home . . .

Aboard a starship high above the towers, two men sat in a compartment cramped by much electronic equipment.

"Do you think it was good?" asked the one working at the dials of some delicate instrument. "I mean, letting them find out all that at once like that."

"Maybe not," answered the one sitting before the microphone and TV that showed a picture of the city, "but they had to be told sometime, and now was as good a time as ever. We can just hope that all of our efforts to rebuild their world have not been for nothing."

"I guess you're right," said the other gazing at the radar scope. "Here comes our relief ship. We had better be getting back to Sirius."

"Yes, let's go home."



HELP!! SOMEONE SAVE ME FROM THIS INSANE CREATURE!!

NIGHT BEHEMOTH

By Bill Metts

The night was dark; the hour late. The hulking truck lumbered up to the service entrance of the college dining hall. Its driver swung down from the cab as an unseen man, his voice muffled and low, called through the screen door. "Just 400 pounds, tonight".

Without so much as a grunt in reply, the driver went about unloading his mysterious cargo—just as he'd done so many times before. "My last delivery", he thought. "Now I can go home and forget this filthy business for another night".

As the green behemoth pulled away from the loading dock a thin ray of moonlight broke through the dark clouds and danced across the side of the truck. A legend, emblazoned in white against the sickly green of the truck, was barely visible as the machine rolled down the narrow incline. "A CLEAN CLEMSON CAMPUS"



It is the year 2199. The sun is shining and the sky is like an azure sea that is touched by not the slightest trace of a breeze. This date will be noted in all histories from this day forth, for today a great ship of previously unheard of power will be launched in an attempt to link our solar system with another.

The greatest minds of the nation are present to witness this momentous occasion. Many of the governors of the various states are here, and the country's most noted scientists are in attendance as well. Launching time is still six hours away, but already a huge crowd has gathered at the spaceport. And of course, the President of our great nation is here to wish the best of luck to the two brave astronauts who are to pilot this craft, Major Qantalyne and his assistant Lieutenant Pelkanos.

As blast-off approaches, now only thirty minutes away, final checks and tests are made in the space-craft. The two men upon whom the success of this mission depend have been getting into their gear for half-an-hour, and they are just about ready to go. They walk up the ramp, and a great roar can be heard from the assembled crowd. The two acknowledge the cheers and then enter their space vehicle with their pet mascot, whose name is Denit. The countdown begins . . . 12-11-10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-0, and at this precise instant the engines roar and spew out a tongue of flame. With a motion which is at first imperceptible and then majestically fast and violent, the rocket leaps from its launching pad and races on to its target, a medium sized planet on which life is thought to have flourished at one time.

After seemingly endless days of traveling through the pitch-black expanses of the universe,

the craft approached the apparently cold and barren planet, which was its goal. The vehicle landed, a ramp was lowered from the side of the ship, and out stepped Major Qantalyne and the Lieutenant. They had landed, according to plan, near the capital of the greatest country which had thrived on this planet one hundred and twenty-five years before. All around them could be seen the remains of monolithic structures, testimony to the greatness which had been achieved by this nation.

But what had caused the destruction which had left this planet so lifeless and barren of vegetation? Our people were not totally unfamiliar with the civilization which had existed on this planet. Until the year 2074, our forefathers had picked up their radio communications from time to time. We were able to decipher their messages, and from

A FABLE FOR OUR TIMES

John W. Coyle

these we accrued certain information concerning the nature of the animals which had inhabited this planet. Apparently they were a very intelligent species, but it was commonly agreed that they lacked the faculty of reason. This conclusion was soon to be confirmed by their search through the ruins of this great city.

The Major and the Lieutenant went out on foot and wandered about the city. They systematically scoured the carnage about them, recording what was revealed to them as they proceeded from one massive structure to another. Vast stores of information concerning the science and culture of these animals were uncovered, but no evidence to be found which would indicate that these creatures were rational or that they knew God. The two visitors pored through large journals which disclosed the history of the species almost from its inception. In general, two main themes were reiterated over and over again in these volumes: that these animals were very wise and that much

of this wisdom was applied to the destruction of other members of the species. Many of the chronicles were gathered up by the Major and Lieutenant and placed on their ship to be taken back with them. They also took many volumes of scientific and cultural value, as well as actual examples of the greatness of this planet.

After having explored this city for five days, they again boarded their ship, blasted off, and sped homeward. During the trip home, the two crewmen took one of the histories and read of the achievements and failures of the animals which had been the masters of this planet, and for the most part, it told of war and hate, great wars in which many were killed, and yet these animals continued to fight amongst themselves despite the suffering which resulted; and all that they read confirmed their opinion that these animals were irrational.

They also read of the technological advances made by these animals, but more often than not, these inventions were created for waging war or were later applied to this purpose. In the beginning, the animals had fought with clubs, but later adapted sharp stones and metals to their efforts. These remained the conventional weapons for many years until machines resembling our early guns were invented. Still later, machines, capable of flying in the manner of our airplanes, were invented, and these also were adapted to waging war. Huge and powerful missiles, capable of delivering bombs containing the energy of the sun, followed. For almost one hundred and thirty years, the different groups of animals existed on the brink of war, but here this particular history ended, for it was printed in 2069.

The Major and the Lieutenant next turned to the newspapers, that they might learn of the events which shaped the history of this planet in the last five years of its existence. They read of growing tensions and the numerous crises which almost resulted in war on myriad occasions. Finally in the year 2074, a great war broke out between the two great factions existing on the planet. The war apparently continued for many days, and powerful bombs continually rained from out of the sky. Huge radiation clouds covered the planet, and, until the very end, the hate crazed animals were dropping their bombs.

The final day of the long journey comes, and the Major and Lieutenant return home great heroes. They disembark from their craft and walk down

the ramp to the cheers of a million of their countrymen. The first man up the ramp to greet them is the President. He greets them warmly and congratulates them on their great success. He asks if they are well and sound and then asks, "What conclusions did you reach as to the nature of the people that had existed on that planet?"

And the major replies, "Apparently, Mr. President, this planet was an experiment by God which failed. The planet was called Earth, and the race which was its curse was called man."

Terribly sorry to hear you buried your wife last week."

"Had to . . . dead you know."

J A Z Z

(Continued from page 14)

Whenever jazz is discussed, the subject of drug addiction is very likely to come up. Although addiction is admittedly a problem among certain jazz musicians, its importance is greatly overemphasized. In a recent study of drug addiction, in which the percentage of addicts in various professions was recorded, jazz musicians acquitted themselves very well, since the percentage of addicts in their group was quite low, especially when compared to doctors, who were first on the list.

No one who constantly fills himself with alcohol and drugs (as the popular belief goes) could possibly reach the level of creativity that the outstanding jazz musician of today has reached. The contemporary musician is sober, intelligent, and full of ideas. He is often a college graduate, well-versed in all types of music, and can discuss Brahms or Debussy as easily as he can discuss Jelly Roll Morton or Miles Davis.

Despite all the hue and cry about jazz, it remains a stimulating and constantly evolving art form. And jazz will continue to change, as its musicians discover new paths to explore in their never-ending search for musical truth. Jazz has come a long way from the plaintive, wailing cry of the Negro fieldhand, to a performance by the Modern Jazz Quartet with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, yet the cry of the fieldhand can still be heard . . .

CONCEPTS OF HUMAN BEINGS

For a long time philosophers have held the view that man is a Reasonable Animal with a body to which has been added a soul. It was held that this nature was the same in all men, in all places, and at all times. Aristotle's warning was man is "a Social Animal". But still, he was considered as an isolated being and was studied in that light.

During the 19th Century, the new image of man, showed him emerging from animality through a slow and a gradual evolution, bringing eventually, into play his superior faculty of the mind.

In dealing with such concepts, we have to consider:

- (a) That man stems from the organic
- (b) That man stems from the social
- (c) That man stems from the personality.

a. Man the Organic Being:

"Man is neither angel nor beast", said Pascal. The nature of the tie which holds his spirit and his body together is a problem for all thinkers. Men have first looked for a direct link between the spirit and the body that is not of causality nor of inter-action. It is of correspondence. This appears more reasonable because it eliminates metaphysical problems such as: How can a body create a spirit? Such questions are justified with the answer that the matter is actions and reactions. Life is a relationship between the living organism and the surroundings. This relationship gives birth to the consciousness. It is the disadaptation, the need, that creates the consciousness. If there is no need or disadaptation, then consciousness would no longer exist. The consciousness is, therefore, an instrument and readaptation.

b. Man, the Social Being:

But it is an error to consider man as a pure spir-

it. It is also a mistake to treat him as if he were living in an isolated state. Thinkers of the 19th Century assume that there was a state of nature prior to social life. But this is contradicted by historical facts.

Man is made up of tenderness, sentiments and ideas. Social relations are not purely Inter-individual as some may like to think. The social groups have put their own pressure on the individual. Even those feelings which we consider inborn are due to this shaping pressure. It is not only the role of society but also the pattern of culture that influence the individual. We cannot explain all our behavior by biological structure. To it must be added the social structure. In other words the social element is as essential a part of our life as the organic.

The social lives in us as we live in it. The organic is given to us by birth, the social is added to it through education in the family, at schools and by friends. The social is not a material reality, but a collection of ideas, beliefs, opinions, and sentiments.

c. Man, the Spiritual Being:

The mind takes consciousness of itself when it comes in contact with obstacles that come from the social and physical surroundings. This is a condition for the birth of the individual personality. Even if man is conditioned by society the birth of his personality constitutes a high level.

Thus, man is capable of rising higher than the organic and the social due to the fact that he is a spiritual being.

S'a'ad Anderson

Clemson International Student Association

THE RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST

By Richard Twells

He stands alone as stand he must
To face the world and ever trust
That faith in God and love of life
Give one the strength to fight for right—
Against the swiftly closing night
In which all things seem gross and trite
And God, in all His awesome might,
Seems but an ever distant light
Towards which to strive and ever trust
That day will come as come it must.

BI-ANNUAL LAMENT

By Dail Dixon

The days of bull-shooting are over I fear,
For the times of exams are drawing near.
So when looking for a place to talk,
Kindly give our pad a balk.

For on exams my future is staked,
If I fail to score I'll surely get raked,
So until next semester if it comes,
Let's discontinue our talking, you bums.

JOHN AND THE SENATOR

By Bill Metts

John liked college—liked it, why he was crazy about it. He especially liked the fraternities and the girls and the dance weekends and the girls and the houseparties and the girls and college life in general. In fact John liked EVERYTHING about college—except one thing. He hated classes. Classes he despised, detested, and loathed. He abhorred classes. For awhile his disliking for classes hadn't bothered him. It hadn't bothered him, that is, until he over-cut and was almost tossed out of school. With all his cuts used up and this only the fifth week of the semester, John was dejected. He had a good thing going there, he thought. If only they didn't have such stupid rules that you had to go to classes.

John had his problems. His was a proud family. As long as he could remember, his mother had said, "After you finish college, John . . ." After you finish college, my eye. Some people don't want to go to college. He'd tried to make his mother see that there were lots of people—even in her family—who didn't go to college. They'd made good and they'd never gotten past the fifth grade. There was Uncle Dave, the lumberman, and Cousin Jim, the dairyman—oh yes—Uncle Harvey—we mustn't forget Uncle Harvey. Uncle Harvey was a United States senator. He had finished the third grade. Uncle Harvey. By Golly! There's the answer. If John was in government service he wouldn't have to finish college. Mom couldn't object to that. After all, she could be proud of John—public servant, and all that. It would be a noble thing to do. She could tell people that he gave up a career to work for the government. Nobody would have to know that it was a college career—a lengthy one—that he gave up.

Uncle Harvey—Good Ole Uncle Harvey—that's the answer. John wrote an impressive letter to Harv. Since he might go to work for him, he had started calling him Harv. He told Harv how much he liked college. He told him about the wonderful intellectual atmosphere and how he thought he might become an intellectual. If there was one thing John knew, he knew his Uncle Harv. Harv didn't care for intellectuals. His experiences with them had been none too pleasant. Harv, John reasoned, would see the light. He'd see that his own nephew was on the verge of becoming an intellectual. He'd have none of this.

John also injected the hint that after he had become an intellectual he might be interested in

some kind of government job. He knew Uncle Harv would get the message.

With his work done John could only wait for a reply. Uncle Harv reacted more quickly than John had ever dreamed. A week after John had mailed the letter he received Harv's letter.

John was right! Uncle Harv was astounded! His nephew—an intellectual? Would he, Uncle Harv wanted to know be interested in coming into government service, NOW? If he would Uncle Harvey promised to do everything in his power to help him—patronage, influence—the works.

John was shrewd. He didn't answer his uncle's letter right away. He waited two weeks.

In his letter, John explained that he had never thought of going to work now. In fact, the only thing he'd ever thought of was finishing college. He explained how, after the initial shock wore off, he had tried to view the proposal objectively.

And after due deliberation, yes, YES, he would like a government job, NOW. He subtly reminded Uncle Harv of his promise to help him. He suggested that he use his influence with governmental agencies or committees or something to land him a "real good job". He said that he wouldn't mind starting at the bottom and working his way up, but he was quick to point out that he had much rather start at the middle and work up. He laid down his requirements. He wanted a job with security, a chance for advancement, good pay, generous vacations, and paid sick leave.

Uncle Harvey sent him his prompt reply. He would, he said, do everything in his power to help him get a job. He would spare no influence, pressure, or coercion. He also congratulated John for seeing things "his way". He told John that he could expect a letter from a governmental agency within the next few weeks.

John laughed! That stupid Uncle Harv, he thought. The wait seemed interminable. Twelve days, thirteen days, seventeen days—it seemed that damn letter would never come. Finally, three weeks later, a letter arrived. This one looked official. And he'd thought Uncle Harv's letter had looked official. Why, Harv's couldn't compare with this one. Its dull brown envelope fairly reeked of bureaucracy! With shaking hand he tore it open. The first thing he saw was some kind of a reference number. Something about "Local Board No. 506". His eyes scanned down the page and he read: "Greetings from the President of the United States."

In Washington, Uncle Harvey laughed.

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The Chronicle

OF CLEMSON COLLEGE



FALL 1961

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The Chronicle

Established 1897

Reorganized 1961

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T. C. Wheeler	Editor
John Coyle	Copy Editor
John Snavelly	Feature Editor
Jerry Stafford	Photo Editor
Bill Metts	Humor Editor
Dail Dixon	Art Editor
John Long	Business Manager
Dick Magill	Chairman, Board of Critics
Mark Steadman	Faculty Advisor

Writers: George Rabasa, Bobby Dye, Ted Marr, Mike Medlock, Tom Kimmel, Richard Twells, Bob Wiley, Monty Tucker, Jerry Oxnar, Sa'ad Anderson, Edward Shealy, Jeff Dennet, Gray Garwood, D. J. Wall and Gerban Poter III.

Art Staff: D. J. Wall, Fred Bush, Stan Wade, Steve Carter, Stan Woodward, Paul Hagelston, Larry Wright.

Photo Staff: Frank Griffith and Bill Wilson.

Features Staff: Charles Bryan, Jr.

Business Staff: Chris Hagberg, Pete Sherratt, Jack Fallaw, Randy Praete and Jane Long.

National advertising representative: College Magazines, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York.

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The Editor's Notes . . .

Wonders never cease to confound and amaze me. Out of the mass of papers and confusion, the staff has managed to create the second issue of this series of THE CHRONICLE. It only goes to show you that CLEMSON men can do just about anything they set their minds to.

According to all of the reports received last spring, the student body is much in favor of our little efforts. I certainly hope that this issue can come up to the praise that was received on the first issue. We have put a lot of effort into the work, learned new things and have stumbled around in the dark on a lot more items in an effort to make this issue the type of magazine a Clemson man would be proud of.

There are several items in this issue that I would like to call your attention to. The article on ETV is one of the more interesting as far as "things to come" are concerned. This phase of teaching is spreading at a rapid pace throughout the land. The future holds much in store for the young man or woman who is interested in this field.

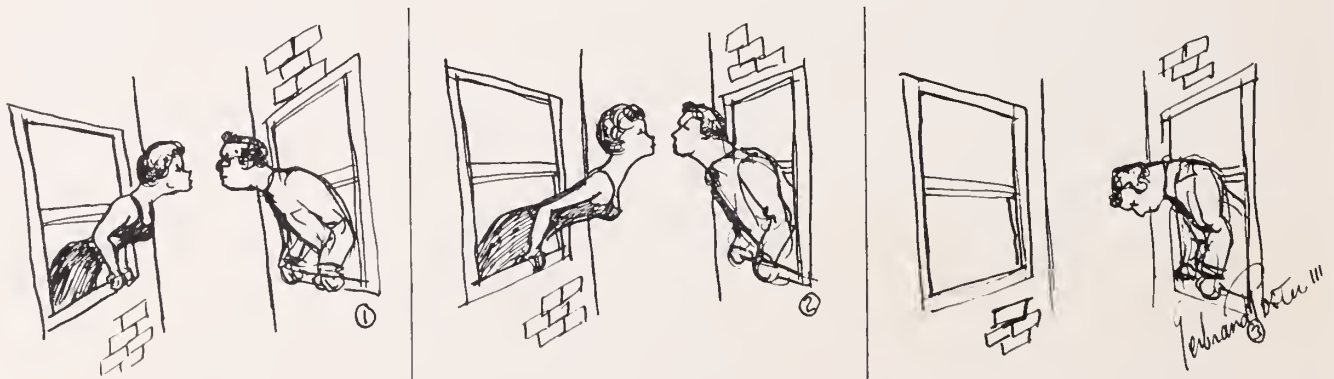
Good old George Rabasa has come up with another good short story in this issue. You may re-

member him from last year with "Last Attempt". Another good story in this issue is the new one by Herman Smith. "Trippy" Smith has the feel of the sports car man in this one.

Now we come to the gripes and complaints. How many of you Clemson men remember picking up a copy of the magazine on the loggia last year? A good number I suspect. Well why in H _ _ _ can't you remember the name of the magazine? Every time someone mentions the magazine about four or five guys in the group pipe up with, "The Chronicle? What's that?". We are getting tired of explaining. This is **your** magazine. The money to pay for its publication comes out of **your** pocket. I have been harping on this for quite awhile and haven't seen much results. Since this is your magazine, you are entitled to have a say in what it is all about. Granted, we will not be able to satisfy everyone, but we would sure be glad to have any helpful suggestions as to how we can improve the magazine. We need your help in making this the best dog-goned publication in the state. We have already outclassed our friends down in Columbia, let's see if we can't make it all the way to the top.

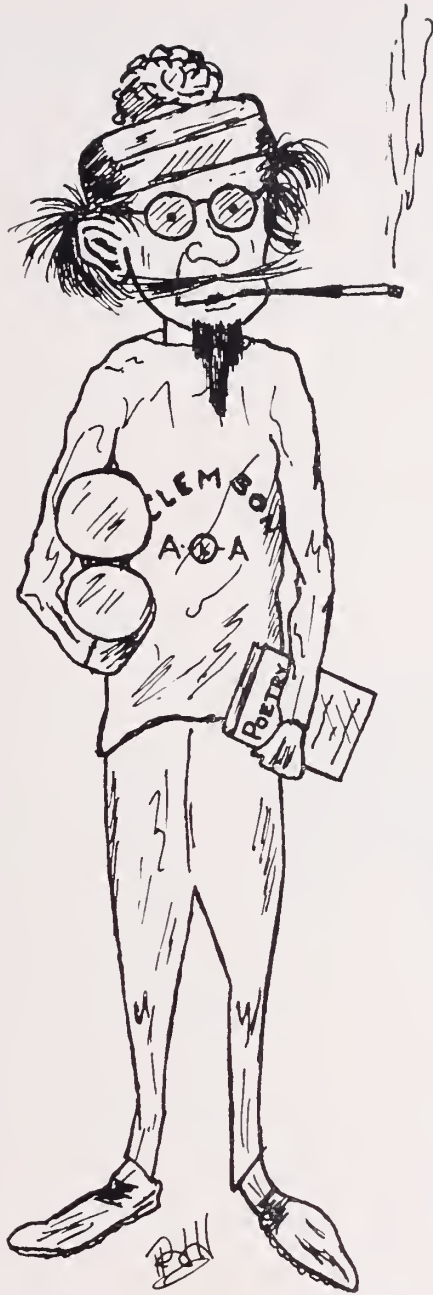
Professor: One who leads a simple, sober life because he never has enough money to make a fool of himself.

A rolling stone gathers no moss . . . but it gets damned smooth!



A BEATNIK LOVE AFFAIR

By Dail Dixon



There once was a beatnik, Luigi by name
Who through bongo-beating gained his fame,
He played them fast, he played them slow,
Man, he could make the bongos go.

One day while knocking out a beat
He chanced a glance down at his feet,
And there she lay upon the ground
In comprehension of the sound.

Her name was Flo, and she like he
Was a firm believer in beatnickery.
She dug his sounds and he dug her,
They went together like cat and fur.

Three days after their chance meeting,
A Justice of the Peace received their greeting.
Twas high noon on the ninth in June
They departed on their honeymoon.

But, alas, this peaceful bliss did falter,
Just nine days from the altar,
For the fuzz walked in with warrants in hand,
And the company of Flo did abruptly demand.

For she was a pusher of left-wing Luckies.
She peddled them off in plastic duckies.
Now she was gone and the marriage lost,
But a two buck license was all it cost.

THE END

He stood and asked,
"Who knows
Where man goes
When comes the late
Transcending date."
But he knew untold
And his blood ran cold.

The hangman's rope snapped tight
And ushered in unending night.

—Kimmel



♦ ♦ ♦ OF MEN, BULLS,

Miguel awoke with a start, early that Sunday morning. With his first moment of consciousness, the feeling of the night before enveloped him again this morning. What Miguel felt upon waking was fear. Fear, because Miguel was fighting bulls that afternoon.

Driving these thoughts away from his mind, he rose from the bed with the effort of a man who had slept little the previous night; with a lurch he reached for the robe that lay draped on his bedroom chair. After fumbling uselessly with his slippers, he gave up the effort and walked unsteadily to the kitchen where his wife quietly handed him a more than generous portion of scrambled eggs. Elena did not say much to her husband that morning, as she never did on the days when Miguel stopped being a husband to become a bullfighter. On these days Miguel was extremely irritable, a trait that increased throughout the day until the time when he finally entered the bullring to fight for his life, and, more important to Miguel, his reputation as a bullfighter.

Only after gulping down his breakfast did Miguel allow himself to think concretely on the day ahead of him. His first move was toward the window that faced the small and typically suburban woods in back of his house. It was a hot cloudless day in Madrid. Miguel winced at the oppressive heat, but was thankful for the lack of wind. Wind had been responsible for more deaths in the bullring than any other factor. It teased in a deadly game, moving the matador's cape at will, thus provoking unexpected reactions from the angry and confused beast. He hoped it would not rain, either. Rain dampened the spirits of the expectant crowd, and Miguel depended on the emotional frenzy of the public to inspire him into a suitably artistic performance.

Interrupting his thoughts again, he dressed hurriedly and walked nervously to church, which he

considered a refuge preceding the chaos of the afternoon. Miguel was indeed a very religious man. No matador can afford not to be one.

The peaceful feeling he had achieved during the quiet service was immediately broken as he met the customary crowd of well wishers upon leaving the church. They hovered around the tall, almost frail youth, burying him with an avalanche of inquiries about his health, the state of his courage that particular day, the size of the bulls, and several other questions which at that particular moment he did not want to answer or even think about.

As he entered the familiarity of his home he realized that the long tedious wait had started. Miguel was to put his life and career at stake that afternoon at four o'clock; it was now only eleven. During this time Elena would keep out of his way unless he himself sought her, and that happened very rarely when Miguel fought. The nervous young man decided

to take a nap; God knows he needed the rest after the restlessness and nightmares that had kept him in a cold clammy sweat that night.

Sleep did not come easily. As he lay awake in the semi-darkness of the living room, his mind wondered over the events in his life that had shaped his destiny.

He came from a very poor but hard working family. As the youngest of nine brothers, he had never been to school but had worked instead in the small family repair shop since his ninth birthday. He was also the most ardent bullfighting enthusiast in the family. Like most children in Spain he had idolized Manolete and the rest of the Spanish all time greats, men who had seemed to him more than just mere men. "These were gods," he would think to himself. The turning point, however, came on his thirteenth birthday, when as a gift from the whole family, he was given a real, authentic cape, such as he had only seen from a distance, on the Sundays when he had been able



AND FEAR

By G. A. Rabasa

to scrimp a few pennies to secure a cheap seat in the Plaza Madrid.

From that moment his life changed. He had practiced by himself at every available moment, concentrating on the style and art of the drama. With time he started going to the different ranches in Spain where fighting bulls were bred. He would hitch-hike, steal rides on trains, walk, and then beg the owners to let him practice on the young bulls, calves, cows or anything that would charge the tantalizing cape. While he practiced, the old sages of the business looked on and solemnly muttered their approval. Miguel was far from being a matador, but he was well on his way. When he was seventeen he had his first fight in Madrid, and the following Monday, Spain knew Miguel Gomez.

Miguel liked his life. True he had been gored four times and two of those had come close to ending his short life. Nevertheless, it was an enticing life. Women of all ages adored him; he knew that any one of them was his for the taking. And on numerous occasions he had accepted their none too subtle propositions. Wherever he went men and women gathered around him and fussed over him, and . . . Miguel liked all of it.

Elena he had met by accident and had married her in very much the same way. He did not love Elena, but this shy, simple girl understood his every whim and mood. He was happy, and so was Elena.

As sleep began to close in on Miguel, he wondered how this afternoon would go. Would he be awarded the ears and tail of the bull signifying his success? Or would he return to a cold, empty house without friends, a failure? Or . . . would . . . he . . . die . . . No! He wouldn't think about that. If fear should take hold of him . . . he must control it! Miguel slept.

The heat of the afternoon awoke Miguel. He felt refreshed and in good spirits. Antonio, his agent, manager—and sometimes friend—would be coming for him in a few minutes to take him to the bullring, where two hours before the fight the real drama would begin — the dressing of the matador.

A feeling of loneliness began to creep over Miguel as he and Antonio drove to the Plaza. That afternoon he would be surrounded by thousands of

people, yet in the killing of the bull he couldn't be more alone. He listened in silence to Antonio's paternal chatter without knowing what he was saying. Miguel was too involved in his own thoughts. Fear had begun to grip him like a vise. It was something he could not escape. The cold hand gripping his insides was firmly anchored there. The bulls he had seen yesterday were big, weighing close to a thousand pounds. Yet when he had mentioned this to Antonio, he was answered with some remark about whether he was going to kill them or carry them on his shoulders. It did make some sense, but still, a thousand pounds. . . .

Miguel's apprehension had risen with each landmark that brought them closer to the ring, and when they sighted the huge structure the cold grip in his stomach gave way to a vague feeling of nausea. Miguel took a long look at the empty ring. The place was unbearably quiet, yet in its silence it seemed to shout a threat. Miguel heard the threat but did not heed it.

When he entered the small dressing room, it was already full of people, assistants and several friends. After a few quiet words for his friends, these left, and Miguel was left with his assistants to the ritual of dressing in the "traje de luces." First came the pink knee socks made of silk. The heavily starched shirt had already begun to chafe his back and shoulders when he was practically forced into the jeweled, knee-length trousers. After the embroidered tie came the heavy short cassock, also very tight. Miguel felt uncomfortable, but again, as he had realized scores of times before, he knew he was wearing the most beautiful costume in the world, for the most dangerous art in the world. And he felt very proud. As he surveyed himself in the mirror he could see the light glistening against the thick silver and silk embroidery that covered most of the suit. The last touch was the "coleta," the small hair piece fastened on the back of his head.

The matador was ready. He sipped a glass of brandy, tried to control the quiver in his knees and the knot in his throat, and waited impatiently for the strains of the "Macarena" announcing the entrance parade.

Miguel's uneasiness increased as the time when he would gamble his life to please the faceless

(Continued on page 22)

Metts Murders History Department

Perhaps you have wondered, as have I, how the words of **Tiger Rag** came to be written. It seems, to me, unusual that this question has not been raised, publicly before! One wonders how our great college has arrived at this time, ignorant of the origin of its proud fight song. I am happy to report that I have discovered the true origin of our own **Tiger Rag**.

You will recall the opening bars of **Tiger Rag**—"Hold That Tiger, Hold That Tiger, Hold That Tiger, Hold That Tiger." These melodic words gave me my first lead toward finding the real truth. My delvings prove, conclusively, that our modern **Tiger Rag** had its basic origins in ancient Rome.

It seems that one July 4th, the Roman populace was gathered in the Coliseum to witness one of their periodic bloody spectacles.

All was in readiness—the legions had captured a new city in honor of the occasion and the slaves were securely stashed in the dungeons. The parimutual windows were doing a land-office business—records indicate that the odds on that day were 1,102 to 1, lions. The crowd was indeed in a festive mood. Many were on the grape and presented quite a problem to the Roman Stadium Service employees. The spectators often peppered the guards with their empty wine goblets. Had it not been for their pith helmets, the gestapo would surely have been wiped out.

As I was saying, all was in readiness. Then, suddenly, the ringmaster walked to the center of the Coliseum to make an announcement. All the crowd thought he was about to announce the opening round. But instead, he said, "Friends, Romans, countrymen—dig this. The management regrets to announce, that due to circumstances beyond its control, the weekly shipment of lions from Africa did not arrive as scheduled. There are no lions, presently, in the cages. Do not dismay. The promoters, eager to maintain their reputation for giving the customer a fair shake, have arranged with the city zoo to borrow a tiger for the gladiators to fight. The first slaughter will begin in just a few minutes. Thank you."

Well, needless to say, the crowd was sorely displeased. "Who the hell wants a tiger," they yelled. They were really irate. Records indicate that they were right: tigers aren't as good as lions when it comes to mauling gladiators. But, alas, the show must go on. The gladiators met with the chaplain



who represented their particular god. The band struck up the national anthem on their lyres—Nero did a small solo on his Strad.

Then, just as the gladiators took to the arena, a cry came from the upper deck of the Coliseum. Someone had seen a chariot approaching at break-neck speed. As it drew closer they could see that it had a cage lashed to the back. It was the lion—just arrived by ship! A man yelled, "Here comes the lion."

Suddenly, the crowd realized that they were about to release the tiger! That would be dreadful! **HOLD THAT TIGER! HOLD THAT TIGER**, they cried! The crowd was wild—so afraid they would release the tiger. The band struck up an anthem in an effort to calm the masses. Instead of stopping their yell, they merely got in time with the music—**HOLD THAT TIGER! HOLD THAT TIGER! HOLD THAT TIGER! HOLD THAT TIGER!**—and thus **Tiger Rag** was born.

Isn't it interesting to know these little sidelights about our College.



the nation's FIRST . . .



CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION NETWORK

By John T. Snavelly

Chronicle Feature Editor

Photos by Stafford

Educational foresight is usually not associated with South Carolina. The State has seldom, if ever, been a pathfinder for the advancement of any new educational idea.

In 1958, under the aegis of a few South Carolina industrial leaders and prominent legislators, a Closed-circuit experiment in educational television began in Columbia's Dreher High School. The success of this experiment meant an expansion of educational TV throughout the state.

Other states began their experiments in ETV ahead of South Carolina and had gone into the prevailing method of open-circuit operation as used in commercial television.

South Carolina saw at once that open-circuit TV would be limited to just one channel, meaning that there could be no more than 12 half-hour subjects taught during a six-hour school day, and since there are 12 years of school, there could be an average of only one subject a day for each grade level. These were serious limitations to any future expansion of ETV curricula.

An additional barrier to the use of open-circuit TV for education was that the Federal Communications Commission, which governs open-circuits, had allocated only four educational channels to South Carolina VHF channel at Charleston, with half of its coverage area over the ocean, one UHF in Columbia, and two UHF channels in the Piedmont. Due to the limited coverage provided over Ultra-High Frequency, effective coverage would reach only about one-third of the state. Moreover, no one knew what the FCC might rule in the future with channels under its supervision. So then, what about closed-circuit telecasting?

It is in the field of closed-circuit educational TV that South Carolina has become a pathfinder in education. The afore-mentioned experiment at

Dreher High School marked the beginning of a daring plan to send education to the entire state of South Carolina over **CLOSED-CIRCUIT!**

When South Carolina began this experiment, there was no statewide closed-circuit educational network anywhere in the nation, and there were no cost figures. South Carolina ETV advocates looked for information which was non-existent!!

Closed-circuit facilities are the property of privately owned telephone companies, and these companies already had extensive existing facilities, with eventual complete micro-wave coverage of the State in future plans.

The problem of obtaining organizational and cost information for the proposed statewide closed-circuit system became that of Southern Bell Telephone Company and the South Carolina Educational Department. A force of engineering, maintenance and cost experts began a concentrated study. These experts worked constantly, pioneering in areas which had not been explored. The State Department of Education prepared special maps of every county, locating precisely every state high school.





The result was that the legislature could be shown that every high school could be served with three channels of broadcasting, offering 36 regular daily subjects, at a total per-pupil cost of only \$12.67 per year or \$3,800,000 annually.

An impressed legislature appropriated all that was asked for the 1960-61 school year — \$643,000, which made possible expansion of the original Dreher High School experiment into 31 schools in 11 counties via closed-circuit, and the inclusion of over 60 other schools via two cooperating open-circuit commercial stations. (WNOK, Columbia, and WUSN, Charleston.)

Thus did South Carolina begin the first statewide closed-circuit ETV system anywhere in the world!

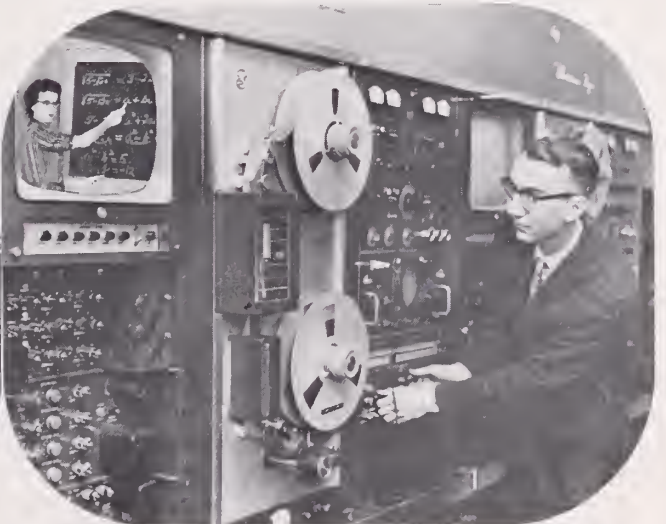
Today, the new ETV center in Columbia is sending seven subjects closed-circuit into 65 high schools, and is rapidly proceeding toward a goal of offering 36 subjects over six channels to 413 high schools within two years.

ETV Advantages and Effects

What are the advantages accorded to South Carolina high schools by Educational Television? In what position does the use of ETV place the high school teacher? These questions were answered by Dr. George E. Bair, ETV Educational Director and former head of the Clemson College Education Department. To begin with, as a medium of instruction, television vastly extends the reach of the State's best teachers—and particularly those in subject-matter areas where good teachers are scarce. The medium permits unlimited numbers of pupils to receive the best of education.

ETV overcomes the time and cost limitations of bringing a thousand and one artifacts, special maps, original documents, photographs, sketches, and expensive science equipment into the classroom. Educational materials from museums, libraries, historical societies, industrial plants, and government agencies that were hitherto unavailable

(Continued on page 23)



Tiger Tales



If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told. If it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a Frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

* * * * *

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack jumped over the . . .
Jack walks differently now

* * * * *

From Winthrop come the following tale:

"I've got a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Freshman: "Is he cute?"

Sophomore: "Can he dance?"

Junior: "Does he drink?"

Senior: "Where is he?"

A CHRONICLE PROVERB: "Every Frosh likes to see a broad smile—especially if she smiles at him."

* * * * *

Jimmy: "Her neck's dirty."

Johnny: "Her does?"

* * * * *

The business tycoon was dying and the priest hadn't arrived. "John," he gasped to his partner, "I want to confess to you. I stole that \$90,000 from the safe. And I'm the one who told your wife about your mistress. And John, I sold our secret patents to our rivals. And John . . .

"That's okay," John whispered, "I poisoned you."

* * * * *

He only drinks to calm himself,
His steadiness to improve;
Last night he got so steady,
He couldn't even move.

There are two kinds of colleges in the United States. Those that wish they'd fired their football coach last year and those that wish they hadn't.

* * * * *

Like Dr. Kinsey said, "Anything you do is okay in my book."

* * * * *

A morality play is one in which you find witches, goblins, virgins and other supernatural creatures.

* * * * *

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet, either."

* * * * *

She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

He: "Yeah. That's why I came over."

* * * * *

I've never seen a purple cow,
My eyes with tears are full;
I've never seen a purple cow,
And I'm a purple bull.

* * * * *

He: "Do you neck?"

She: "That's my business."

He: "Ah, at last. A professional."



Gentlemen's Choice

Rickey Harvey -- Miss Golf, U.S.A.



Were you at this year's "Miss South Carolina" Pageant? If you were, you haven't forgotten the pretty-perky Miss Sumter, who captured the hearts of the public and the praise of the press.

If you were not there, her projected radiance and charm captured within these pages will make you wish that you were!

Rickey was not only a swimsuit winner and finalist in the Miss South Carolina event but went on to capture the coveted "Miss Photogenic" award presented by the Greenville Press & Television Photographers Association.

Shortly after the "Miss South Carolina" competition, Rickey moved to the picturesque Bluff Park residential section of Birmingham, Alabama. Ironically, she found herself eligible for the "Miss Alabama" contest, entered, and emerged a finalist there also.

Her list of beauty titles and honors is a lengthy one. Besides her claims to fame in the Miss South Carolina and Miss Alabama contests, she has been



Miss Golf,
U. S. A.

Miss Sumter,
1962

Miss
Photogenic

Miss
Congeniality

recognized time after time not only for her beauty and charm, but for her congenial personality.

Last April, she was named "Miss Golf—U.S.A.," a title awarded her by the Professional Golfers Association in competition prior to the Masters Tournament. Making a "grand slam" of the event, she also won the swimsuit competition and the congeniality award.



She was a finalist and winner of the "Miss Congeniality" Award in the 1960 South Carolina Peach Festival and was first runner-up for the title of "South Carolina Tobacco Queen" the same summer.

Presently a sophomore at Howard College in Birmingham, the lovely brunette is a pre-medicine major and plans to further her schooling at the University of Alabama Medical Center.

At Howard, Rickey belongs to Beta Sigma Omicron Sorority and is a member of the Tri Beta Biological Association. Last year she was chosen "Pledge Sweetheart," elected to the ENTRENOUS yearbook staff, and named an HC cheerleader.

Her hobbies—painting (and she's an exceptional artist!), golfing, and horseback riding.

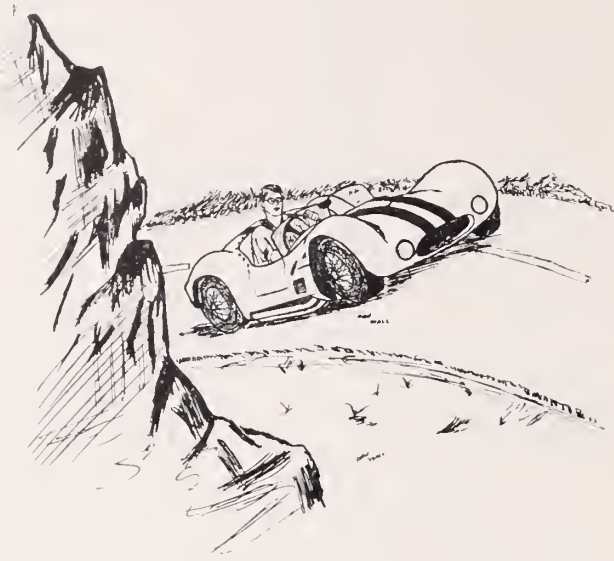
Although she is not "Miss South Carolina," (the state beauty queen) Rickey says that she sure does "miss South Carolina," (the state) and still calls Sumter, "home."

When asked why she wanted to become a doctor, she stated, "I've always wanted to be able to help those unfortunate people who can't help themselves."

Any volunteers for patients????? I'll gladly be the first!!



INCIDENT



By Herman Smith

"Owning an American sports car is like having a mistress who always undresses herself," said Harrison Donnely as the tip of his tongue licked a bit of Budweiser foam from his upper lip. "And the reason is that you don't drive an American car, you sit in it and it just sort of wallows along."

Harrison Donnely returned his cigar to his wet lips and drew the corners of his mouth down around it in the confident smirk of a barrister who had just submitted irrevocable evidence proving his client innocent of homicide.

The man he addressed took a long pensive look into his glass of beer and replied, "Sure, but you can't beat good ol' Yankee ingenuity—look at what the American sports cars have been doing in the road races lately. They're not winning but they're finishing in the top third. Give 'em a little more time and they'll ride those high-falutin Italian jobs right up their exhaust pipes."

"Baloney! American sports cars — baloney — those goddam crates are nothing but scaled-down models of Detroit junk-heaps. Any half-wit, high-school hot-rodder can build a machine that will do a hundred and fifty on a straight-away, but it's the cornering that counts."

Harrison Donnely's friend detected a touch of malice in his companion's demeanor and wisely changed the course of the conversation.

Two more beers and Harrison Donnely made his way onto the late afternoon sidewalk. The sun irritated his eyes for a moment as he fumbled for his car keys to his Maseratti. The glossy black lacquer and white trim took on a warm orange hue in the North Carolina sunset.

The engine came to life with a noise located somewhere on the decibel scale between a murmur and a roar that spoke of powerful precision in language even a school-girl could understand.

Harrison Donnely could afford a Maseratti, two had he wanted them. The heir to a substantial fortune in blue-chip stock, he had run the gamut from MG to Maseratti in the ten years that had elapsed since his college days.

Almost super-human reflexes and a superb sense of timing coupled with just plain guts made him a natural for competition racing. He might have acquired a certain measure of renown and success had it not been for his violent temper. After six months on the road-race circuit, he was through for good. Harrison Donnely could take just so much. After that, he seemed to blow a mental gasket, and his brain flooded with the poison that kills men who rub noses with death at high speeds.

Enroute to Sebring, Harrison Donnely gently moved his sleek machine out of the late-afternoon traffic and joined Highway 25 South. Four minutes and his comrades at the club were two miles away. After cruising moderately through Flat Rock and Tuxedo, he began to ease the powerful Maseratti up to highway speed. The hairs on the back of his wrist stood straight in their pores as he anticipated the swift descent over the torturous mountain roads to Greenville.

A large sign said "See the best state on the best roads" and the black Maseratti moved into South Carolina with a business-like roar.

A white Chevrolet Corvette flew past him with a pattering roar.

As the Corvette swerved back into the right lane the young driver extended his arm into what at first appeared to be a signal for a left turn. It wasn't. The kerchiefed girl with her arms draped around the young driver's neck looked back over her shoulder at the Maseratti with a shallow grin and gave a fluttering finger wave.

The brake lights on the Corvette flashed and the white convertible lurched with the down shift into a sharp left turn that marked the beginning of the winding descent. The banking Corvette virtually dazzled Harrison Donnely with its glittering array of chrome accessories.

(Continued on page 24)

Romanticism

By Gray Garwood

Romanticism—"A wild dedication of yourselves to unpath'd waters, Undream'd Shores."

In the true Socratic standard a definition must not be metaphysical or abstract. It must not express our opinion of what the word means, but what it actually has meant. The earliest record of the word, romanticism, is from the Latin "romandise." The French adopted this word in the form of "romans"—its meaning being tales written in various forms containing the element of fiction over truth or reality. A thing becomes romantic, or rather "romantique" when it violates the normal sequence of cause and effect in favor of adventure. In England the word came to mean the ascendancy of imagination over judgment.

Nature plays a heavy part in the usage of this word. It is easy to see how one could apply this early day meaning of romantic — something strange and unexpected; intense and unique—to an apt description of Nature. The romanticist made Nature the plaything of his mood. She was benign and smiling when he was happy, but when he was in a dark mood, she became a "devouring monster" terrible to behold!

Another component of this word is imagination. The period in England from 1700 to 1760 has become known as the "Age of Reason." This period was characterized by belief in reason and logic. All things were put to a test to determine if they were logical. The neo-classicist of this period held the use of the imagination in low esteem. It was a rather drab time for writing and culture. Around the middle of the eighteenth century interest began to revert to the mystical writings of the middle ages. People developed a taste for the wonders of the "ivory tower." In 1761, Rousseau came on the scene to drive the last nail in the coffin of the neo-classicists. His writings encouraged the use of emotion, and a new love of nature. The pendulum now began to swing in the other direction. The romantic rebels were led to hold good sense lightly as compared to the use of the imagination.

Already we have arrived at one definition of romanticism. It is the neo-classical view turned

upside down. Men began to develop an ideal. As Schiller believed — freedom of imagination and feeling would result in a perfect ideal. One example of this change in feeling is in the revolt in English gardens. Prior to the rise of imagination, the gardens were perfectly symmetrical. Each one had a sense of order and balance. At this time, Englishmen began to build artificial ruins in their gardens so they could wander off the beaten path and commune with nature in her untamed form.

We have now justified the major components of romanticism—imagination and nature. These two were picked up by the new writers of the era. Just as ocean foam is picked up by the waves—lifted to the crest—and then dashed on the cold beach, so these writers were carried up to fame and then thrown on the beach of life. The major poets of this time, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats all reached their crest in a short time—only to tumble off. Their writings were well received, but these writings relied on mood and temperament, and not on ethical effort. Each of the five poets refused to accept the true nature of life. Evidence of this is found in their writings. Shelley's "Arcadia" is one example. To excuse their lack of moral responsibility, they claimed to be victims of fate, or of society. Nothing was left but to revert to their imagination and nature. Byron said, "I love not man less, but Nature more." The poems of all five are full of examples of their use of Nature and imagination. Keats, however, seems to have some power over words greater than the others of this romantic period. There is a feeling of fulfilled beauty in his works, or so it seems to me. He could have survived the fall of the romantic period had he lived. However, I digress from my subject.

Returning to the purpose of this paper, I see that I have yet to fulfill my task. I have given the etymology of romanticism and its evolution up through the "romantic period." Also I have stated its component parts—nature and imagination. All that remains to be done is to combine the parts into a definition which will fit the romantic poets. As a neo-classicist would say, "If it fits the test, use it!" And if the committee on Socratic standards will forgive me, I will state, using my opinion of course, what I feel is the rightful definition of romanticism for this period in English history. Thus, "romanticism" is the belief in the supremacy of the imagination, and the love of nature over cold reason and logic.

A truly Rousseauistic declaration!

Fallen Star

Dag Hammarskjold is dead. Freedom has lost one of her greatest champions in a time when liberty is assailed on all sides by the forces of tyranny and inhumanity. Since the Russian Revolution of 1917, a new darkness has been curling its sinister shadows across the world. Especially since the close of World War II, this new Dark Age has been pressing closer. Now freedom has lost one of its brightest stars.

Hammarskjold died as he lived, in the cause of peace. He had dedicated his life to the attainment of a just peace for the world. As Secretary-General of the United Nations General Assembly, he made his cause the rallying point of the non-communist nations of the world. He also made himself an object of fear and hatred to those powers which have dedicated themselves to the domination and enslavement of the entire human race. His trips to troubled areas carried him over millions of miles, but his devotion to peace and freedom was untiring. He died on one of those trips. The aircraft in which he was flying crashed while he was bound to try to stem the tide of blood which threatened to swamp Katanga.

Dag Hammarskjold gave his life in the cause of freedom. But who will take his sword and lead the struggle against the communist tyranny? We need a leader who can follow in the footsteps of the great captains of history. Our time needs a man who can face bigotry, corruption, and tyranny without flinching and damn them for what they are. Man faces oblivion or glory. He who would lead now must have the vision to see beyond the mists of current prejudices and petty personal feelings. He must be a man who can divorce himself from all save the cause to which he must dedicate his life. Have we such a man?

The ghosts of Lenin and Stalin may smile tonight. But tyrants must learn the lesson of history. From the blood of martyrs a cause draws champions. From every drop of blood will spring a captain; From every dying breath shall rise a hero, until freedom is vindicated, until all men shall know liberty under just law, and there shall be peace with justice among nations.

Dick Magill

The wind swirled briskly through the deathly silent city. Nothing in sight moved, save the newly-raised flag on the Capitol Building. A man in a brown uniform strolled in front of the Lincoln memorial, stopped, and peered into the reflection pool which faithfully reflected the buildings to the east that had once housed the American Con-

gress. The General smiled to himself and inhaled a satisfied breath of clean air. As he walked further down the street, he noticed a yellow automobile that had apparently smashed into a tree beside the pavement. On coming closer, he could make out some lettering on one of its doors. The sign said: "Yellow Cab Co.—Phone Capitol 3-7041." Inside the vehicle were the decaying corpses of the

driver and two passengers. They had apparently sustained only minor injuries from the accident, for the vehicle was not badly damaged. But all were very dead.

Suddenly, the sound of gunshots reached the General's ears. Two or three sounded like those of a civilian hunting weapon. These were immediately followed by the hoarse rattle of a machine-gun. Silence once more cloaked the city. The General thought, "The Americans are a stubborn lot. We will have difficulty teaching them who their new masters are. We really surprised them last month, though. After all those nuclear disarmament talks and the unilateral ban by the Americans of nuclear weapons tests, we were really ready for them! They didn't think we could develop it so quickly—ha! Yes, our splendid strategy was a great success! While they were refraining from testing we went ahead on a 'crash' program and developed it."

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BURYING TIME

By Edwin A. Shealy, Jr.

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THUNDER

How serene the summer's night
Just after the warm rain
When that feeling so like the city's
Red glowing grows toward the
Sky filling the mist between
The faint shining
Pinnacles so far away, our hearts.

How like a lover's glance
Or stare, those twinkling and watchful
Constant reminders of our size—
Infinitesimal.

How like a caressing hand
The tall pines shadow
Rides upon the breast of the earth
With the rhythmic swell and full
Of the chorusing crickets,
Counting every sigh.
How like the night,
The lover's bed.

—Kimmel

PLEASE

Magical mistress of Springtime,
And keeper of Cupid's art;
Listen to this poor mortal's needs,
And to him your gifts impart.

Give me a sky full of sunshine,
And the clasp of my sweetheart's hand;
Then I shall laugh at the threats of fate,
And envy no wealth-crowned man.

Give me a garden of roses,
And a love the clouds cannot shade;
Then I shall be the happiest man,
Our God has ever made.

Give me a darling who understands,
The quiverings of my heart;
Then I shall work with happiness,
And excel in every art.

If these gifts of value that I quest,
Too much to ask of your treasure chest;
Then would your magic to me impart,
A strong, elastic, unbreakable heart.

—John Lewis McCarter, Jr.

MAKE A HORSIE! MAKE A TREE!

Little Jesus, Child of Mirth,
When your father made the earth
Were you standing at His knee
Shouting with a voice of glee,
"Make a Horsie! Make a Tree!"
As my own son shouts at me?

Did your horsie prance and run
Down the valley, toward the sun?
Did your fruit tree bloom and bear?
Was it apple? Was it pear?
Did you dance beneath its shade?
Did you ask for lemonade?

My Son's horsies never run
Down the valley, Toward the sun.
Paper trees can only bear
Paper apples, paper pears.
Still he laughs and shouts with glee,
"Make a horsie! Make a tree!"

Then I try to draw anew
The things Your Father made for you.

—Mootfey

EULOGY

For I have looked at mankind and
seen the bleached bones dance
ragged in the bleeding rays at
the sun as gaunt branches are
smeared against the smutty clouds.
The moon rattles like a fragment
of angry candy in a smooth
green corner of eternity, for
each rent in its surface tells
of man
and men.
and all that was
and is to be.
The night is lost in the glase
of the shadows of the box of
life while
In the chains of death
a gavotte is danced
a giddy gimble and gleg
of a rattling lipless mouth
and dried death
As an ode
To us.

—Gerbrand Poster

STORM

By Bobby Dye

Thunder rolled ominously and a steady rain pattered over the passive tops of each glass house, forcing all life into the bounds of shelter. The rain always created a feeling of togetherness, and this was a despised feeling to the many occupants of the thousands of glass houses.

An accursed day was in the making—soon the togetherness would run rampant, starting in the houses, spreading through the sectors, and eventually reaching all divisions, despite the warnings of the Elders and Barders. Speakers in the houses blared their warnings from headquarters every three minutes, strictly forbidding personal conversations or individual activities at any time during this hectic period.

The inhabitants of the houses crouched silently near the corners of the rooms, using this opportunity to memorize their thought sheets—going over and over them until they were their only thoughts. All forced their eyes to the sheets, fervently hoping the tower guards would see no suspicious action.

Headquarters now switched the warnings to 5-minute intervals with the familiar steady drone in the intervals between, aiding the workers in keeping their minds clear of thought. On and on the rain poured—

The fields stood in agonizing silence without the familiar, tireless workers to cultivate them. The drains had long since been raised and opened to insure the safety of the crops. Now only time was important as the workers fearfully awaited the end of the storm. Yet on and on the rain poured—

Finally the impatience and agony of fear reached a worker in Sector E and he rose and screamed hysterically — almost simultaneously with his scream the doors of his house locked and the vacuum pump began its work on his house. Soon the entire family would be destroyed, removed, and replaced. Destruction of this type of weak men and women was a part of every storm, but always served to breed more fear. On and on it came—

The downpour began to slacken—hope began to mount. Workers nervously stirred for a moment, but were stilled once more as the great warning

lights flashed several times. Still the rain slackened, slowing to a drizzle. The huge siren began its piercing scream, indicating the storm was nearly over and the workers were permitted to stand.

At long last the rain ended completely; the siren ended its mournful song, the speakers ceased their ended its mournful song; the speakers ceased their open, and the workers eased outside. The feeling of relief, the utter joy, and the eagerness to work were feelings shared mutually by all.

This was their only freedom now—to rid themselves of their confining, maddening glass houses and relax as they performed their simple, productive tasks in the fields. All who survived the storm shuddered with relief and began the march to their position in the field.

Life could now continue its simple way until the next disruption. These disruptions were the most feared times in the workers' life and the most disgusting for the watchers, in that they only served to stall production, breed restlessness, and encourage idle thought throughout all the sectors.

For the time being, however, the men and women could return to the simple life they had created for themselves through their greed, reckless activity, and lack of foresight. It had never seemed reasonable—even remotely feasible—to the people that this should be the sole merit of their aimless lives.



HEY BUDDIE, YOU GOT A MATCH?



Flight Commander Richards was bored. His patrolling Spitfires had been airborne for nearly fifteen minutes and it looked like just another patrol. He wondered absently if his two wing-mates were as bored as he. He felt strangely cut off from the war in a steel and glass world sounding with the hum of his powerful Rolls-Royce engine.

Things had been quiet since Jerry had discontinued his daylight raids. The only Germans who came over England in the daytime now were reconnaissance machines, mostly ME-210's who streaked for home as soon as they spotted a British plane. Of course, there were a few ME-109 bombers, but they had the habit of jettisoning their bombs and hightailing it toward the Channel before the "Spitters" had a chance for action. The ack-ack and night fighters got all the glory now.

In the days of the daylight raids, it had been a sign of prestige to fly a Spitfire or Hurricane. There had always been an intense rivalry between the pilots of the two machines. Now, these great day fighters rarely saw any more than routine patrol action. The Defiants, equipped for night work, took the glory and the prestige. Of course, the Spitfire still had an aura of glamor around it. There was still that little extra something which marked the Spitfire pilot and set him apart from the rest of the R. A. F. But the days when the Spitfire and Hurricane squadrons had stood alone be-

tween Britain and the might of the German Luftwaffe were gone. They might fly patrols, go on escort missions, or scramble on chases after the elusive photo machines, but their days of action seemed to be over.

Richards had been a pilot officer in the old days. He smiled slightly as he remembered the uncertainty, the fierce action of the dog fights, the boredom of the ready room, the camaraderie among the pilots which had pervaded those days. Sure, they had been against heavy odds. That was the way Jerry fought. Sure, he had been afraid. That was war. Still, since the war was going on, Richards wanted his part of it. This routine patrol duty reminded him of the promising position with the MacKillop Hat Company which he had held before that little madman across the Channel had started all this fuss. There had been times when he had wished that he had never left that job. Now he wondered if he would ever go back.

"Bandits at fifteen thousand. Heading south toward Dover. Looks like some meat for you, Panther Blue Flight." The voice in his head set shocked Richards out of his daydream.

"This is Panther Blue Leader. Heading for Dover; climbing to sixteen thousand."

Richards pulled his nose up gently. On either side, two other Spitfires followed his climbing

(Continued next page)

DOGFIGHT

(Continued from page 19)

turn toward Dover. At sixteen thousand feet they leveled off. A few minutes found them over Dover.

"Vapor trails below, starboard." There they were, five Messerschmitts lined up for the shooting gallery. Evidently, they were carrying bombs and intent on their mission.

Richards tensed in the cockpit. He snapped on the electronic gunsight and flipped the safety off of his firing button. "Tally Ho!" he shouted the battle-cry of the R. A. F.

The dive into which Richards pushed his machine was deceptively gentle. In a moment he found a Hun in his gunsight, out of range, but still unsuspecting. Richards ran his tongue over his excitement-dried lips. The Hun was growing larger and larger in his sights. Slowly, as if savoring the feeling, he pressed the firing button. He pressed it almost as if he were caressing a woman. The Spitfire shuddered under the recoil of eight machine guns and cannon. Powder smoke filled the cockpit with its acrid smell. That smell always gave Richards a thrill like the wild battle-fury of the Viking Berserkers. His tracers reached eager gray fingers toward the German machine. He saw them begin to bite into its skin. The German flipped over into an evasive diving turn. Richards followed him down. At about ten thousand feet, the Jerry began to level off and reverse his turn. Richards flashed past and began to recover. The situation had now been reversed and the hunting Spitfire was now the prey of the German. Richards pulled his nose up. Then he pushed over into the steepest dive he could stand.

The pressure of the dive built up. He leaned forward in his seat and took deep gasps of air to keep from blacking out. In his rear view mirror he could see the German close on his tail. The pressure of the push-over eased off and he could breathe easily again. Glancing at his altimeter, he saw the needle resting on three thousand. The pressure as he began his pull-out again threatened to rob him of consciousness. Again he had to fight to keep his vision clear.

As he leveled off, he could see the Jerry just leveling off below him. He pushed over into a gentler dive. Again the tracers felt their way toward the German machine. This time he could see little bits of the Messerschmitt begin to fly off. Richards smiled in anticipation of the victory.

Suddenly, the Spitfire jerked convulsively and there was a sound like gravel rattling around his fuselage. Glancing into his mirror, Richards saw

the wicked nose of a Heinkel 113. Desperately he banked to the left. The little Heinkel stayed right on his tail. He pushed the Spitfire into a diving turn. Abruptly, he pulled his nose up slightly and eased off on the throttle. The maneuver worked. The Heinkel flashed past him and he just had time for a short burst before he found another Hun trying for his tail. Pulling up and over, he lost him and took a brief look around.

The sky was filled with German aircraft. To starboard and below he saw the other two Spitfires fighting low over the water. On the water, he knew that the Spitfire was more than a match for the Germans in maneuverability and speed. "Panther Flight, get out of here!" He just had time to see his planes break off and streak for the coast.

After that, he found himself far too busy to look after them. The Huns had to be kept from pursuing the fleeing British machines. There was no one Richards could see around to do the job except himself. "Tally Ho!" he repeated the battle cry.

The next few minutes were filled with milling aircraft, throbbing guns, and gray-clawed tracers. At least two Huns went down in flames. No one could make order out of the rest of the melee. There was nothing but confusion. Then a plane with the wide, rounded wings of a Spitfire spun out of the dog fight. After what seemed several minutes it struck the water and broke up.

What happened next left observers on the coast rubbing their eyes in disbelief. The German planes circled the ring of wreckage on the water. Then each of the German pilots dipped his wing in salute to a gallant pilot, and the formation made off in the direction of France.



"It's Greek, he's just joined a fraternity."

THE CHRONICLE VISITS A CLEMSON MAN'S ROOM

It is felt by the editors that our non-campus readers might enjoy a tour through a typical, average, Clemson man's room. Since any student in his right mind would sorely resent three or four thousand visitors crowding into his room, we have resorted to the next best thing to a real life visit. We will attempt to use word pictures, and using sentences as brushes and adjectives as paint, describe a typical Tiger's lair.

For our examination we have chosen the room of Typical A. Furd (the "A" is for average). Typ, as he is called by his friends, is a resident of "K" section, 12th level, room 214-Rear. Typ is a junior and is majoring in S. D. (Startling Discoveries).

Typ's room is in a section called Penthouse Apartments (by the envious). Residence in this section is widely sought after because of the view of the mountains (when there's a break in the clouds). Residents of this section also serve as members of the ground observer corps (because they have such an excellent view of the ground). While many seek to live here, some are perturbed to find themselves not physically qualified. Nosebleed is an everyday occurrence due to the altitude—one hundred fifty feet above Death Valley.

As one enters Typ's room, his eyes are immediately arrested by the striking color scheme. The wall to the left is hideous seaweed green, while the right wall is a lighter shade called seasick green. The ceiling is eggwhite white. On the opposite side from the door is a glass wall—playfully dubbed "Dante's Inferno." The full blind which covers this vast expanse of glass adds to the color harmony, and hence, to the charm of the room, and is

executed in brilliant day-glo yellow.

This room differs from some dorm rooms in that it is equipped with four-poster built-in ashtrays rather than the popular wall-to-wall type. This unique feature includes removeable caps on both head and foot boards of the healthful no-spring bunk. Though these ashtrays are non-emptiable, they do hold a goodly amount of fag butts before the beds must be exchanged for new ones.

Like many Clemson Men, Typ has chosen to do his room in what might be early chaos. For his study table Typ has chosen accessories of rainbow hues. A cheerful red beer can serves as a pencil holder and the desk blotter is inlaid with old dance tickets. The desk pen fits neatly into its holder made from a stale bagel. A 8x10 portrait of Mary, Typ's girl, tinted by rotogravure, completes the trimmings for this most important part of the room. One cannot help but notice the casual air achieved by the random tossing of textbooks and paperbacks about the study area.

This same studied casualness carries over into the unmade bed located near the door. Moulded cracker crumbs and grape and orange pop stains lend a colorful note to this otherwise drab bunk area.

The right side of the room is arrayed with ample storage shelves and racks in various degrees of dishevelment. The most striking thing in this area is the overnight case resting contentedly beside the handy collegiate hip flask, both ready for another gay, carefree weekend foray.

And so, as the sun sets slowly over East Campus Apartments, we leave Typical A. Furd. Thank you, Typ, for letting us tell our readers about your room.

—BilMet

INFINITY

As I look out upon the stars,
The lamps lit by Divinity,
I see the soul's infinity
Behind these mortal bars.

I cannot look upon the skies,
The graceful handiwork of God,
But that I see beyond this sod
A boundless Love that never dies.

—James Winston

BURYING TIME

(Continued from page 16)

He paused in his thoughts and surveyed the undamaged buildings and the dead trees around them. "Those odd Americans called the neutron bomb the 'death-ray' bomb—very apt! No radioactive fallout, no serious blast damage—just killing, invisible neutrons! Yes, today we bury the stupid Americans; we occupy their lifeless cities; we operate their abandoned factories; and we fulfill the prophecy of our glorious leader: 'We will bury you!'" No voice contested his thoughts.

. . . FEAR

(Continued from page 5)

crowd grew nearer. The suit itself chilled his blood as he knelt before the rustic crucifix that adorned the bare walls around him.

The trumpet pealed clearly from the distance with the strains of the "Macarena" announcing the approach of the expected moment. Miguel heard the roar of the expectant crowd, crossed himself before the crucifix, and hurriedly took his place at the head of the procession with the other two matadors. Behind the three bullfighters were the "Picadors" on horseback with their spears with which to weaken the bull. Behind them were the "Banderilleros" with their decorated barbs to further irritate the confused and angry beast. During the solemn walk around the bullring, Miguel looked at his wife quietly sitting in the third row, next to Antonio. Elena was clutching a rosary in her small hands as she prayed fervently that her beloved husband would escape unhurt. Miguel prayed also, that he be successful that hot, cloudless afternoon in Madrid.

Miguel was glad that he had drawn the first bull. The crowd was enthusiastic and wanted good bullfighting. He was going to give it to them. He could feel his heart pounding fiercely against his ribs, when the black, angry beast charged out into the bright sunlight. He studied it calmly, noting with apprehension the wide spread of its horns. Even more dangerous than the spread of the horns was the peculiar way it would toss its head as if feeling for something solid.

Firmly Miguel walked to the center of the ring and received the barreling bull with a simple but graceful pass. The crowd approved; they liked Miguel's artistic gracefulness. Encouraged by the crowd's response, he attempted the finer subtleties of the cape. Miguel was now exhilarated by the mad applause of the soulless mass above him; the risks he was now taking were having their effect on the subconsciously homicidal crowd. During one pass he felt a horn lightly graze against his middle, but this warning that he was too close went unheeded. Forming beautiful imageries with his cape, Miguel finished the first act of the tragedy. With a gesture of proud bravado he acknowledged the people's ovation. The "picadors" were now weakening the bull, preparing it for the kill. He watched the "banderilleros" with an air of detachment while he thought of the next and final step—the kill. He could not afford to tease this one for very long. The bull would soon realize that the tantalizing red cape was not its tormentor,

but merely an instrument.

This time with a smaller cape and a sword concealed behind it, Miguel walked to the bull and met it again, simply but gracefully. The tossing of the bull's head had not bothered him much yet, but as the beast tired it became much more noticeable. Disregarding danger recklessly, Miguel fell to his knees and holding the cape near him, let the bull charge at the elusive red object. Miguel could not even hear the crowd now, but then he knew he was giving them something rare—a complete and perfect blend of art and courage. The bull had stopped now, and Miguel started to get up from his knees when the bull noticed the movement. With a savage snort coming from somewhere deep in its insides the angry animal lurched toward the man. He saw it coming and tried to distract it with his cape, but it was already too late. The crowd gasped, and Miguel felt a slight pain in his right side. The pain increased, and as the fallen matador was writhing in pain, he could hear the thundering ovation of the crowd. He had given them more than they had any right to expect, and they knew it.

In the small infirmary Miguel lay bleeding, waiting for a doctor. Antonio stood beside him trying helplessly to stop the bleeding with his bare hands; Elena stood in a corner praying for his life.

The brave young man tried to speak and Antonio moved close to listen. "Antonio . . . did . . . they . . . like me . . . ?"

"Yes, Miguel . . . they liked you . . . they liked you very much. . . ." And Miguel slept.



"Come on over Evelyn, we're giving a shower for Agnes."

able can now be brought before the television cameras.

In answer to the second question, the effect ETV has on South Carolina teachers, Dr. Bair commented: "Television teachers, though they can contribute a major share of the subject matter on practically any subject, cannot do more than half the job of teaching. The role of the classroom teachers in a carefully coordinated team system is of equal, if not greater importance. The effect of ETV is to place two teachers in every classroom!"

Under the South Carolina system, the TV teacher opens each period with about 25 minutes of subject matter. Then the classroom teacher, who is present in every class at all times, takes over to elaborate, answer questions, test and otherwise to control the child's education.

All TV lessons are produced on video tape two weeks before broadcasting. The TV teacher sends out daily lesson plans to classroom teachers in advance to keep them abreast. Offering only one subject per day, the TV teacher has sufficient time for research, preparation of visual aids and otherwise arranging a high quality lesson. These TV subjects are geared to the pace required for college entrance standards. Presently, many high schools in the State do not teach at the pace necessary for college preparation. At first, with the shortage of qualified teachers becoming worse, there was little hope that many schools would be able to improve their quality of instruction. Now, with the advent of statewide ETV, hope has again returned. ETV not only fills in for the teacher shortage with qualified teachers, but it upgrades the quality of other teachers. Several superintendents have reported that even some of their best teachers have learned new techniques by observing the studio teachers.

One of the more serious problems with the adoption of ETV has been the problem of scheduling. Different state schools offer different subjects at different times during the day. The ETV center has largely solved this problem by offering each course several times during the day. This is done by utilizing the closed-circuit advantage of providing several channels.

A unique feature of the South Carolina ETV system is the total use of video tape. Not only will the State preserve the works of its teachers, but already in other parts of the country excellent teachers are recording whole courses on tape,

which are expected to be available for lease or purchase.

Visual aids through the use of video tape are practically unlimited. Movie film or still pictures of any subject or personality can be included; microscopic, slow motion or cartoon sequences are easily adapted to TV lessons.

ETV's 'Best Friend'

Dr. Bair volunteered that the best friend ETV has is President R. C. Edwards, of Clemson College.

Dr. Edwards, having seen the possibilities of ETV while still in its infancy at Dreher High, immediately became a staunch supporter. He describes the system as "the finest thing done in South Carolina for improving the quality of school instruction, at the point where it is most needed—in the classroom."

President Edwards offered the point that since the State pays for the micro-wave and coaxial cable facilities 24 hours a day, then these facilities should be used as many hours as possible. Following school hours, the system could be used for adult education.

Dr. Edwards envisions a program whereby the Clemson Agricultural Extension Service will video-tape agricultural programs at Clemson and send them to the ETV Center to be broadcast to farmers throughout the State. These farmers may see the programs at their local schools in the evenings. The programs, broadcast in this manner, would prove invaluable for the education of the farmer in modern agriculture and would aid the advancement of statewide agriculture. For example, in January, a live TV show entitled "Agricultural Panorama" was broadcast from WIS-TV, Columbia. This 15-minute program produced by Clemson personnel was video-taped by ETV and is now being shown on three commercial television stations in the State. This year the American Association of Agricultural College Editors presented its Blue Ribbon award in the division of TV programming to "Agriculture Panorama." Each year the panel of editors evaluated the efforts of Land Grant colleges in aiding the farmer and advancing agriculture.

As part of Dr. Edwards' vision, Clemson College will be able to further serve the state through ETV by video-taping certain of its programs shown over the college's own intra-school closed-circuit TV system (recently built into the College's engineering buildings) and by sending the tapes to the State

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INCIDENT

(Continued from page 14)

Twin radio antennae, each sporting a small Confederate flag, dual spotlights, and two exhaust pipe extensions that flared out to display the red reflectors studded neatly in the corner of each one, all caught Harrison Donnelly's eye simultaneously an instant before he went blind with rage.

His knuckles white as chalk, Harrison Donnelly slammed into the turn, drifted to the right with a protesting squeal of the Pirelli tires and leaped into the passing lane.

An irregular rectangle of orange lights revealed the shape of an oncoming trailer-truck and Harrison Donnelly whipped the Maseratti back in behind the Corvette a bare second before the huge truck lumbered by.

An instant after the last wheel of the truck had passed out of his peripheral vision range Harrison Donnelly made another move toward the left lane only to discover that the Corvette had straddled the center line and was now wigwagging from side to side in a distorted sine curve, making it impossible to pass.

The game continued. Harrison Donnelly, frustrated in every attempt to get around the Corvette, moved shakily along the narrow line that separates the sane from the insane. Each time the black Maseratti feinted to the left or right, the Corvette would narrowly miss a collision as it swerved to abort passage of the more powerful car.

The duck-tailed youth was completely successful in his attempt to stymie Harrison Donnelly. Between the twisting movement of the white Corvette and an occasional oncoming car, Harrison Donnelly might as well have been riding in a trailer behind the Corvette for all the good his speed and road ability did him. By the time the green water of the Greenville reservoir peeked through the trees, Harrison Donnelly was so transported with rage that he was determined to go all out in the long, flat, sweeping curve that bordered the lake. Just as the last horseshoe curve began to straighten itself out into a long gradual downgrade, the Corvette seemed to anticipate Harrison Donnelly's decision and resumed its swaying movement. As soon as it could be seen that there was no approaching traffic, the Maseratti literally jerked to the left and dropped two wheels on the grassy shoulder with a thumping shudder. With a lightning glance, the young driver in the Corvette saw the low, black nose of the racing machine creeping up on his rear fender, and he immediately

wheeled off the pavement to block it. Harrison Donnelly waited a full second to make sure the Corvette had both left wheels on the grass before he jerked the Maseratti back onto the asphalt. His timing was perfect. He had lured the Corvette into riding the shoulder just a few feet short of a depression where the soft dirt was a full eight inches below the level of the pavement. The Corvette was trapped for at least two seconds, more than enough time for Harrison Donnelly to push the big Maseratti into the lead for good. By the time the Corvette regained a firm footing on the highway, the Maseratti was half a yard ahead and beginning to walk away. But it didn't walk away. It slowed and the Corvette came alongside.

Harrison Donnelly could see the conqueror's grin spread across Duck-tail's face but it did not disturb him this time. He knew why the Corvette had caught up with him. A jerk of the wheel and the fender of the Maseratti smashed into the Corvette. The white convertible careened off the highway out of control. Looking over his shoulder Harrison Donnelly saw it suspended in mid-air an instant before it plunged into the lake, throwing two bodies nearly as high as the spray.

Harrison Donnelly said; "Bastard," and sped on.

E. T. V. . . .

(Continued from page 23)

ETV Center for statewide telecast.

Eyes Of The Nation Are On South Carolina

The South Carolina ETV system is attracting the eyes of every other state in the nation. This year the ETV Center has been host to groups from New York, Texas, Michigan, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Georgia, and California.

Recently, the Southern Governors Conference learned about South Carolina's system over closed-circuit television. A direct feed from the South Carolina ETV Center via micro-wave relay brought a progress report to the Conference and the 18 governors attending.

One of the greatest advantages of the South Carolina ETV system is that there are no dead ends. In the future, it may be possible to extend the system into adjoining states and from there into others.

YES, THE EYES OF THE NATION ARE ON SOUTH CAROLINA! !

Local Selective Service Board No. 79

"We Serve Our Soldiers — Like It Or Not"

Mr. Charles Furd
Box 0001
Clemson College Sta.
Clemson, S. C.

November 6, 1961

GREETINGS: From the President of the United States.

Well Charlie, here we are again. Ha Ha, that was a pretty good joke you pulled on us last month. We all got a good laugh around here. The fellows here all say that the one you pulled two months ago was your best one though. We have been laughing about it ever since. The picture of you in that cast all the way up to your neck was real good. The one that came out in the paper the next day was even better. You remember it don't you, Charlie? The one showing you running over for the winning touchdown.

You have been slipping lately though. The boys up in Washington didn't think that one was as funny as the trick you pulled on us last year. The one where you sent us a reply on French Foreign Legion stationery. That one was a masterpiece. Say, by the way, whatever became of the dog you used while you were blind? The seeing eye dog that you came up to the office with? One of the fellows here would like to have it as you won't be using it anymore.

Your congressman was over again yesterday. He sure is a nice fellow, but we are getting kind of tired of steak for lunch every day. Do you think you could tell him about that new Chinese restaurant around the corner from the Office? We would like to try it some afternoon.

Well enough of this old chit-chat Charlie, report as usual for the old checkup at the same place as before. Please Charlie, leave the pet Lion at home. You know how touchy the doctors are getting these days. And Charlie, don't set fire to your house with a time fuse again, we have asked the fire dept. to stand by.

See you again next month Charlie.

Affectionately,
The Draft Board



Salem refreshes your taste —“air-softens” every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! Gray rocks and the fresh green leaves of springtime reflected in a mountain pool . . . where else can you find air so refreshing? And where else can you find smoke as refreshing as Salem's? Special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. And fine tobaccos make Salem taste rich as well as refreshing. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem.

The Chronicle

OF CLEMSON COLLEGE

CLEMSON COLLEGE LIBRARY
SOUTH CAROLINA COLLECTION

WINTER 1962

Circulation—something less than 21,000





Are you the Rambler type?

Like to have fun? Like a car that's fun? A car that's got everything including personality—at prices that don't break the bank? Then move into the driver's seat of a Rambler, because you are the Rambler type.

And how about those Rambler seats and interiors? Just wonderful—envied by owners whose cars cost twice as much. Plush, comfortable Airliner Reclining Bucket Seats adjust individually for leg room and seat-back angle. The new Lounge-Tilt Seat adjusts hydraulically for knee height—low-cost options. And you're sur-

rounded by expensive new fabrics and upholstery.

But don't just sit there—drive a Rambler. Try the exciting new way to drive—the E-Stick no-clutch-pedal transmission. No-clutch driving at a *fraction* of the usual cost! Most of the convenience of an automatic, but with stick-shift economy (a moderately priced option)!

And Rambler quality does not just stop with its trim good looks and its responsive handling. More guarantees than any other American car insure you a more trouble-free, more service-free car. More

solid safety features, too—like Double-Safety Brake System, standard. Tandem master cylinders, one for front brakes, the other for rear. If one should be damaged, the other still works and they're self-adjusting.

See your Rambler dealer soon—he has a surprise for you, for Ramblers are priced lower than you would expect, much lower than cars that have far less to offer. Very big on economy, of course.

 **RAMBLER**
World Standard of
Compact Car Excellence



The Editor's Notes

Well gang, here we are again, bigger and better than ever. Many of you have said that we should have more pictures. Well here they are. We have also included more jokes and humor to satisfy those with a funny bone. As you can readily see, The Chronicle has a new look about it. This is due to much hard work and sweat by the staff to put out a magazine which will win the praise of all of the students at Clemson. We hope you will appreciate our efforts.

This issue contains a few ads and we want to invite all of you to patronize these fine people. No magazine can live long without the support of advertisers as can no advertiser stay in business very long without the support of the reading public. When you go by the stores we have advertised in this issue, be sure and tell them that you saw their ad in the Clemson Chronicle.

The staff of The Chronicle is interested in hearing from its readers and we would like to invite you to write letters to us. We will be running a column of these letters in the future.

Anyone interested in writing for the Chronicle, please invite you to submit material to any member of the staff for consideration.



WSBF

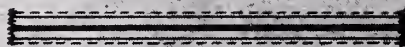




Dickies

Casuals

HORIZONTAL FRONT POCKETS



it's the sharpest look in slacks!

The Blade



The Chronicle

VOL. II

NO. 2

Established 1897

Reorganized 1961

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John Coyle, *Copy Editor*
Jerry Stafford, *Photo Editor*
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Contributors: Mike Medlock, Tom Kimmel, Richard Twells, Bob Wiley, Frank Griffith, Fred Bush, Gerban Poster, Stan Wade, and Mickey Brown.

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FOR DISTINCTIVE STYLES IN
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CLEMSON MAN'S HEADQUAR-
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The Chronicle



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Bello pg. 14



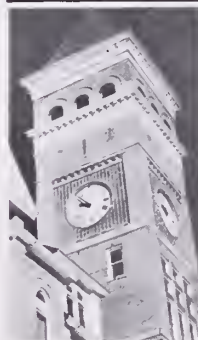
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★
國

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THE COVER: Let's tear down Tillman Hall! The Chronicle has found that if we were to raze this relic and sell the bricks to the Alumni for \$2.00 each, we would have sufficient funds to build a decent Student Union. Of course, we would leave the Bell Tower as a symbol of Clemson's past. How about it boys, let's start a movement to replace this "sore thumb."

77 MOONRISE BOULEVARD

*detective stuart mailey had a call . . . "capture
'brutal' bill howcome."*

parody

BY ED SHEALY

My name is Stuart Mailey; I'm the senior partner of America's foremost detective team. Not only am I older and more mature than the other two partners, but I'm *superfluous* in other ways also. I'm more intelligent (I.Q. of 90); better read (my favorite is Shakespeare's *Moby Dick*); not so *ambiguous* (I only weigh 130 pounds); I'm much more sophisticated; and *unintelligibly* more modest. Briefly, I'll describe the more disgusting characteristics of my associates.

"Crookey," the younger of the two, is disgustingly sophisticated—neurotic too, ever since he lost all his hair. He's also a car buff; spends all his spare moments tearing up and down the street, trying to "get a wheel" and to accelerate from 0 to 60 in 8 seconds. I've *tried* to tell him that no "A" Ford can break 0 to 60 in *nine*, let alone make it in *eight*. However, he just won't listen—keeps mumbling something about how he's going to "four-in-the-floor" the thing and put 5 or 6 "pots" on the head.

The second, and probably most hopeless member of the team, is Jeff Spancer. He's a 100% red-blooded American boy; hates women; hates cars; reads such trash as Shakespeare, Hemingway, and Goethe; and even has the audacity to bathe *every* day! In spite of his many faults, however, he is the champion potato-peeler of the entire West Coast! You have to admire a guy with talent like that, even though he only developed it while serving in the Army (Intelligence Corps).

With two such clods for partners, it's no wonder that I have to do most of the investigative work. Even now I'm expecting my phone to ring, and I'll be *profused* into an exciting adventure. While we're waiting, I'll *entertain* you by telling you how I recently captured that notorious bank robber, "Brutal" Bill Howcome.

It was a balmy day just last week when I was called in on the case. The police (their usual blundering selves) had allowed "Brutal" to elude them. I decided to contact a stooly friend of mine for information as to "Brutal's" location. As I entered the smoke-filled bar, I saw my stooge friend seated in a booth in the darkest corner of the room. He didn't notice me until I sat down directly in front of him. His sad brown eyes drifted into focus. He hic-coughed and whispered, "Mailey. What do you want?"

"Just a little information, Stooge," I said as I placed a crisp 20-dollar bill into his greasy, out-stretched palm. (continued on page 29)

THE GAME

The house was dark and quiet. The rain droned steadily outside. As I climbed the stairs, I paused before the door, then slowly I turned the knob and went in. The room was dark. A voice broke the soft monotonous sound of the rain. It startled me, but I knew who had called.

"Where are you?" I said.

"Right over here," replied the voice.

I slowly made my way in the dark, finding nothing but the hard, cold wall under my outstretched finger tips.

"Where are you now?" I said, a little impatiently.

"Right over here," came the voice.

I slowly made my way toward the sound of the voice, and again I encountered the unrewarding wall.

"Why do we always have to go through this?" I asked.

"You don't want to spoil the game do you?" the soft voice answered.

I walked slowly toward the voice. My hand grazed warm flesh, but it twisted from my grasp.

"Where in the hell are you?" I breathed. "Right here."

So close. I lunged. I felt my head collide with something hard, but the full force of my body shattered it. I was falling through rain streaked air. The lightning marched across the dusky sky, and thunder followed it. I understood why my wife insisted on a house overlooking the ocean.



"That'll teach him to have a 5 and 5 season."



"Sure wish they would finish those new dorms."



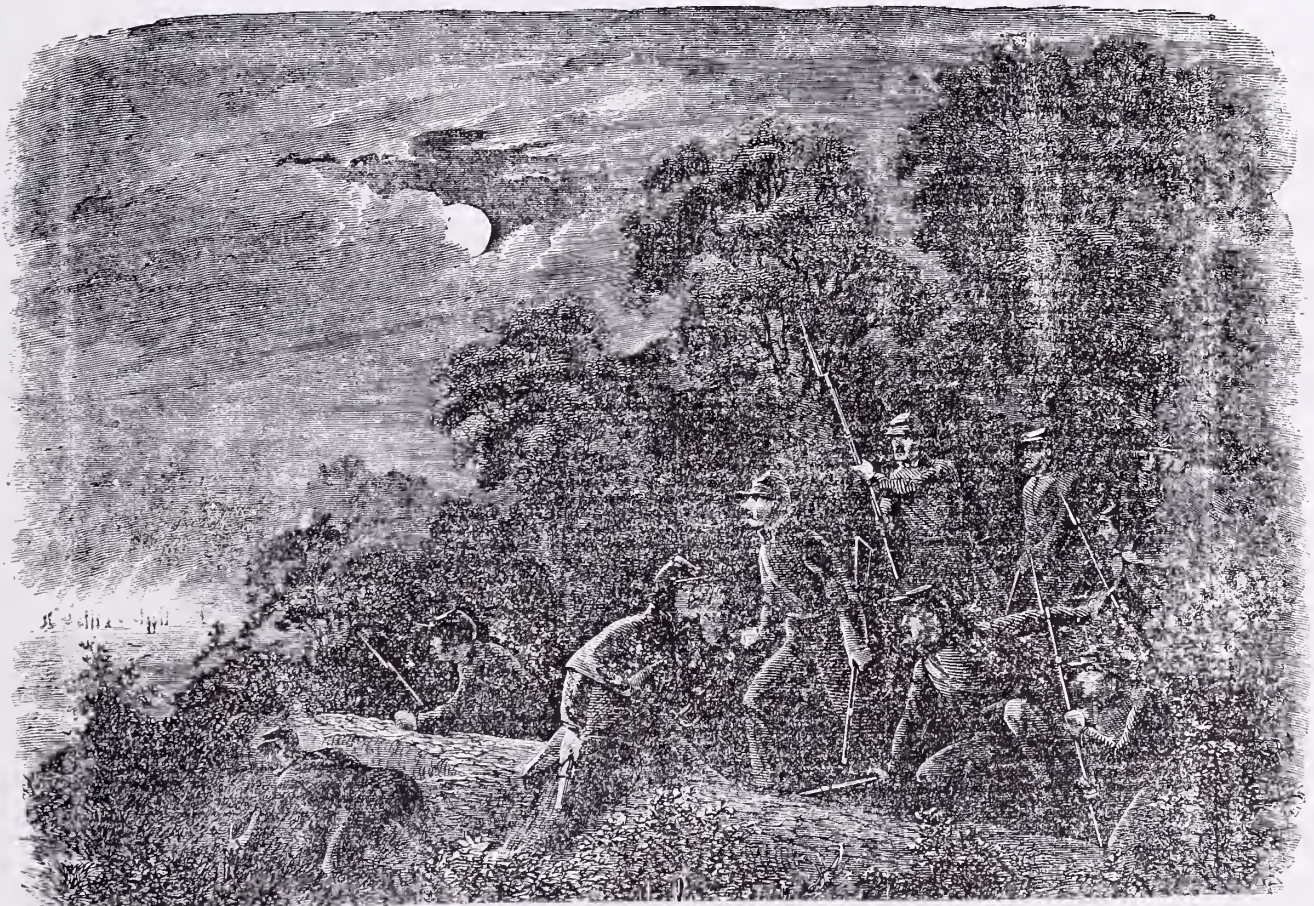
"Muster Rimmer Sir: We uns lost our room key."



"Let's call it Preparation H."



"What the Hell, ten cents for a cup of coffee?"



"To Hell with guarding the cow barns, let's go over to the library where they got a fire going."

THE WHEEL HAS COME FULL CIRCLE



editorial BY JOHN LONG

*a great red dragon is
recorded*

by John in Revelations as the last obstacle to be overcome. It is intriguing that Communist China—respected by both Russia and America as an increasing world threat—is symbolized by a great red dragon. To quote a line from Shakespeare's *King Lear*—"the wheel (in this case, the westward march of civilization) is come full circle."

John speaks also of a great war and the casting out of the dragon; but I am more concerned with this end over end movement of civilization, this hypnotic wheel whirling around and around which seems to predetermine the rise and fall of cultures and which at the moment has placed America on the ascendancy.

The march of civilization has always moved westward. Beginning in the far East, man's mode of living, his culture, his philosophies would be overcome (often improved upon, often not) by a newer, usually more militaristic civilization farther west. The Mesopotamians and Egyptians replaced the Eastern world; the Greeks learned from the Fertile Crescent countries; the Romans conquered them all.

Later the Byzantine Empire reached as far as Spain; and after the Dark Ages, England emerged with world supremacy only to be undermined by her own colonists. America developed westward to the Pacific and, even more recently, has added a state which all but touches the coast of Asia. The wheel has come full circle!

But what does all this signify? Has the mesmeric westward movement already determined our fate—subjugation at the fiendish claws of a great red dragon? Quite possibly it has . . . unless we consciously change our mental attitude and break this hypnotic suggestion.

When we think of Red China, we picture crowded, narrow-streeted, people-pushing cities with dark alleys and even darker rooms inclosing fat, sinister, underground red agents.

We see cities of cruelty, hatred, crime, prostitution, interrogation, mysticism, darkness; we see a country of massed people and starving, struggling, crying babies and bony, decrepit men, "their bodies bent double"; we see a government moving toward world supremacy—or world destruction—dependent on its mass of people to stand siege against the world.

But let us rather think of Red China, not as a country of massed people, but as one of individuals, of families with loves and little hopes, one of humans instead of animals.

In the same manner let us abruptly stop this turning wheel of fortune, stop acknowledging the fact that all powerful nations have fallen before. When our own mental attitude changes and when we ourselves are firmly convinced that this one great nation will not fall—and can prove why—then we are already a long way down the road toward destroying that great red dragon, and we have not even lifted a finger against it.



YOU *a cough, blood, faces spinning . . . death*
MUST *fiction* **BY JIMMY LYONS**

BE The trade winds were already dying and soon the
LIKE oppressive heat of late evening would set in. As the
US sun was slowly engulfed by the sea, the darkness of ap-

proaching night could be felt more than seen. Here in this fraction when the tropics knew its twilight, gaunt creatures seemed to lurk in each elongating shadow. Nondescript monstrosities of the wind were fathered by this slight movement, now that, and yet another. With fiendish patience, they remained in their castles of darkness as if awaiting the arrival of night, when they would seethe forth to reign in terror over the land. A last faint glow flowed from the west as the sun sank into its nightly cradle, illuminating for a moment a long hut perched upon the brink of a high hill overlooking the sea, giving it the appearance of a bleak skull, and then . . . darkness.

Two eyes, more monster than human, looked upon this spectacle and felt the horror that awaited in the darkness. They were hard eyes, glazed by anxiety . . . or hate . . . or fear. A hand moved slowly to the table, lifting the now empty bottle, and shoved it to the gaping mouth. Its emptiness was enough to infuriate him into leaping from his chair. He hurled the bottle against the wall, then watched as the pieces tinkled into a heap on the floor. Turning quickly to search for another bottle, he was seized by an overpowering weakness. Reeling, he clutched at the arm of his chair, which slid backwards out of his reach as he tumbled in an agonized heap upon the floor. His breath came in labored heaves as he was racked by a coughing fit, this one more terrible than any before.

When at last the fit has ceased, he crawled laboriously back into his chair. Each movement was agonizing and further drained his strength. He thought of his youth when he had worked all day and played all night. He remembered those nights most of all. Why in one year there had been Anita, Faye, Marie, Sandra. . . ah, yes. . . Sandra. He remembered her above all the rest. It had been on a beach, just like the one at the bottom of his hill. So sweet and yet so short. But time didn't matter in things like that. He closed his eyes and remembered everything as if it were taking place now . . .

A seagull floated momentarily on the light breeze and then, like an angel's feather, glided silently into the approaching darkness. She stood there, outlined by the soft pastels that are possible only in the sunsets over a tropical sea. The golden beams touched, mingled, and were finally reflected from her liquid blond hair into the dark pools that revealed the beauty of her eyes. A fresh breath of air, laden with the mingled scents that were formed in delicate petals of blossom-laden flowers, caressed the softness of her light blue dress.

She slowly took a step toward him, and in her subtle voice replied, "I would . . . I would have given you anything . . . I will never be able to stop loving you . . . even though you don't love me." She turned and quietly walked down toward the beach.

For the first time he looked up . . . What a fool he had been! There was only one meaning left in life for him. He

took a step forward and cried, "Sandra, wait! I think we are headed in the same direction." The moon was beautiful as they walked along . . . together.

Opening his eyes and looking around, he became aware of the complete desolation and loneliness that seemed to hang bodily in the air. His coughing had all but ceased and he lay limp in his chair, regaining his strength. He knew that each spell was costing him a greater part of his life.

He was a thin man, in fact, a living skeleton. His face was drawn, with deep wrinkles that seemed to sink into the very bones of his skull. He sat slouched in his chair, thinking of the inevitable Reaper, waiting silently, patiently in the shadows for his turn to arrive. For the thousandth time his eyes swept the room, prying into each niche and corner, searching for something, anything. Anything was better than the loneliness . . . this Demon that walked in the form of loneliness, this Monster that gloated over the tortured, fever-ridden brain and laughed while the Reaper waited silently, patiently in the shadows.

"Get out! Get out!" he shouted. "Leave me alone!"

The sound of his voice resounded in the room, out the window and down his hill . . . The sea rolled in its endless struggle with the beach. Its ebb and flow, its endless waves crashing heavily upon the beach, created in their life a mighty roar. This roar met and conquered a solitary shout as it floated down a small hill.

He started coughing again, deep painful gasps that tore the very tissue from his lungs. A trickle of blood oozed from the edge of his mouth. The Reaper stole from the shadows of the trees and stood in the doorway.

The coughing ceased, but the red rivulet continued to flow. He lay over the side of the chair, his face downward. The silver beams of the moon reflected from the red pool that was enlarging on the floor, giving it a quality of iridescence which revealed tiny figures moving feverishly, trying to be seen. Cold sweat ran in streams along the crevices of his drawn face. A deep glaze covered his eyes as he stared helplessly into the pool. One by one the events of his life paraded before his eyes. Each brought back its memories; each fostered a moment of joy or pain, each laughed or sympathized, each had been right . . . wrong. *(continued on page 30)*

disguises

*The Master does not need to use
Divine Identity always.
Sometimes he chooses lesser robes
A flower by the road
To cheer the passer-by,
The unseen bird whose song
Steals away your heartache,
The single friend who stays
Behind to say, "I care,"
When all have left in scorn.
Often in still lower garments
He may appear to try our love.
Who knows but on that freezing street
Who knows but
"Please, brother, can you spare a dime?"*

DICK MAGILL

the sun also rises

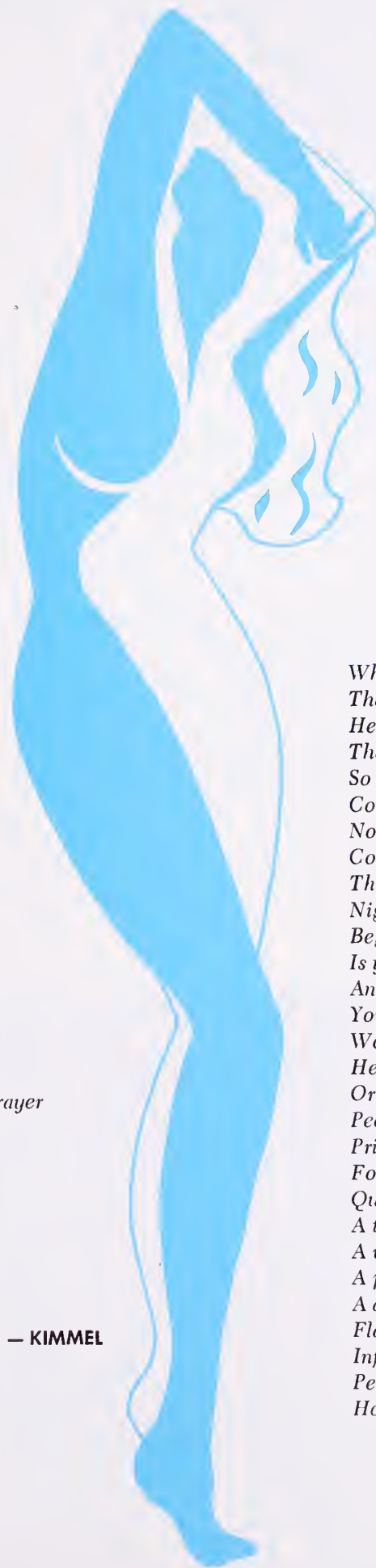
*It is winter and the trees are bare.
It is evening and the sky is grey cold
Freezing every dream and chilling every prayer
And even Hope no longer seems to care
But now look beyond the road's end.
Look beyond the dead leaves and dreams
Of those just west on Cemetery Hill
And see the sun's brush stroke of Hope
Then soon, when it is night,
And even that is gone
Face East and walk toward Dawn.*

— KIMMEL

here?

*Where do you begin a tale
That cannot have an end.
Here?
The masons of our environs—
So planned on dreams and altruistic
Concession to the Mediocre,
No longer striving to define—
Confine the infinite; confound
The soul of the living to their
Nightmare of equality
Beg and lash until their shame
Is your shame
And it's all the same.
You damned worshipers of this oblivion
Won't even suffer the same
Hell.
Or here?
Peacefully primeval, purposely
Primed
For life;
Quickly dead man and quietly dying
A torch
A wheel
A pyramid
A dripping faucet on maid's night out
Flash
Infinity
Peacefully primeval, purposely primed.
How ends this tale you cannot end?*

POSTER AND KIMMEL



THE CHARACTER

BY BOBBY DYE

—"You doubt My word?"

"NO, NO, NO SON—YOU JUST CAN'T DO THAT!!" This familiar echo has resounded throughout innumerable basketball courts as one of the most colorful referees of the basketball game has singled out some player, patted him on the back, and administered the charging of a foul to him. This colorful referee could be none other than Lou Bello, who has more descriptions than the average five-ring circus.

Combining talents for both performing unending antics and making "square" calls, Lou Bello has become one of the most popular and well-liked referees to officiate on the basketball court. Waving at the crowds, seemingly trying to outrun the players, cavorting about in the most imitating manner, and announcing the fouls with enough volume to convince the deaf, he contributes much to the spirit of the crowd, relieves much of the tension, and seldom merits the bad mouth from the spectators.

Behind all of his antics, volume, and popularity, however, remains a serious outlook on the game of basketball and other sports. This outlook led him to participate in the officiating of four sports. He has been involved in some type of officiation for 20 years.

Born in Ossining, New York, Lou graduated from Ossining High School in 1940. During his high school days, he lettered in four sports, football, basketball, baseball and track. It should be quite evident from this active start that Lou has the best interest of sports at heart.

—Last one to the showers . . .



—Touchdown!



OF LOU BELLO

From high school, Lou entered Duke University in 1940. In 1942 he left Duke and enlisted in the Army Air Corps, serving as a Bombardier-Navigator in the 15th Air Force in Europe. During this time, he was shot down and became a prisoner of war for 10 months.

Following liberation, he re-entered Duke, graduated with an A. B. degree. Lou did graduate work at Duke and U. N. C., after which he taught in the Raleigh School System.

Lou Bello's officiating career began in 1941. One year after he had shed the uniform of the player, he donned the uniform of a referee. Basketball was the first game he officiated and still claims the major part of Lou's time.

Branching out to take on more activities, Lou added both baseball and football to his list in '46. More recently, he has added Soccer, beginning that sport in '60. At present he officiates four sports and has a pretty full schedule set up for himself.

Organization-wise, Lou is connected with many football, basketball, and baseball associations. His connections run the gamut of Atlantic Coast Conference associations as well as professional and high school associations.

Now, as basketball season begins, Lou Bello will once more assume his position on the court, his second home. He will continue his crowd-pleasing ways as he satisfies both the spectator and himself, every spectator enjoying having him as referee and he enjoying the mere connection with the sport of basketball.



"Alas, poor Spaulding."

Photography / Stafford



"Safe" —

the bells of montmartre

fiction By **DICK MAGILL**

Paris, The city of Light, is a dismal place when you're alone on a rainy day. It's one of those places that gets a drab, washed-out look when it rains, like a pair of faded overalls. You get a sympathetic feeling for the old city caught out in the drizzle. It makes you wish that you could lead it to some sort of shelter.

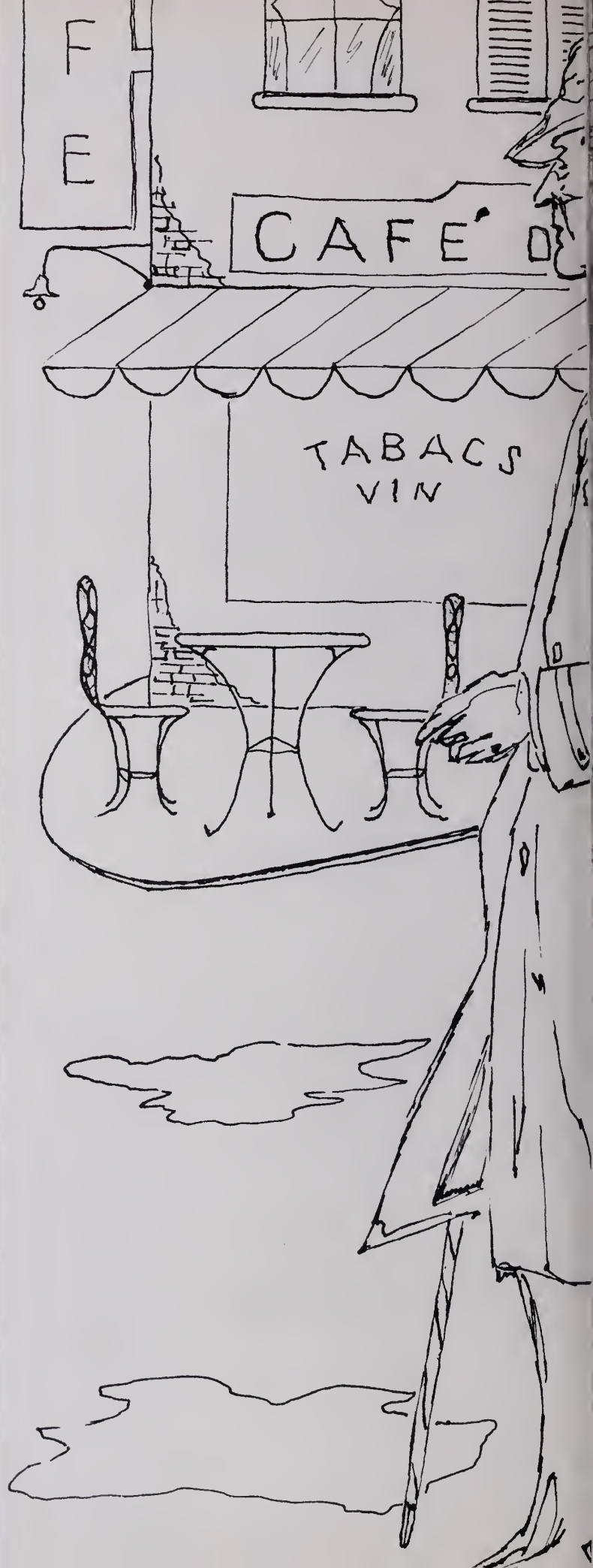
On the other hand, even the rainiest day in Paris can seem beautiful. The curls of mist over the Seine, the half-shrouded figure of the Eiffel Tower, the massive dome of the Sacre Couer, the slender, graceful spires of Notre Dame can take on a charm which they have at no other time. The old mistress seems to hide her face behind her mantilla and play at youthful coquetry. It's at times like that, you realize that centuries cannot age Paris, generations cannot change her spirit.

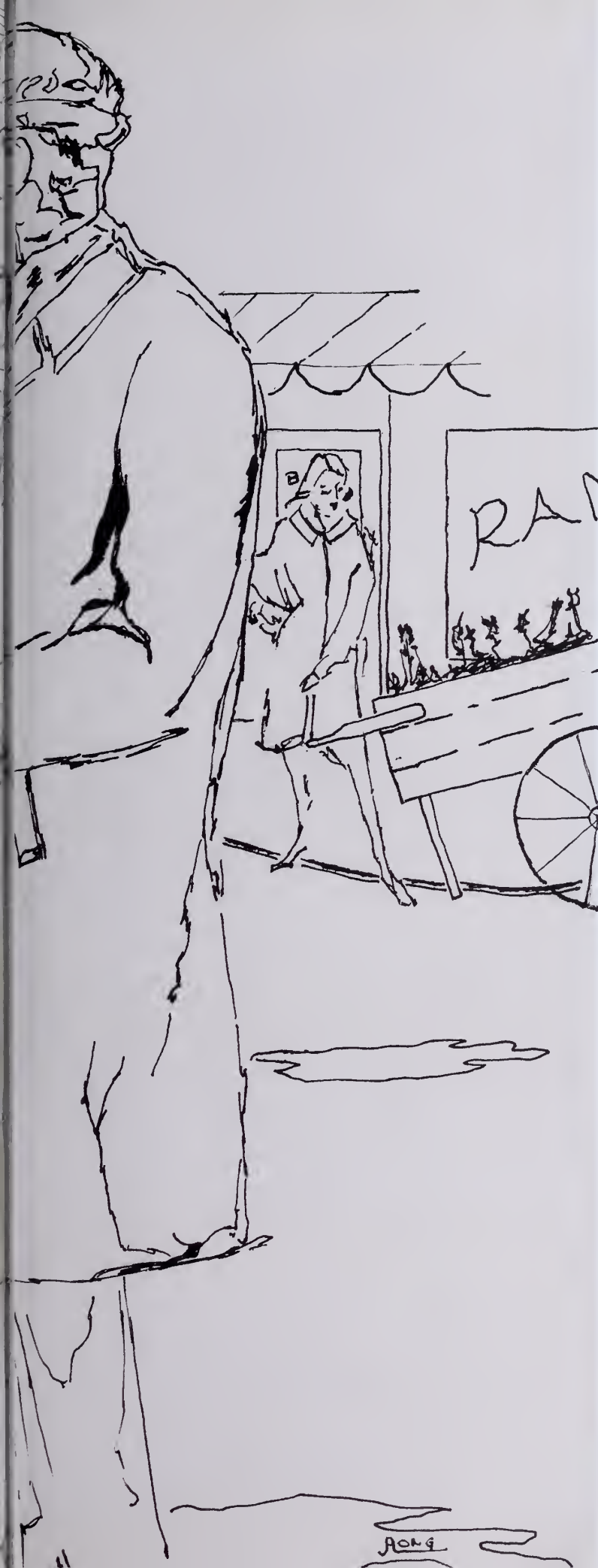
The Montmartre is even more like that than the rest of Paris. It partakes more of the dismalness or charm. Maybe that's because the people of the Montmartre cannot let the minor event of a rainy day interrupt their work. Everywhere else, you can see people ducking under the nearest shelter. But for the people of the Montmartre, the few extra francs that they might get from some stray tourist could easily mean meat in the evening soup.

That's why Jeanne was there. That's why she shivered in her thin, clammy sweater so that she could place the torn plastic raincoat over her precious bunches of flowers. She dashed the clinging moisture out of her hair.

The rain was cold, but to Jeanne it meant more flowers for her stand. To Jeanne's way of thinking, that's what God made the rain for. She liked to think that somehow she was helping that plan along a little as she sold His flowers to the people of the city's petrified wilderness. It gave her a warm, needed feeling.

She emptied the morning's earnings into her palm and counted the coins with her translucent fingers. A smile flickered across her young-old face. If the afternoon





went as well, there would be meat for her solitary supper.

She looked up as a figure passed. It was a habit of hers to try to place the people who walked past her stand. Ordinarily, she would have called this man just another wealthy-posing tourist, but somehow there was something different about him. She couldn't quite place him.

Rod Harris couldn't place himself either, or he would have placed himself back in the comfortable office which he occupied at the Correspondents' Club. At least, he would have placed himself out of the miserable rain. The "old man" wanted color. Well, why didn't he get out of his comfortable New York office and soak up a little himself. It would probably do him more good than those doses of bourbon and water he usually soaked up. Harris was tired of soaking up color, especially if it meant soaking up rain, along with it.

The Montmartre had no attraction for Harris except as an example of the degradation of men by circumstance. Harris is a believer in circumstance. His views were similar to those of the classical Greeks. A sort of Fate controlled everything and man was just caught in the middle of things. Take those flower girls for instance. All they wanted were the few francs they could get from their flowers. What would they care if a mother spent her last franc on their worthless trash if they got their money? Some of them probably had enough stored away to live very comfortable. Besides, they probably earned more by night than by selling flowers.

He grinned as he remembered Annette. She reminded him of what Martha had been before they were married. Of course, Martha was back in the States with the kids. She didn't want them shuttled all over the world while they were in school. Harris grinned again. Maybe it was just as well. The grin got a little wider.

The wind got a little more brisk. A few pieces of paper scurried across the street. A vagrant dog crawled under some steps for shelter. The houses complained moaningly about the added force. The wind swirled the rain out of its path with a mocking whistle.

Jeanne fastened the raincoat a little more securely over her flowers. With a touch of sadness, she realized that there was little chance of making any more sales today. Still, she might have enough to buy a little bit

of meat for supper. She shook the coins into her hand again. No, there wouldn't be enough. She could just hope for more sales in the afternoon. If she didn't get them, she could wait until tomorrow. That's the way life was for the people of the Montmartre.

The wind lifted a corner of the raincoat as if examining the wares. As she covered the flowers again, Jeanne smiled at the thought. The smile faded as she realized that the only customers she was likely to have this afternoon were the wind and Father Gabriel. The smile came back as she thought of Father Gabriel. She looked forward to his daily visits. He would always stop to tell one of his funny stories and buy a couple of bunches of flowers. Sometimes when she went to Mass in the morning, she would see those flowers on the altar. That always gave her a good feeling. It was as if God were giving her the chance to put a little bit of beauty in His house. She felt as if this was His way of saying that He approved of the way she was doing His work.

The rain was getting steadily heavier. It was beginning to send exploratory streamers down the gutters. Here and there, puddles found welcome in the cracks in the pavement. Pigeons mourned from sheltered crevices. The houses let water stream down their faces with ageless resignation. The Montmartre was hushed except for the whining of the wind and whisper of the rain.

Harris was getting more and more angry with the elements. The water was ruining his shoes. He had just had them shined before he left his apartment. Now they would have to be shined again. And his overcoat would have to be cleaned. His suit would have to be cleaned too. With Annette and these little expenses piling up he would be forced to cash a check sooner than he had intended.

With a half-smothered curse, Harris quickened his step. This wasn't his favorite section of Paris. In fact, if the "old man" didn't insist on color, Harris would have chosen a more comfortable place to be. But he was in the Montmartre, and he didn't intend to stay there any longer than he had to. He had his story laid out in his mind and now he wanted to get back to the Correspondents' Club to write it and get it off quickly. He didn't want to keep Annette waiting this evening.

Harris was satisfied with his story. It would take a little of the glamor off of Paris. He'd tell the world

about this filthy dump that people called the Montmartre. He'd tell them about these people. He'd tell them how they could be put to work on government projects. That way they would be a lot happier than they are now. They'd be given plenty of food and good shelter. No more would they starve or live in miserable houses. All they'd have to do is put in a good day's work for the government. The project would be of benefit to everybody.

Harris was pleased with himself and his plan. It almost made up for having to come down to this objectionable part of the city. It even almost made up for this miserable rain. He could picture the reception his plan would receive. There would, of course, be the letters of congratulations from all over the world. He would meet notables from all over the globe. He could see his name in international headlines. There might even be prizes or awards in it. Harris congratulated himself on his humanitarian nature.

Then the bells began to ring. Harris cursed and decided that he had another reason for seeing that the people got out. Those bells certainly had some traumatic effect.

But Harris couldn't stop the Angelus with curses and projects. First, the deep tones of Sacre Couer sang out the prayer. Then, one-by-one, the other churches of Paris joined to swell the chorus. Soon all of the city's bells were calling out the glory of God. The Montmartre paused to listen.

For a moment Jeanne forgot the rain and the whipping wind as she whispered the age-lovely words of the prayer. She loved the bells. They seemed to sweep the flower girl out of Montmartre and into the clouds. She became for a moment an angel bearing heavenly flowers before the throne of God. The exultation of the bells swept her out of the cold and into heaven.

Then the bells began to fade. Reluctantly, each stilled its pealing. The triumphant moment was over. Jeanne was once more a Montmartre flower girl. Once more the rain was cold and the wind cruel. Jeanne shivered back to reality. She stooped to check the cover on her flowers. Looking up she saw Father Gabriel coming down the street. Today, she decided, she would give him the flowers.

If, after a four-day foray to Miami, you found yourself in possession of sixty Mousekateer hats, what would you do? Kindly let us relate what the ever resourceful Chronicle Clan did. They forthwith formed M.U.C. — Mousekateers United of Clemson. M.U.C. is a non-sectarian organization composed of merry men, dedicated to the cause of Majestic Mythical Mouse.

Soon came the question, "Who is the Most Mickey Mouse of all?" Came the unanimous reply, "Gray Garwood." It was settled. Garwood would be the first recipient of the "Head Rat" award.

On Tuesday, December the 1, 2, (a day to be remembered by mice everywhere), the Mousekateers met. A hearty M-I-C---K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E set the tone for the banquet of cheese and warm milk that was to be enjoyed by the merry mice later that evening.

The clever crew made their way to the TIGER office, and, with customary zeal, sang two verses of the Mousekateer song for Garwood. The entire pack had tears in their beady little eyes as the great moment came.

When Mr. Garwood was asked for a squeak, he, being overcome with joy (and, at the same time) humility, could only utter, "What the Hell can I say?" The mice, proud of what they had done, disbanded.

M
M



Chronicle Certificates of Merit

1961 Broken Button Award of Merit

Whereas the Clemson College Laundry has been instrumental in developing new mens' clothing styles, and whereas the Clemson College Laundry has aided the clothing industry's sales by making replacement necessary, and whereas the Clemson College Laundry has been solely responsible for developing the popular crew-neck-open-down-the-front-pull-over-sweater, be it resolved that we, The International Brotherhood of Button Breakers do heartily indorse and commend the Clemson College Laundry for the fine service it is rendering to the economy, and incidently to the Brotherhood.

The CHRONICLE, in line with its policy of publicizing notable happenings on campus, reproduces these awards which have been earned by various college divisions.

1961 Clever Slogans Award

Presented to the
Clemson College Bookstore
For Their Slogan

"Prices Are Raised Here, Born Elsewhere"
This annual award is presented by the
Back To Truth In Advertising Foundation.

Bernie Goldfine
Bernie Goldfine, Presy
James Hoffa
James Hoffa, Secretary

Food Services Award

Presented to the Student Rations Division of Clemson A & M for their amazing feat of preparing the common (all too common, in fact) potato in more than 3,457 ways. The fact that all 3,457 ways of preparing the spud taste the same was the real reason Clemson won this award.

A.E. Newman President
American Potato Institute

ABOUT TOWN

By T. C. WHEELER
Editor

The pictures on these pages were taken by The Chronicle's candid camera in an effort to show our readers what a Clemson man does on a date. Two Clemson gentlemen were asked to doubledate two girls they had never met, and to allow the camera to record their night for posterity. The two fellows on our date were John Crow and Mike Best: our average Clemson men.

To insure that these two gentlemen would have dates of the finest calibre, the camera made its way to this year's Miss Greenville Pageant and selected two of the most beautiful contestants, Miss Anne McKinney and Miss Joyce Parham. The two Greenville beauties, escorted by our Tiger Twosome and camera crew headed for the gay white way of Greenville.



Joyce Parham, Mike Best, Anne McKinney, John Crow

Photography / Stafford





The White Way

Dining



In the first shot, we see our Gentlemen calling for the girls at their door. First stop, The Jack Tar Poinsett Hotel for dinner in the formal dining room. Looks like pretty soft assignment for our fellows doesn't it? While the camera crew steps out for a smoke, our heroes slip off with the girls. Never fear though, they don't get away for long, and the camera finds them at the Hilltop, enjoying the fine atmosphere. Here we leave the couples to enjoy the evening as only a Clemson Man can provide.



Candlelight



Dancing

Tiger Tales

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Some poems rhyme
And some don't



A CHRONICLE PROVERB: Some days you can't make a nickel, but then again, who wants to make a nickel.



Reggie and Archie, two English fish, were out for a Sunday swim. Suddenly, the water was darkened by a huge shadow. "My gosh," said Reggie, "what was that?" "Oh that was the Queen Mary's bottom," replied Archie. "I say there, God save the queen."



This fellow, just called by his local draft board, heard that a friend had been rejected because he wore a truss. Posthaste, he purchased one and headed for his physical exam.

As he finished the exam, he noticed that the doctor had marked his form "N.E."

"What does the 'N.E.' stand for?" asked the dodger.

"It stands for 'Near East'," said the medic. "Anybody that can wear a truss upside down can ride a camel for the duration."



Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.
Skill: Knowing how to do it.
Virtue: Not doing it.



On a picnic, little Ted strayed from the crowd and became lost. He wandered around for awhile and finally, being very frightened, he decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, with hands outstretched, "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird flew over and dropped something in his chubby little hand.

"Oh please, Lord, don't hand me that. I really am lost."



Gerbrandtoster III

"Mommy, will Clemson Men go to heaven?"
"Yes dear, but they won't like it."

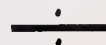


"Well, my little man, do you have a fairy godfather?"

"No, but we've got an uncle we're not sure of."



He: "So help me, I'll rape you."
She: "So rape me, I'll help you."



A fashionable dowager was walking her French poodle one day when she stopped to wait for a traffic light. She noticed a man standing next to the poodle, nervously looking about his legs.

"He won't bite," she said to the fidgety fellow.

"That's not what I'm afraid of," he said. "I noticed him lifting his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."



Once there was this 7'5" Texan who weighed 335. When he died the family was concerned. They couldn't find a casket big enough. The enterprising mortician, who apparently knew Texans, just gave him an enema . . . and they buried him in a shoe box.

GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE





Captivating
is the word
. Julia Meeks
is the name
. this issue's
Gentlemen's Choice . . .
. features the
Anderson lovely who is
Furman's ambassador
of
beauty . . . & . . . charm
. concealing this
beauty and charm under
a protest that she is
basically domestic, . . .
. Julia is . . .
a wonderful cook,
. loves to sew,
and
is an avid sports fan.
. . . PEER
. . . GASP
. . . GAWK
. . do whatever you wish,
but
you can't deny
that
. . Julia is truly
. A GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE.



Photography

/ Jerry Leo Stafford
Photography Editor



It bothers you for awhile, but you get used to it.

1.

2.

3.

4.



FORTE!!

continued from page 6

He stiffened a bit, and glanced around the room. "Is it about the First National robbery?"

"Yes!" I answered eagerly, cramming another 20 into his unsteady palm. "Can you tell me where I can find "Brutal" Howcome?"

He pretended not to hear and gazed nervously at his bottle.

I dealt a ten into his hand. He eyed my gold-plated wrist watch and whispered, "Howcome is a nasty guy. I could get hurt if he ever finds out I squealed."

"Yes, yes, I know. That's the risk you have to take, Stooze," I whispered impatiently as I gave him my wrist watch.

"Yeah," he whimpered, "but I got a family to think about and no life insurance, either."

"Okay, okay," I screamed, throwing my pocket change onto the table.

"Try 743 East Kirkwood Apartments," he whispered.

I rang the door bell. Howcome came to the door. "Yeah, who are you?"

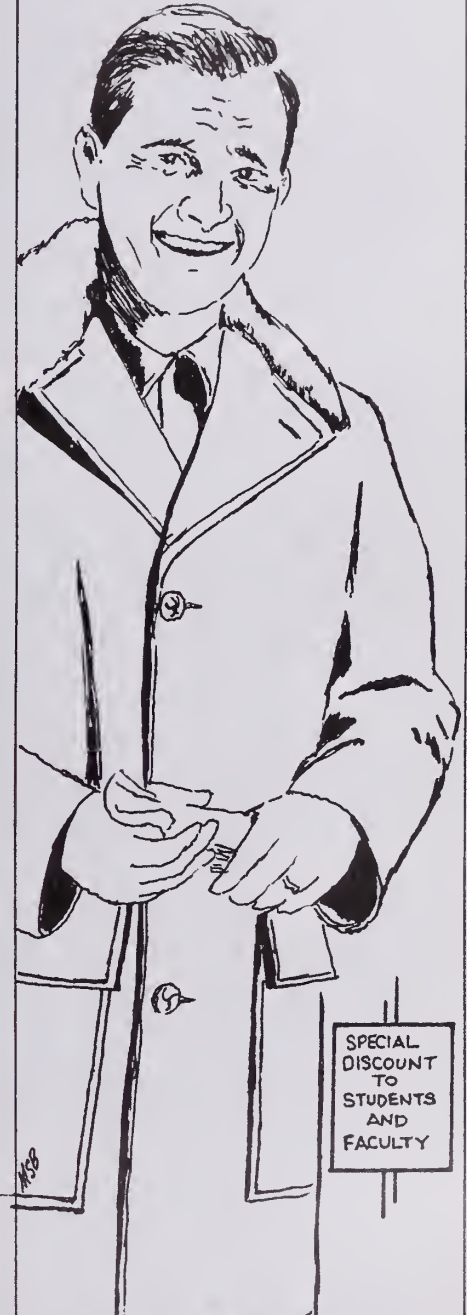
"I'm Stuart Mailey," I rasped, gazing him steadily in the eye.

He looked at my gun, buried in his blubbery gut. Suddenly he knocked the weapon from my hand and delivered three smashing judo chops to my neck, then slammed me head-first into a chest-of-drawers. I knew then that Howcome was not only brutal but also had poor taste in furniture—I could tell that the chest-of-drawers was of very poor quality from the way it disintegrated when I struck it.

I dug myself from the splintered wreckage and faced the criminal. An instant before he lunged toward me, I happened to notice that one of my good luck coins had come out of my loafer lip. As I bent over to pick it up, Howcome lunged forward, stumbled over my back, smashed through a window, and fell seven stories to his death.

Ah, there's the phone for my latest case! Excuse me a moment. "Hello. Speaking. Manager of what? Oh, East Kirkwood Apartments. Yes. Yes, I was the one he threw into the chest-of-drawers. Priceless antique? \$5,000! Me? Ulp."

Mc GREGOR

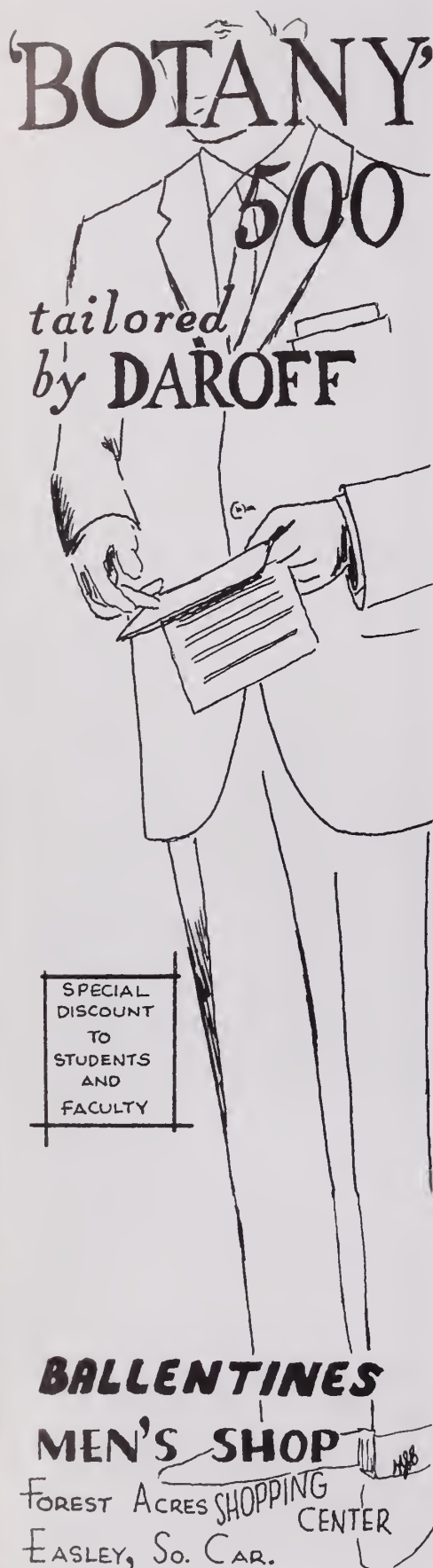


BALLENTINES

MEN'S SHOP

FOREST ACRES SHOPPING CENTER
EASLEY, SO. CAR.





YOU MUST BE

Over and over, faster and faster, the images swept through the pool until they united to form a solid mass that rose and spread throughout the room. Around and around, faster, faster they whirled. Faces appeared everywhere, all staring, all laughing. Softly at first, then louder, louder, until he could no longer stand it. Faces, faces, everywhere faces; all laughing, all mocking.

"Fool . . . fool!" they whined. "You will lose, you will lose, you can't win. We will get you . . . You must be like us."

Around, around, closer, closer, ever closer, the faces, everywhere the faces. Nearer they come, each eye burning, each mouth gaping in laughter. At length the flesh dissolved, leaving only the gleaming white bleached bone.

Finally all of the skulls merged to form one tremendous Death's-Head, which paused momentarily before him. A deathly silence enveloped the room . . . The lower jaw sprang open revealing . . . Death!

"Ahhhhhhhhhh" The sound of his voice startled him into reality. His heart was beating wildly and he was drenched in sweat. His whole body was shaking with fear. He was sitting in his chair looking out of the window. The trickle of blood had increased slightly and ran down the front of his shirt. The Reaper stepped from the

(continued from page 12)

doorway and stood in the edge of the shadows next to the chair and waited silently, patiently.

No sound was audible outside the house. No bird moved, no breath of air rustled the palm fronds. No life existed outside the hut. And the only life inside was seated next to the persistent Reaper that awaited only his appointed time, when he would step boldly from the shadow. The moon was bright. It gave a dull luster to all it touched. The luminous glow of the pool, the pool that held his life, drew his eyes like a magnet until he again looked into it.

Another figure was vaguely discernable. The dark eyes and lush red lips were offset by the stark contrast of the blond hair. It could only be Sandra: beautiful Sandra, warm Sandra, understanding Sandra. A tear formed in his eyes as he stared blankly at her image. It was the first time he had thought of her in years. At first he had thought of her constantly, but as the years passed his memory of her had dimmed until it finally vanished. So that now, this almost perfect personification of her seemed to be alive and not just an image. As the image became clearer it stared from the pool and finally, almost hesitantly, spoke, not in dull monotone, but in rich lifelike tones. "Have you escaped?" it queried. "Have you won? Do you still think that you can win? I gave my love

to you and you destroyed me. Now you will know what it is like, now you will be destroyed."

"No! No! I didn't want to hurt you. I love you too! I wanted you to come with me. You did it, you wouldn't come with me!"

"Come with you! Run with you, not come with you! Escape . . . that is what you wanted. You wanted to win when it was impossible to win, you couldn't face that, so you ran . . . Ran . . . Ran!!"

"You still don't understand, I was looking for something to live for, to do with my life. I wanted happiness . . . or at least peace."

"Peace! You were running from life and reality. Running from everything you couldn't crush." Her voice was high and sharp. "What were you afraid of, what couldn't you face? Was it death, are you still running from death? Have you won? Have you gotten free?"

"Oh, Sandra, Sandra, I loved you, but you didn't understand. I had to do it. I had to try, I couldn't give up. Please try to understand. Please try to forgive me for what I did to you."

"I forgave you long ago. I am not torturing you. It is Death!" Her voice was low and far away now, the words were slowly dying. "Don't you understand? Your time has come, all your efforts have been useless. You can't win this time! You have lost."

"No, No! No!!! I cannot lose!" he murmured painfully. He rose from the chair and stumbled forward. Using the window sill he pulled himself to his full height and lifting his clenched fist in the moonlight, shouted, "I have won, I HAVE WON! I HAVE ESCAPED! I . . ."

The reaper stole silently from the shadows.



"Let's go"

ARROW



SHIRTS



SPECIAL TO STUDENTS
DISCOUNT AND
FACULTY

BALLENTINES
MEN'S SHOP
FOREST ACRES SHOPPING CENTER
EASLEY, SO. CAR.

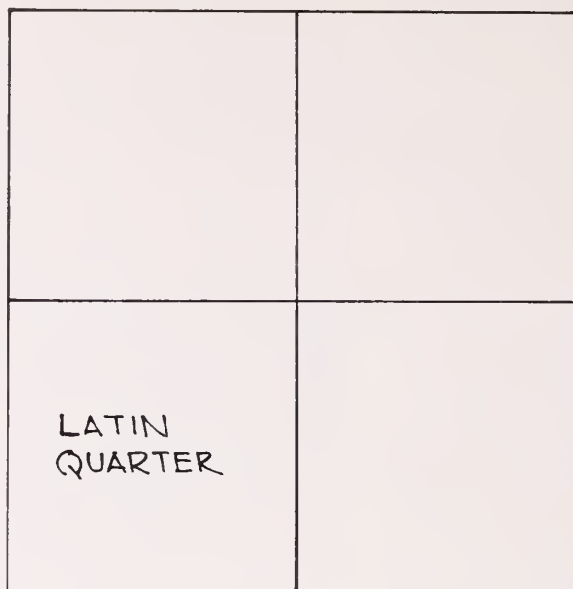
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- Photographers
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Deadline for
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Did'ja hear 'bout the new theater? Press one button, your seat comes out. Press another button, your program comes out. Press another button, the usherette comes out. Press the usherette, your teeth come out.

*"Was her father surprised when you asked to marry her?"
"Surprised, hell, the gun nearly fell out of his hand."*

*"I am going to have a baby," was one of the pre-printed telegraphs that was prepared by Western Union. It was thought that some men would like to hear the message.
"I am not going to have a baby," was prepared for the same reason.*

"Hit me, hit me," said the maschist. "No," said the sadist.

The young teenager came into the doctor's office. He ordered her to strip. She did. "Now then, big breaths," he said as he put the stethoscope to her chest. "Yeth thir, and I'm only thixteen," was her reply.

*"Let's get married, or something."
"Let's get married or nothing."*

*Beneath this stone a virgin lies
For her life held no terrors
Born a virgin, died a virgin
No hits, no runs, no errors.*



①



②



③



④



⑤



⑥

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The Chronicle

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AWARD SCCPA

"BEST COLLEGIATE MAGAZINE"

1962

THIS ISSUE:

The Face of Genius

Tootsie

Stories

Dirty Jokes

MID-WINTER 1962



CONSUMER
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THE COLD WAR
SMELLY ROOMMATES

Citations

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Seneca, S.C.

The Editor's Notes

Here it is, the biggest one of them all. The Chronicle is really growing isn't it? After we had such a good reception with the last magazine, we feel that this one will hit the spot.

One thing, how about hearing from some of you people out there. We would like to receive letters from our readers telling us what is wrong with the magazine, or what is right, if anything. Drop us a note and let us know how you feel about the things we have been running. We would also like to start a letters to the editor column. Someplace you could blow off a little steam. We also want to hear from the alumni.

Speaking of the alumni, here is your chance to get the magazine without any trouble. There is a box at the bottom of the page, which if torn out and filled in, will bring you the good old Chronicle. There should be enough former staff members around to give us enough money in subscriptions to be able to have a party and ale testing convention somewhere in the mountains. All you have to do is drop a wad of that filthy green stuff in an envelope and mail it off to us. The more you send, the more magazines you will receive, and the bigger party we can have.

Since this is about the last thing anybody reads in the magazine, if they read it at all, we hope that you have enjoyed our efforts. Pretty clean jokes this time, eh? How 'bout that.

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Established 1897

Reorganized 1961

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OF THE
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STRAW

GO TO

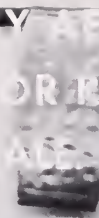
HOT WAT

DO NOT WEAR

BY ANY MEANS

FOR THE USE OF

SALE-STEEL SERVICE



Boat Neck

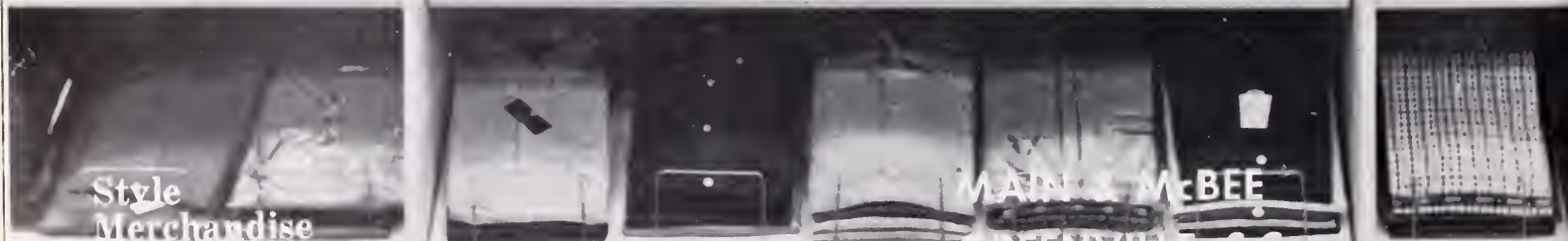
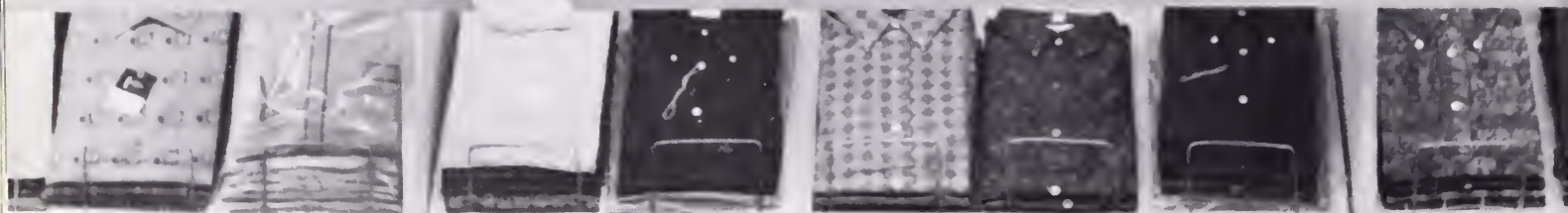
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1970

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The Chronicle

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THE COVER: The unexpected happened the night Eugene Ormandy conducted at Clemson. At his wife's suggestion he allowed Chronicle photographer, Jerry Stafford, to photograph him from inside the orchestra during the concert. At the instrumentalists tuned up for the second half, Stafford worked his way through the violinists to the drum section and seated himself. The result begins on page 10.



Sculpture pg. 30



Tootsie pg. 19

PHILADELPHIA O

Tchaikovsky: Nut

Debussy: Clai

Grieg: Peen

Ravel: Bole

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

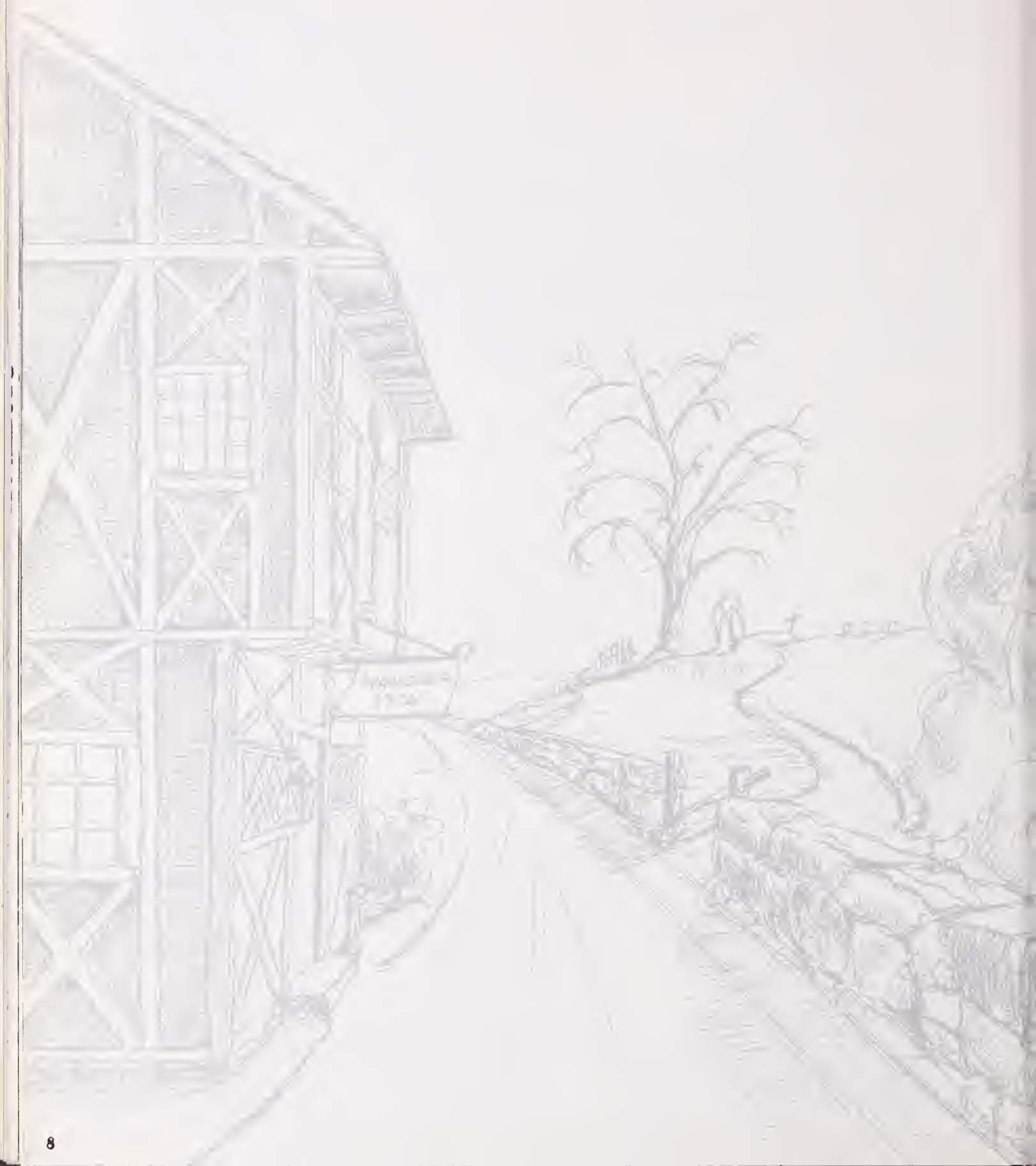
■ Tchaikovsky: *Nutcracker Suite*, Op. 71a. Tchaikovsky's ever more popular ballet score, from which this *Suite* is formed was composed to a libretto by Dumas, itself in turn based on the fairy tale *The Nutcracker and the Mouse* by E. T. A. Hoffman. The story of the ballet centers on a little girl, Marie, and her Christmas presents. Her favorite is a nutcracker.

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, Russian, in St. Petersburg. The *Nutcracker* composed 1891-92. (Claude Debussy) Germain-en-Laye, duel in Paris, Mar. Clair de lune

Genius pg. 11



Bones pg. 26



HANOVER INN

a short story

BY RICHARD TWELLS

It was already past nine when my car pulled up in front of the old Hanover Inn. The rain was coming down hard and far in the distance could be heard the roll of thunder. When the elderly gentleman opened my door, I quickly made a dash for the lobby. At first glance, it seemed little changed. White, clapboard, green shutters, copper kettles, horse-hide chairs, pillars, aged bell boys, a souvenir counter, and a dimly lit dining room presided over by a stately Negro dressed in green. After a leisurely and, needless to say, delicious dinner before the fire in the dining room, I made my way over to the desk, picked up my key, and bought myself a magazine and some cigarettes before going up to my room. The latter was large, comfortable and, as my bell boy pointed out when he showed me the head, furnished in early American. My curator friend also mentioned that I was living in the new addition, circa 1903. This I was gratified to hear. I wasn't particularly sleepy, so I lit a cigarette, got into bed, and decided to read my magazine. I tried to concentrate on my reading, but somehow couldn't. I felt restless. It was a feeling of anticipation. Of what, I wasn't sure. The wind was strong and was driving the rain before it. The thunder was loud and continuous. I dropped my magazine to the floor and snapped off the light. Ever so often, the lightning would illuminate the room. And far in the distance, could be heard a train whistle, rising, and then falling as the thunderbolt express roared swiftly through the darkness to parts unknown.

This was the first time that I had been in town since my departure thirty-six years before. From my birth in January of 1913 until almost the end of my twelfth year, this had been my home. It was here that I had spent my childhood. For the most part, it had been a happy one. My father was a history professor at the college. I can easily remember the long quiet evenings he spent grading his papers before the fire while my mother was in the kitchen finishing up the dishes. On cold November nights such as this, I was most often to be found stretched out on the floor, either reading a book or just staring into the fire. Those were happy days—filled with the smell of mother's cooking, and father's pipe, cozy nights before the fire, my studies, dreams, ambitions, far away places, the frost on a window pane, the sharpness of the autumn air, a walk through the woods, and an atmosphere of warmth and tender loving care, in short, complete and utter dependency. Despite all this, however, there was an underlying feeling in my life. The older I became, the clearer this feeling became. It was one of loneliness. I was a shy youngster and didn't make friends easily. Perhaps this was due to my being an only child. I don't really know. I do know, however, that I wanted to be loved, not just by my parents, but also by others. I wondered if there was another human being, living in a world distinct

(continued on page 37)

PEOPLE WATCHERS: NO. 1

(NOTE: Since we have among our readers, quite a few people-watchers, who are firmly devoted to the art of observing the various types of Clemson students, THE CHRONICLE is inaugurating a new service. People-watchers alert! This page is the first of a series of identification reports on campus types. We suggest you tear along the dotted line and use this page to start your own technical reference work.)

SUBJECT: Architect (Tastemaker Clemsonus).

HABITANT: Fort McClure, 'C' House coffee shop, Truck Stop, and Capri's.

COLORING: Very pale; designed to blend well with habitant so as to afford natural concealment. (Crafty Tastemakers may resort to 'male-pale'—something like Man-Tan—to give themselves a more professional appearance.)

CONVERSATION: Tastemakers will make every attempt to get such words as space, form, balance, function, and organic into conversation. It is a true delight to spot a Tastemaker trying to work these words into a conversation about Zen.

DRESS & GROOMING: (Refer to drawing at left). It is dress and grooming that really sets the Tastemaker apart. He may be recognized by his carefree selection of scuffed tenni-pumps, once-white socks, rumpled trousers, ink stained hands, elbow patches, dark glasses, and disheveled hair. His tie may be worn in one of two ways. It may be worn in split fashion, one string tossed across each shoulder. Or, both parts of the tie may be thrown over a single shoulder, (left or right, depending on ones leanings).

IDENTIFYING MARKS: A pencil or pen (depending on the model Tastemaker being observed) is permanently attached to the right ear. A watch is worn, face down, on the right wrist.

GOALS AND ASPIRATIONS: It is the goal of every Tastemaker Clemsonus, to struggle through four years of hard work so that during his fifth year he may finally gain that superb privilege of calling the dean by his first name. It is the desire of every Tastemaker to have three sons; the first named Harlan, the second Frank Lloyd, and the third Mies.

BEST TIMES FOR OBSERVING: The best time to observe a Tastemaker is at night. There are very few day-flying Tastemakers.

Next Issue The Hartwell-Dwelling
English Major . . .



The Face of Genius

Eugene
Ormandy



UNIVERSALLY ACCLAIMED AS THE GREATEST LIVING CONDUCTOR, EUGENE ORMANDY ASSUMED HIS PRESENT POSITION WITH THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA IN 1936. HUNGARIAN-BORN HE BEGAN HIS MUSICAL CAREER AT FIVE AS A VIOLIN PRODIGY, BECAME A CONCERT VIOLINIST AND TEACHER, AND LATER ROSE TO BECOME MUSIC DIRECTOR OF THE MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY, WHERE HE SERVED FIVE YEARS PRIOR TO COMING TO PHILADELPHIA. HE IS NOW IN HIS 26TH SEASON WITH THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.



THE OUTSIDE OF ORMANDY

All Photography by Jerry Stafford





*"to compose is a genius
to conduct is a talent . . .
I hope I am talented"*

Luigi Stenard



the inside of ormandy

An Interview

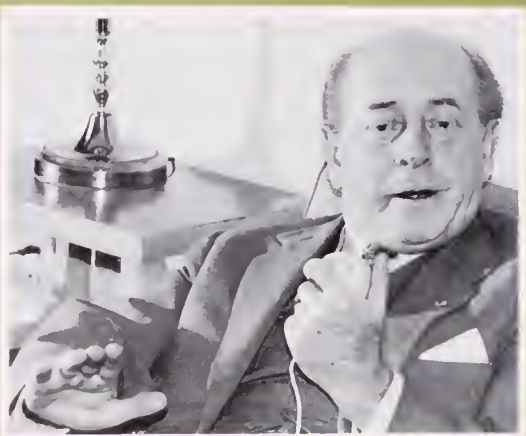
BY JOHN LONG

Long: How does one listen to an orchestra?

Ormandy: Well, it depends on whether you are a musician or not. If you are a musician, you listen first for the structure—the orchestral structure of the work you are particularly interested in. And then, what's very important, what you want to know, what is a classical work, a contemporary work. It depends on what your education is, musically. If you are just a listener, a music-loving listener, it is another story again. You try to imagine what the composer had in mind when he composed it; and then what the composers have done with it. It's very difficult, and it is usually, well, it's sort of complicated. That's why we sort of divided this question into various categories. First, whether you are a musician or not. If you are a musician, what are you? An instrumentalist, a vocalist, or a conductor? If you are a conductor, of course, you look at things from a point of view as a conductor. You watch the score, the whole score, a conductor must be able to read the whole score. If you are just a listener, then you just love music and reading the program notes will always help you and doing so you will get a pretty good impression of the work and if you like it—even if you don't like it, give it another chance and listen to it several times, because the more often you listen to a piece, the more you will understand it. You, you will find things you haven't found before. We do the same thing when we play a symphony a hundred and fifty times. The hundred and fifty first time, we will still find something new we haven't found before.

Long: To what do you attribute the growth in interest in classical music in America—or has there been any such growth in . . .

Ormandy: Oh, there has, definitely, been a growth and interest in classical music and, of course, the word classical is one that one has to smile at sometimes, because what is classical music? Classical music is—we call classical music those compositions composed in the 17th and 18th and 19th centuries, but you probably think of classical music as something that was done, was written even up to the present day because these are contemporary composers. I didn't get the, I forgot the question.



Long: How do you account . . .

Ormandy: How do I account . . . It's very easy since the early 1920's we have been having radio and while radio was not always particularly on the side of classical music and its appreciation, there was enough good music given and broadcast from concert performances, and from regular radio concerts. And later, when TV came into existence. TV has helped somewhat, not enough, I'm sorry to say, and it should do a great deal more and I want to prophesy the oncoming of educational TV, whereby you will be able to watch performances that were designed for TV, for education. Take, for instance, Toscanini, whom I consider the greatest conductor of the 20th century so far. If they would have televised or filmed TV performances of his conducting, this generation—your own generation which has only heard of him but never seen him—would be able to not only see him, but watch him and see the magic that he created with his baton. Now the same applies to, for instance, there is a very great musician named Pablo Casals, where there are many films about him but not enough to see his great art—how he plays the cello, with what beautiful precision he plays that instrument. And when he conducts—all that should be there for posterity.

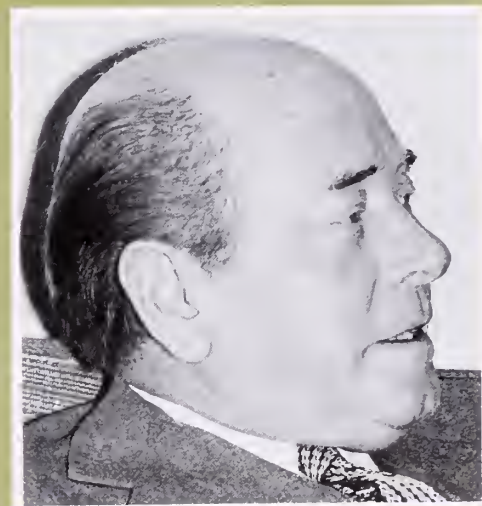
Long: What is the difference between a conductor and a composer—say between Sibelius and Toscanini?

Ormandy: Ah, Sibelius was a composer, was one of the great composers of today; but Toscanini was an interpretive artist. There's a big difference. One is a genius, the other is a talent. The creator is a genius, the talent is the interpreter. I hope I am talented, I don't know, I'm supposed to have developed as a performer. I'm supposed to have somehow—but I'm speaking about myself. I am to speak about the people whom I have adored and admired, and Toscanini was among them. I was his disciple and still am. But I can speak of Toscanini, because I am old enough to have seen him for a number of years—how he put an orchestra, how he put it together, rehearsal after rehearsal, until he got that gorgeous architecture as only Toscanini could present at a performance.

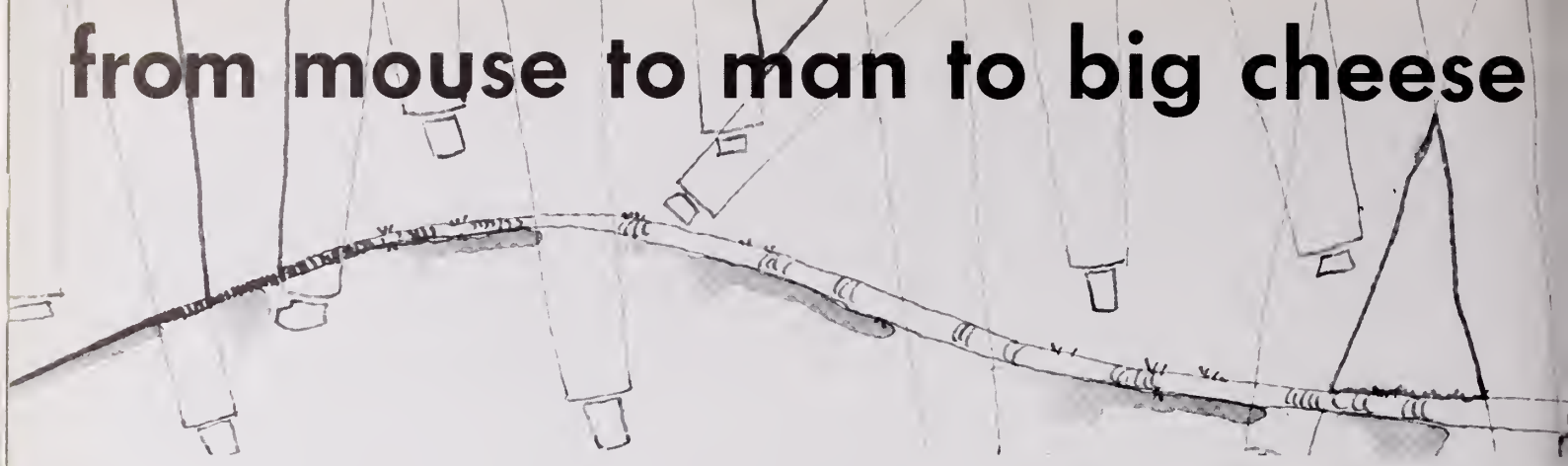
Long: Jazz is American, but do we have any truly American symphonic form or style?

Ormandy: American symphonic form or style? Yes, we do. It started with, I would say, with Aaron Copland, whom, well he's just about

(Continued on page 34)



from mouse to man to big cheese



"Have you had my razor again? What did you do with it?" Paul asked his wife disgustedly.

"I haven't had it," she answered. "Oh, yes, I have too. I used it to cut some paper yesterday."

"Well, where is it now—if you had it yesterday?" he inquired.

"It's in my sewing basket."

"Okay." Paul said, somewhat satisfied in locating his razor. He walked into the family room where Mary had arranged, tightly but neatly, a sofa, an easy chair and a television set, with one corner devoted to her sewing nook. He found the basket on the sewing machine under a dress which was not finished. He was extremely proud to have such a fine woman for a wife—kind, gentle and, in her own way, considerate. She made almost all her clothes, sports shirts for him and their son and was very efficient, for it had been remarked that she was a veritable "Assembly line," not only in sewing but in all of her housework. He remembered also that she had worked in order for him to finish college and get his degree in accounting. She had stuck by him all these years and struggled with his meager income and waning confidence.

He picked up the razor and headed for the bathroom. When he started to strop the razor, he remembered what Mary had used it for.

"What did you say you used my razor for?" he asked sharply.

"You wouldn't want me to ruin my sewing scissors would you?" she asked meekly.

"Wouldn't you know it," Paul muttered.

"What's that, dear?" Mary asked.

"I wish you would quit doing things like that. You know what it does to my razor. But I suppose it's better for me to shave with a dull razor than for you to ruin your scissors," Paul remarked.

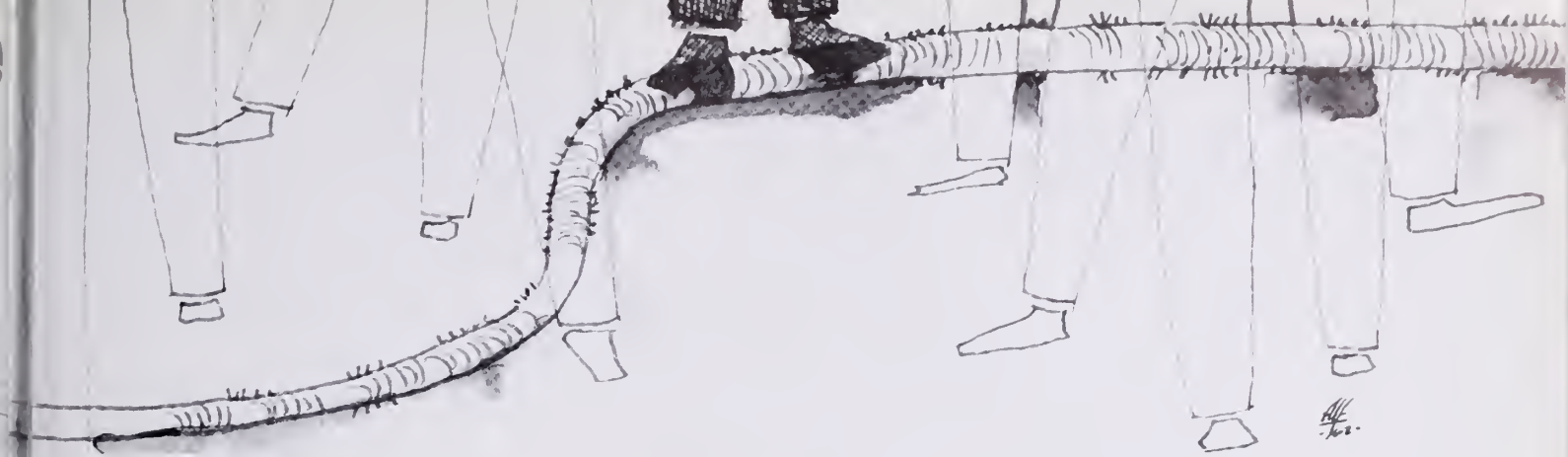
"Why are you so cross this morning?" questioned Mary.

"I'm sorry, dear. I've just got a lot on my mind. I'm thinking of asking "Old Scrooge" for a raise again today." With no further comment, Paul finished shaving and dressed for work.

Mary called, "Paul, go wake Bob. Breakfast is almost ready."

Bob slept in the north bedroom next to the street so he could come in at night without awakening anyone. He had a part time job in a garage and sometimes had to work late. Paul remembered when he was just a baby and how fast he had grown into a mature, thinking teen-ager. Now a senior in high school, Bob needed a lot of things that took more money than Paul could afford on his less-than-moderate income. For this and various other reasons, it would prove advantageous to obtain a raise today. As he was walking towards Bob's room, he was trying to think of the proper approach to use in asking Mr. Bogus for an increase. The odds seemed against him as they had been in the past. Being the accountant, he knew the financial status of the company. Yet, others were getting raises, so why shouldn't he? This idea occurred to him previously.

"I'll just have to use stronger tactics," he murmured to himself.



fiction BY DOHN SIMMS

His thoughts faded as he knocked on Bob's door and said, "Bob, breakfast is ready, up and at 'em."

Bob answered, "Okay, Dad. Be with you in a minute. I'm already up and dressed."

"I'll wait for you then," said Paul. He sighed and leaned against the wall.

While waiting, his thoughts again became cloudy with possible raise-winning speeches. He discarded those that had previously earned negative answers. The big question was, which one would bring favorable results? Bob came out of his room and arm-in-arm they walked to the kitchen. They always ate here when it was cool and they had no company. This seemed to bring them closer together and created a feeling which helped all of them get a better start for the day.

"Is it ready now, Mom?" asked Bob. "I'm starved."

"Yes, it is. Sit down and I'll pour the coffee," she said. After she poured the coffee, she sat down across the table from Paul.

"Did you bring in the paper?" she asked, looking at Paul.

"No, but I'll get it," he replied. Rising he felt a tremor in his bones. "I'm getting old in addition to everything else," he thought ruefully to himself. He found the paper in its usual place under the lawn chair. He paused for a moment after he picked up the paper to gaze upon the headlines which read, "Cost of Living Up Again." "Oh, no!" he exclaimed almost tearfully. He took the paper in and dropped it in front of Mary.

"Look at that, will you. I'd better get that raise today. With everything as it is, I have to get it," Paul said with anxiety.

"You are really going to ask for the raise, aren't you?" remarked Mary.

"I'll bet that you get it this time, too," added Bob. "They can't keep a good man down."

Agreeing with him, Paul voiced his sentiments, "That's what I keep thinking. The others in the office are getting raises, and I've been expecting one for almost two years now. But, do I get it, no, not even after I asked for it twice. Brother! I'm getting mad because of the way I'm being treated by that penny-pinching old miser. Boy, is he going to hear from me today!"

His speech has suddenly gotten harsh and fast. Mary and Bob looked at him with raised eyebrows and an air of sympathy. Their eyes showed a flicker of surprise and admiration. Paul was a bit surprised himself, at his sudden turn. He was finally feeling a board of confidence strapped to his back, bringing him bolt upright. With this new surge of conviction, he calmly pushed back the table and made his way toward the door.

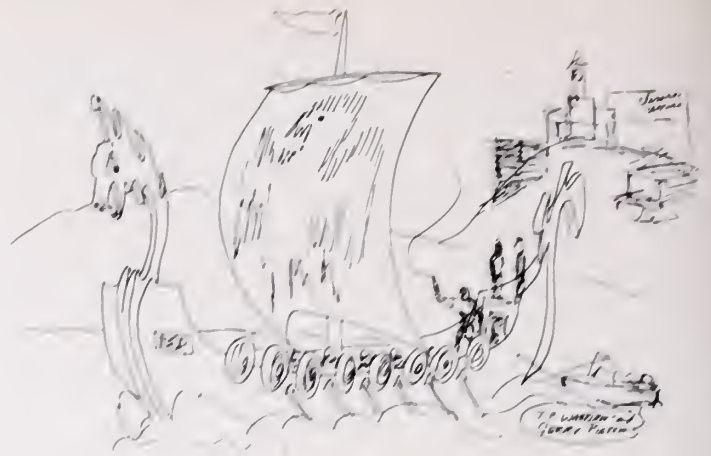
Mary then realized what her husband was doing and called, "Paul, where are you going? Aren't you going to eat your breakfast?"

"No, thank you. I've got early business down at the office. I'll be home early. See you tonight, son."

Mary and Bob called in unison. "Good Luck!"

Paul got his hat and rain coat and ran through a slight drizzle to the car. The drizzling rain which hadn't stopped for two days was enough to make a person mad in itself. But, it seemed to awaken Paul, stimulating his mind, preparing him for the task with which he was confronted. He hadn't fully realized until now the actual meaning of what had taken place back in the house, nor what he must do at the office. After a short search for his key, Paul started the car and drove (continued on page 39)

Tiger Tales



Thirty days hath September
April, June and Uncle Charlie, for speeding

-:-

"I've never made love in a car," he said, as
he shifted gears with his feet.

-:-

"Mommy, do they textile mills in heaven?"

"No Johnny," his mother replied, "they
have to have engineers to build textile
mills."

-:-

The lawyer wired his client in a distant
city: "Justice has triumphed."

His client wired back: "Appeal at once."

-:-

In a Sunday school class, the teacher asked
her pupils, "Do you know where bad girls
go?" "Just everywhere," was one child's
reply.

-:-

"Does your girl smoke?"

"Not quite."

-:-

"I've found the best way to start the day is
to exercise for five minutes, take a deep
breath, and finish with a cold shower.

Then I feel rosey all over."

"Tell me more about Rosie."

-:-

Photography, says J. Stafford, is like pros-
titution. First you do it for the love of it.
Then you do it for a few friends. Then you
do it for money.

"The name's Cookley. I'd like a word with you
about this initiation."

The American Tourist was looking into the
crater of a famous Greek volcano. Finally
he commented, "Looks like Hell."

"You Americans," said his native guide,
"have been everywhere."

-:-

Fellow, to the pretty clerk at the counter:

"Do you keep stationary?"

She: (blushing) "Yes, up to a certain point,
then I just go all to pieces."

-:-

Said the P.Y.T. (Pretty young Thing),

"Doctor, can you vaccinate me where it
won't show?"

"Of course," said the medic "but that'll be
ten dollars in advance."

"But why in advance," said the P.Y.T.

"Because," said the doc, "I often weaken
and don't charge anything."

-:-

Did'ja hear about the dreadfully British
fellow in a tavern?

He says: "Allo Mary, are you 'aving one?"

"No," says Mary, "It's just the cut of me
coat."

-:-

"I'm looking for a girl that doesn't drink,
smoke or have any bad habits."

"What for?"



Introducing . . .





*Gentlemen's
Choice*

Tootsie Dennis



Photography / Stafford



a song to tootsie

You, eyes are as an April sky
Inviting blue-grey and warm.
The smile you sing is a song in itself.
Its rhythm transcends your form.

Your sang is a light and joyful song
One we more feel than hear
A spring song by which we may know you
If we will but pause to care.



The titles you bear are not your cares
Na mare than your grace its own cause
But praof that dreams are sometimes seen
And for them men thankfully pause.

Far as you are the essence of wamanhaod
Sa you are the spirit of Spring
Your visian of youth in December
Will remind us af sunlight and wings.

KIMMEL

The
Master Plan
of
Clemson College

Photography / Stafford

Clemson, like most colleges and universities, is entering a period of unprecedented growth, and being a state institution, must keep pace with the requirements of all its citizens. With the flood of new students coming now, and to come in the future, we need to plan carefully and with great imagination. The administration is fully aware of these facts and has inaugurated a long range building program which will follow a master plan by the Clemson architectural faculty under the direction of Harlan E. McClure, Dean of the School of Architecture.

This is not the first attempt at a master plan for the college; the firm of Perry, Shaw and Hepburn, of Boston, was engaged to study the campus problem and suggest a specific solution to correct the existing problems and provide for future growth. However, a greater consideration of visual scope and site relations were needed.

Clemson's new plan is based on the simplest concept of planning—the concentric ring zoning. This is a system in which the facilities most used by the students are the core of the campus. At Clemson, this core involves the student center, dining room, book store, post office and administration building. Around this core are the general education facilities, which in turn are surrounded by specialized education complexes. The academic ring is served by an outer ring of assigned parking, and the parking areas are encircled by a periphery road which keeps vehicular traffic out of the central campus except for certain service areas for loading and unloading. On the other side of the road are facilities for married student housing and varsity athletic facilities.

In actuality it is seldom possible to fit a college into such a simple pattern. The site, educational organization, and the existing structures may not permit their absolute adoption, for sometimes the growth of the components requires expansion outside the assigned rings. Of course many major buildings already located set up strict patterns; this is true of all older campuses. For example, a permanent building which already exists, such as the men's dormitory, certainly sets up an impairing design situation. The same is true for the established science departments with their major investments in laboratory equipment such as in the chemistry and ceramics buildings.

At Clemson we have an added problem; some of the existing buildings are of varied styles and periods, with little or no relation to each other. This has come about for several reasons—the change in personal tastes and adherence to tradition and to restrictions imposed on

designers by those contributing grants. But because education itself is not a static process—is, in fact, a developing and unfolding one—it is perhaps fitting that a campus should reflect change and its own history. However, a strong unifying scheme to tie together the historic variety is important.

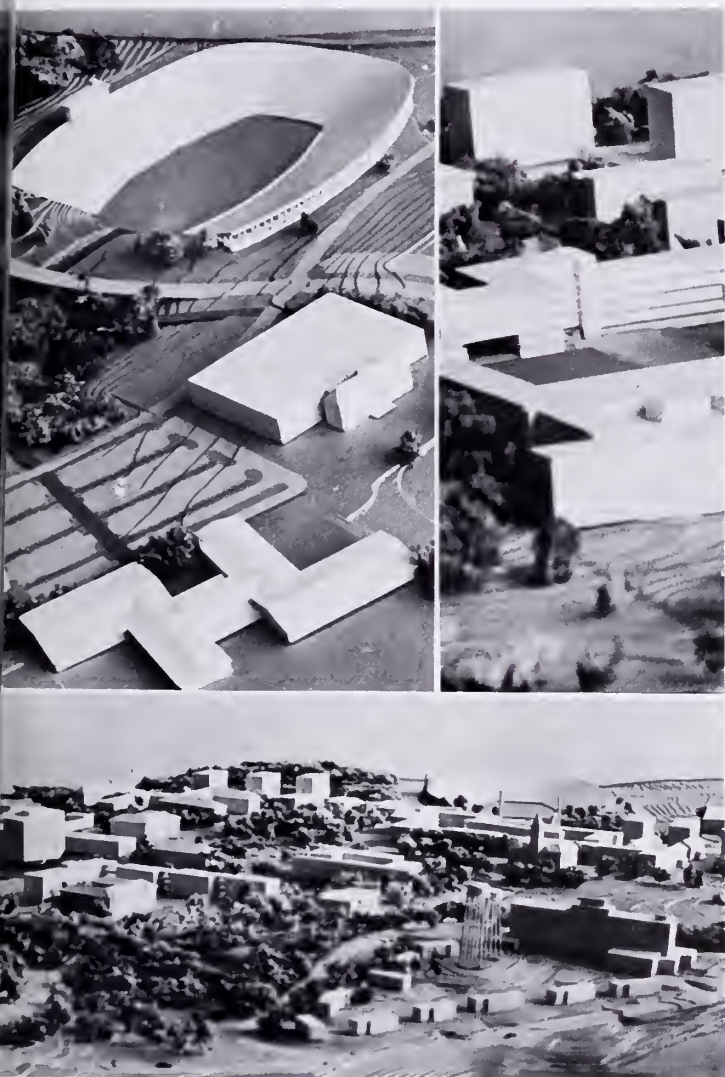
One of the joys of the campus is that it permits a sense of outdoors with uncrowded open spaces, and that walking is the accepted method of transportation. The pedestrian must be king on the campus. The paths and views should be so designed that crossing the campus is a visual joy. Fortunately, Clemson is blessed



with native beauty, though we have tended to lose some of it through the years. The new plan achieves these things, and with care and thought, and through close adherence to the plan, we hope to restore Clemson to its original beauty.

The plan remolds the present road system and creates a true ring road along the outer boundaries of the immediate campus. From this road there will be a series of service roads leading into particular building complexes. This will eliminate all the roads around the

dormitories and around Riggs Field, creating a large rolling green area which will be traversed with walks leading to other parts of the campus. The main approach to the campus, which presently runs from the President's Home to the existing library, will be relocated to a route from the main highway to the north campus area. It will enter the campus at Bowman Field on an axis with the new library. Parking facilities for faculty, administration, and service personnel will be located with a close relationship to their respective areas. Student parking will be within close proximity of the dormitories.



The main axis and focal point of the new campus will be the library building; this will be erected in the space now allotted to the motor pool. The library will be designed to house both the functions of a college library, and also the main auditorium for the use of the students and the community. The library would be situated on the top of a large plaza; this plaza would be on level approximately with the lower level of the physics structure. The auditorium would be large enough to seat the student body and would house such functions as the concert series, lectures, and graduation

ceremonies. Vertical expansion of the library is planned; in this manner the focal point would become stronger until eventually it would become the strongest element on campus.

Death Valley will become a horse-shoe stadium through the completion of the west section of seating. The field house will be completely replaced except for the front office section. New gyms, locker facilities and training rooms will be located in the addition, which will stand on the present location. All student activities such as intramural, and intrafraternity sports, weightlifting, handball, bowling and the like will be located in a proposed student recreational center. One of the main features of the new center will be a large indoor swimming pool with a diving pool that can be used for swimming when needed. Lounges, meeting rooms, and a sandwich shop will be there along with two gymnasiums. One of these gyms will be used for the dances and small performances. Plans call for this structure to be erected on the present baseball field. The new baseball field will be in the vicinity of the present prefab area called 'the desert;' track facilities will be located in the same general area. Intramural outdoor sports will occur on the field behind the fraternity houses—the present track field.

The biggest change on the campus, with the possible exception of the removal of ears, is the creation of seven women's dormitories which will house close to a thousand co-eds. The area across the street from the infirmary and bounded by the ring road is the site for these structures. Each of the seven will have its own dining and kitchen facility; they will have a separate lounge and recreation area. Six eight story dormitories will be prominent features of the men's campus. Three of these will be constructed in the parking lot near the present old barracks; the other three will be located along the ring road near the textile building. Plans call for the erection of three more buildings like the two just completed in the same area. Behind the YMCA will be an additional two dormitories. New "A" section will be extended to the site of the old physics building, which will soon be demolished.

The married student housing will be relocated to the east campus. All prefab structures should be removed within a few years.

On the academic side of the new campus, most of the work involves additions to present facilities. The agricultural school will have a new structure located on the right of the approach to the P&A building; this will house classrooms and labs.

(continued on page 33)

HELLFIRE AND BASKETBALL



The game is early in the first quarter and both the players and the fans are getting warmed up. A Wake Forest player steals the ball and from the sidelines comes a bel-lowed command, "In this corner, now over there, shoot boy, shoot!" It's none other than Bones McKinney, the coach with his own private volcano. Once the game starts the bench just can't hold him.

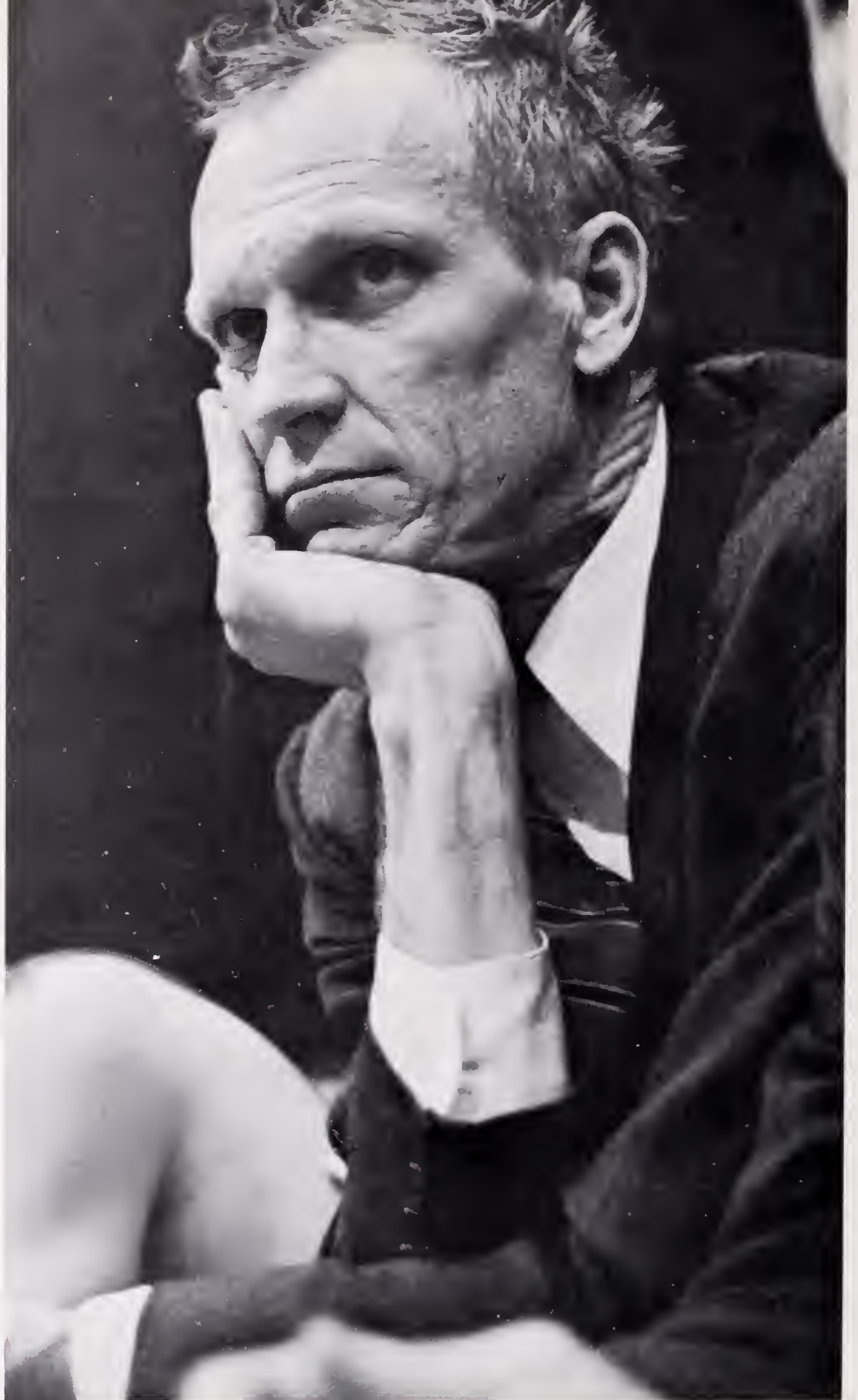
Sooner or later the climactic moment arrives when "Mr. Bones" erupts dramatically from the sidelines looking for all the world like Icabod Crane. "He's out of his mind, that's all," explains one of his players. Most coaches would like to be out of their minds like him. A great professional a decade ago, Bones is now one of the country's most successful coaches. And he is a Baptist minister to boot.

Only the referee keeps Bones from getting on the floor and playing.

While impersonating an India rubber man in a game, McKinney is not unaware of the spectators. When they boo him, he spins around and waves a towel. When paper cups rain down on him he might be heard to say "How about taking the ice out!"

On campus, Bones is sought out by Wake Forest students for advice on everything from love to choice of classes. Bones McKinney, on or off the court is one of the true showmen of the sport.

feature BY JIMMY LYONS



Photography / Stafford



You don't believe in ghosts? Well maybe you're right. Science is coming up with new explanations for mysterious phenomena every day. Still, there are things that it will be pressed to explain. I know; I've seen some of them. Did I ever tell you what happened when I was transferred to our Irish office? No? Well, here's the way it goes.

Let me say first that Ireland is a strikingly beautiful country. The travel folders call it the "Emerald Isle" with justification. Everywhere you look things are green, or else purple and white with heather. In Galway, where I was stationed, you are just a short drive away from Lough Corrib, the best fishing lake in Ireland. Go a little farther, and you are in the beautiful Connemara Bens. Just out beyond the bay on a clear day, you can see the Isles of Aran.

Even Galway itself has its share of scenic spots. For instance, there is old St. Nicholas Church where Christopher Columbus is said to have worshipped. Deep in its crypt, you can see the tomb of Rice de Culvey, the Irishman who sailed with Columbus. Within the old walls, you can see the remains of his castle.

In the center of town, the ancient Castle Lynch towers over old Galway as it has done since the time of the Norman conquerors. It was from those towering battlements that Stephen Lynch Fitzhugh, Lord Mayor of Galway, hanged his son for the killing of a guest. He hanged him with his own hands, and then retired into seclusion, a broken old man, the old legend says.

Walking down toward the bay, you can visit the Gladdach as crews of ships from all over Europe once did. Here, you can walk under the old Norman-arch gate and read the inscription carved there by the Norman invaders, "From the fury of the O'Flaherty deliver us, O Lord."

I bought a modest cottage on a hill overlooking Galway. It was beautiful with its view of Galway and the bay. From the other side I could look over the lovely rolling hills of Connacht to the distance-misty Connemara Bens. It was a sight to see the sunset start coming in across the bay and creep slowly across the land. At night, with the stars above and the lights of the city below, it was just like living in heaven.

Just on the other side of the hill, there was a cot-

tage similar to the one which I had bought. I learned about it through one of the greatest teachers of the Irish people. No sooner than I had gotten the lot of my things into the house and begun the enormous task of getting things in shape than a girl popped in the door. That's a custom of those people. They can pop in, without knocking or anything. It can be disconcerting at times.

There I was, standing on a chair swearing under my breath at the curtain rod which I was trying to put on its hooks. Suddenly, a female hand snatched it up and dropped it over its supports.

"Sure, you've no call to be using such language to the poor thing. It's nowhere you'll be getting like that. You've got to talk gently to things if you want to get anything done.

"I'm Kathy O'Flaherty. I keep the cottage on yonder side of the hill. You'll be coming down for a bit to eat when we get this mess straightened out."

I couldn't even introduce myself, much less try to protest. That girl just wouldn't leave me an opening.

"Did you think you'd be coming here unannounced? It's little you know of Eire. We knew about you as soon as you got to Galway. How do you think I'd know when you'd be coming?"

She didn't bother to leave time for an answer before she was off on something else. Never before had I seen a girl with so much energy. She wouldn't pause for a breath—in talking or working.

It was rather late when we got finished. Sunset was fading in purple, gold, and flame tatters behind Inis Ceir, and a deep purple was stealing over the quiet bay and passive land. We paused for a moment in tribute to the dying monarch. As we turned back to the path, we saw another couple standing on the edge of the hill, looking out over the bay as if contemplating the eternal tragedy of day.

"Do they live near here?" I asked.

"They used to," she answered. "He's young Stephen Lynch, the lad hanged by his own father. She's the girl who loved him too well. Pined to death for him she did."

We walked on down the path in silence. It was only a matter of a few moments (continued on next page)



galway tale

fiction BY DICK MAGILL



before we came to Kathy's cottage. It seemed little different from mine as we approached. True, the garden was well tended and the yard well kept. But those were only the signs of a diligent tenant, and Kathy had certainly given a good demonstration of her diligence.

She apologized as we went in for the pooriness of the furnishings, "Sure it's not as fine as all you have, but it was here when my parents lived and died and my father's before them." Then she busied herself getting up a meal.

I got my first good look at her during the meal. It was amazing to discover that the human volcano I had been watching was housed in such a tiny frame. She could easily have been able to walk under my outstretched arm. I know because I saw her do it.

Her hair was the color of the turf smoke which we so often saw rising over the scattered cottages. It was not quite a dark brown but still not quite black. It was somewhere in between. Maybe you've seen a color like that. It's soft and warm like a midsummer's night.

She had the bright blue eyes of the Gaelic people. They were of the piercing color found nowhere else in the world. Sitting across the table and looking into them gave me the feeling that I was in the presence of one of the ancient princesses of Ireland.

The summer passed quickly. It was a quiet summer in which I got to know Kathy quite well. I remember how we used to sit and talk in the evening looking out over Galway and the bay. We would just sit there and talk. Kathy had an insatiable thirst for stories about America. Every evening, she would beg me to tell her tales of how things were back home. And she never ceased to marvel that I didn't come from a half-civilized country with Indians running around all over the place.

She knew all of the stories of old Ireland. The ancient legends seemed to be as close to her as the morning newspaper, and she could tell them with the traditional flair of the Irish. I could sit by the hour and devour her stories of Patrick's fire, of the "faced Diada," of the Red Branch, of Cuchulain and his exploits, of Cormac MacArt, of Conn, of Connla and his journey to the Isles of the Blessed, and of the glories of the Irish past.

We came to share the beauty around us. Ours was the deep purple of the heather. Our souls drank deeply of the cool air spiced with the salt of the bay. Our hearts took flight with the birds, who composed misty symphonies in the air. Our spirits came to have that mystic communion which precluded the necessity of speech. It seemed that we had always been together there on that lovely hill above Galway Bay. And it seemed that it could never end.

Then out of nowhere it came. I was called to return to the home office.

(continued on page 36)

a lover's prayer

Dear Father above, this boy bold and free,
Waits before Thy throne with deep bended knee.
The task that ehallenges, he dares not to fail,
And for once in his life, his strength seems too frail.

Before I have asked for wealth and suecess,
The thing I want now is her happiness.

Give me the wisdom and necessary guile,
To hold baek her tears and preserve her sweet smile.

Help me, when I'm tempted to passions accurst,
To put my wants seeond and her honor first.

Help me to value, mueh greater than gold,
The warmth of her love and the hand that I hold.

It is a wonderful image her love draws of me,
Dear God, with your help, that man I will be.

JOHN McCARTER

eternity

And what is Eternity?

A speck of dust,
A freekle on a nose,
The eall of a thrush,
The smell of a rose?

Yes, all this and more.

Eternity is Infinity.

The Beginning and the End.

But more important still,

It is the split seeond in between,

The sights and sounds recorded

In the soul of man for posterity,

Whieh is Eternity, Man's Immortality.

RICHARD TWELLS

the p.o. blues

The sun is setting now on another weary day,

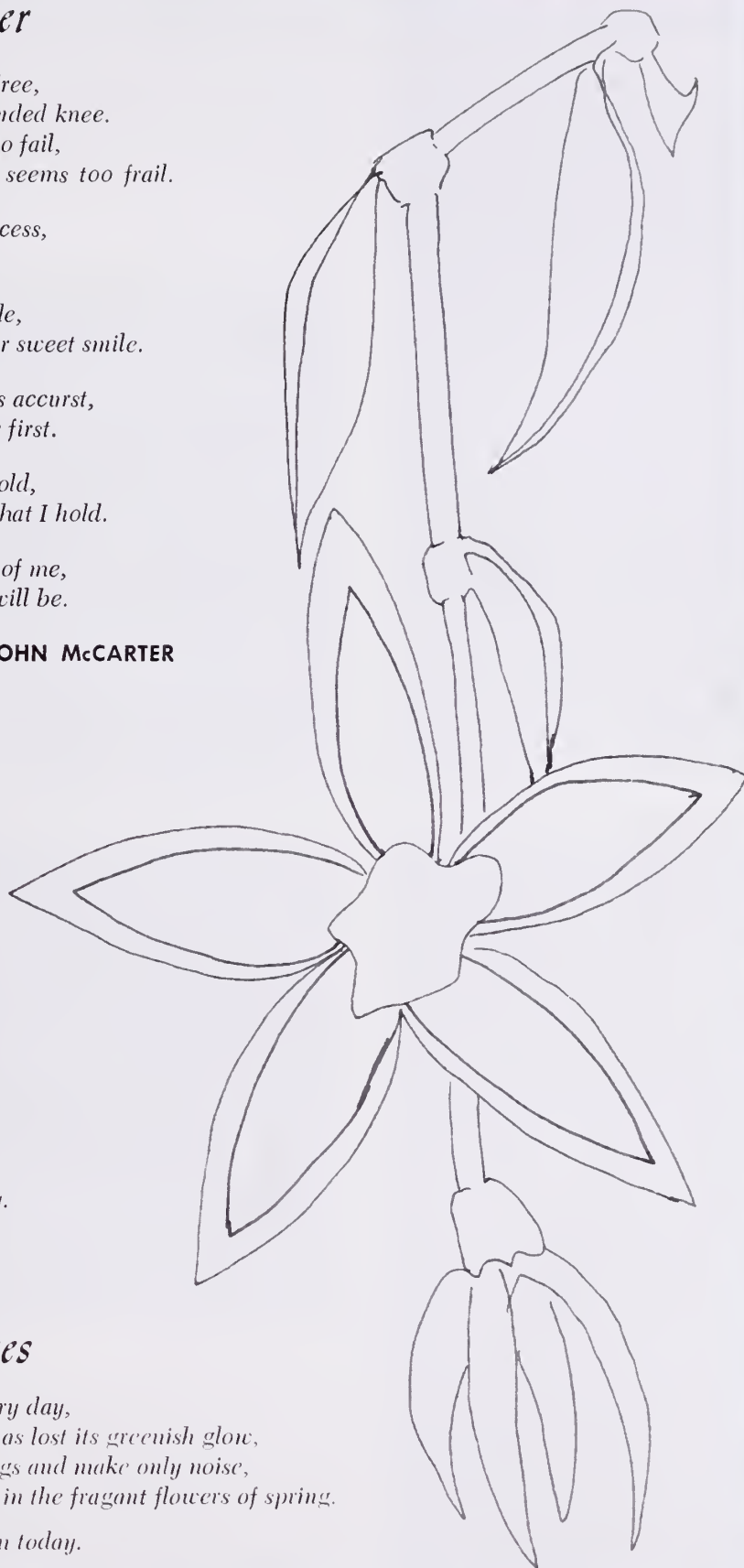
The spring grass beneath my feet has lost its greenish glow,

The birds have forgotten their gay songs and make only noise,

Some fieud has put cheap perfme in the fragant flowers of spring.

Box one-six-four-eight was empty again today.

JOHN McCARTER

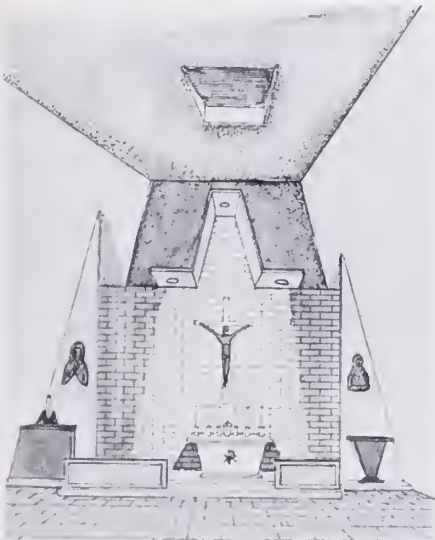


a
fourth-year
architectural
design
problem

ROMAN
CATHOLIC
MISSION
CHURCH

Photography / Stafford





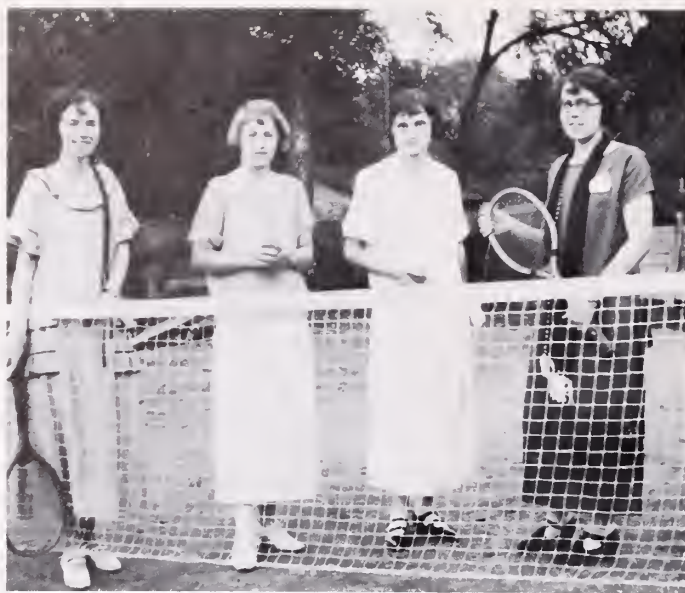
—specifications—

PHASE ONE

- a hypothetical problem for a southern city
- main design consideration: develop contemporary environment of worship
- gain understanding of faith through individual research, interviews with church officials and visits to churches
- visiting critic: Dr. Daniel Salcedo, University of America, Bogota, Colombia

PHASE TWO

- sculptural development of an element in the church
- visiting critic: Peter Lupori, sculptor, The College of Saint Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota



Co-ed Tennis Team



Rush Week Drop-In



Hold it Ethel, one more picture for your folks, then back to the house party.



Do I get the job now, Dean?



Sorry, darling, CDA couldn't get you a room; you'll have to stay in a motel.

Physics, math, English and modern languages, along with other arts and sciences courses, will be located in the new classroom units under construction. There is a new addition planned for the chemistry building; this will be situated at the rear of the present facility. A new building, connected to the present structure will house two new departments of the school of architecture. In it will be art studios, offices, classrooms and an auditorium. Additions of labs and classrooms are planned for all of the engineering departments and the textile school.

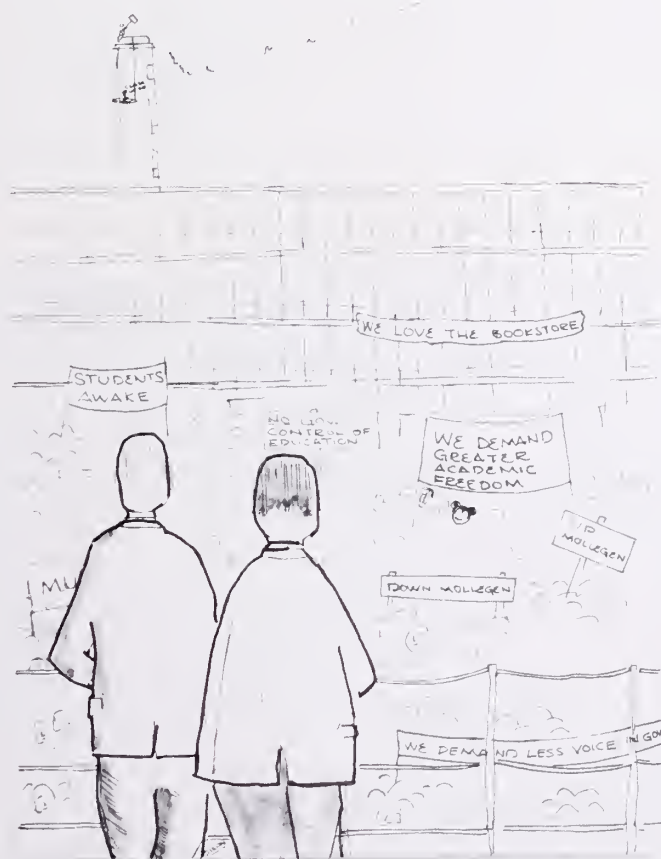
The old infirmary has stood for years, but it too will be demolished under the new plan. A new building will be located across the parking lot from the mechanical and civil engineering building.

The old library will be converted into the executive offices of the administration while Tillman Hall will continue to serve as an administra-

tive center. The old chapel will be removed along with the other additions, the object being to restore Tillman to its original shape and plan; it will continue to serve as a landmark of the area.

The chances of success of such a plan as Clemson has will depend on several factors. The adherence to it by officials in charge and the integrity of future designers will determine whether it will work or not. One thing must be made clear: a master plan is never completed and can not be presented as a final solution. It is, or it should be, a living entity which grows and changes with the needs and conditions of the college. Its purpose is merely to organize and provide for these changes in the best way possible.

The verdict of the critics in years to come is not known, but the plan sets procedures and criteria which should eliminate chaos, and in doing so, create a campus of unity and beauty.



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 - BASS WEEJUNS
 - CROSBY SQUARE
 - AND OTHER MEN'S WEAR



CLEMSON — SENECA

(continued from page 15)

my age and he resents to be called the elder statesman of American school of music and there are many others who write music and well, after all, what is American music? American is—I'm talking of symphonic music. Jazz is something I know nothing about and something I don't want to know anything about and to me it's not even music, it's just noise and rhythm, and not very good rhythm, but music is recognizable at once when you listen to it. When you have a contemporary composition—I mean by you, someone who has some musical background—you will immediately be able to decide: this is an American against, for instance, another contemporary composition by a French composer or a German composer. German composers you could recognize at once. French composers immediately. Russian composers at once. Austrian composers more or less, not necessarily at once, but you could never recognize an American composer because his music was influenced by someone else. You know, when they lived in Germany they were influenced by a German school of music or in France by the French school of

music. But when you hear Copland, when you hear Samuel Barber, when you hear Walter Piston, you know this is American music. This is American composition. There's no question about that."

Long: *"But I thought our symphonic form was really old European, say old German, with the additions of cowboy tunes or blues harmonies?"*

Ormandy: "It used to be that way, it's no longer that way. Now we have a school of our own."

Long: *"Is it natural for Americans to become excited over musical hits in the same way Italians, say, become excited over a new opera?"*

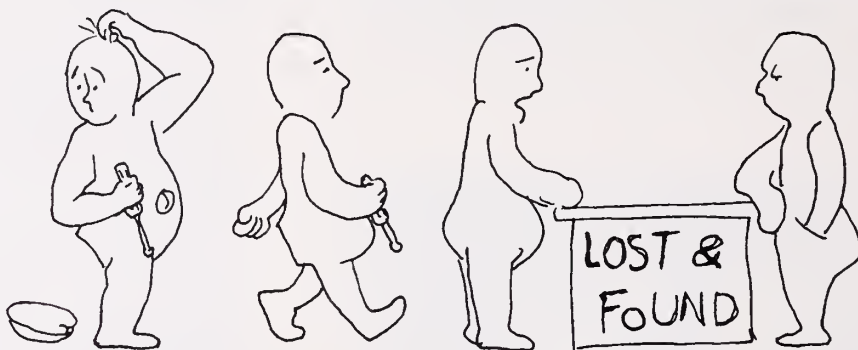
Ormandy: "Operas?"

Long: *"Musical hits, Can Can, South Pacific."*

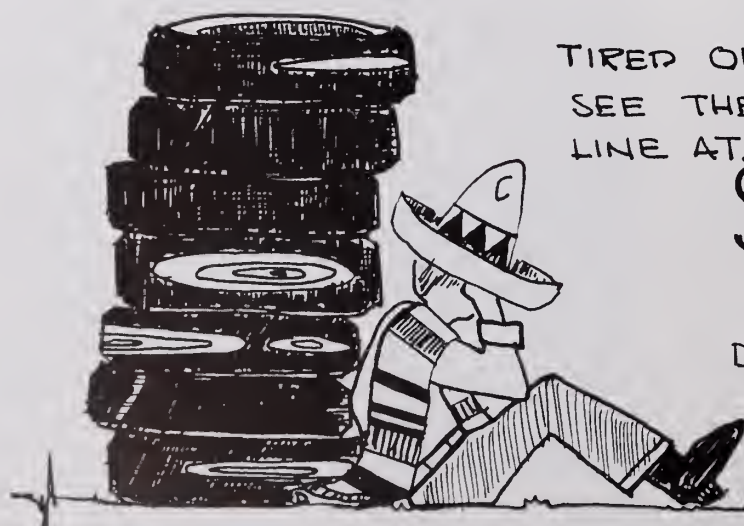
Ormandy: "Well, American musical hits that you are referring to are really light opera or just simply pure musical comedies, musical shows. They don't compare in any way to the Italian opera . . ."

Long: *"Do we have an interest like . . ."*

Ormandy: "We have American Operas! We have! Here we are a little bit behind. We haven't reached maturity yet, whereas in symphonic and vocal compositions we definitely have. We could have an opera company in every city as they have in Europe. In Germany they have 200 opera companies—and you know how much smaller Germany is than the United States."



This may sound like a silly question, but . . .



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Long: "How much of conducting is showmanship?"

Ormandy: "A symphony conductor spans seven days a week, 52 weeks a year on his course. There's no let down. There's constant study. We study a program 4, 5, 10, 15 times to find something new to say and find not only what those little spots; specks are all over the white page but also what's between those little specks and try to put ourselves in the mental and emotional state of the composer when he composed that particular piece. In other words, conducting is not as easy as it seems. When you watch a conductor on the stage all you observe, if you're a music lover, is either that he conducts his orchestra the way he does or how hard it is physically because it is also very hard physical work. But the mental part very few people think about. A tremendous concentration, constant concentration. That is a reason for saying conductors never get old."

Long: "How do our orchestras in America compare to European orchestras?"

Ormandy: "Orchestras in America, I

think are every bit as great and in some cases greater than any orchestra I've ever conducted or heard abroad. The same applies to our singers. Our opera singers are so wonderful and so far superior to European ones. All you have to do is go to a European country, like Germany, for instance, with 200 orchestras, and you will find several hundred singers—Americans, on the roster, in the leading roles, because they can not get a job in this country with only two opera companies. Some of the greatest opera singers abroad are Americans and that proves that in the vocal field and also in the symphonic field, the U. S. does not have to play second fiddle to any country."

Most children are descendants of a long line their mother once heard.

*"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"
"That's very possible; the Chef used to be a tailor."*

He couldn't decide on a costume for the party. Finally he had an inspiration. Spraying deodorant on his beard, he went as an armpit.

"I don't care what you're president of. Get your hands off my Golf ball!"

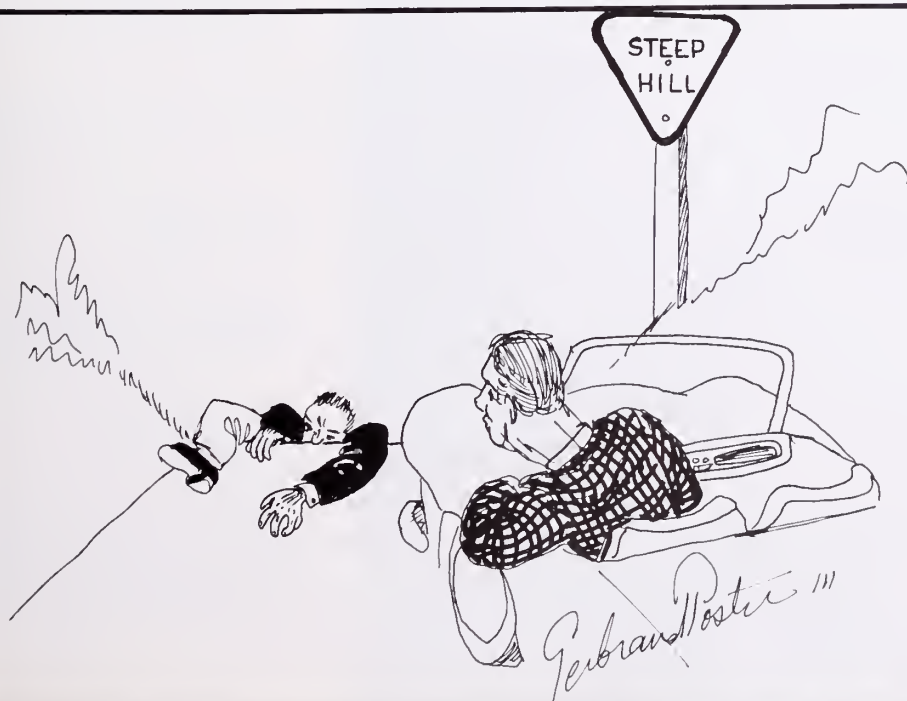
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CLENSON, S.C.

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GALWAY (continued from page 28)

Suddenly I realized how much I had become a part of the mystic beauty of this place. But most of all, I came to realize how much Kathy had come to mean to me. Now, it was all over. I felt as if I had walked over the edge of the world. Almost despairing, I wandered out to the edge of the hill. The sun was just beginning to set. A faint touch of molten gold had just begun to change the purple gems on the sunset. I remembered the sunsets we had shared from this place. I thought of the sunsets we would not be able to share. Would I ever return to Ireland? And if I did, would I find Kathy again? Could a miracle repeat itself? Was all we had had to be blown away like turf smoke in the breeze?

As I stood there with my agony, a voice cut into my thoughts, "And if you love the lass, marry her, you dolt."

I spun around. Standing there, I saw a young man and woman. He

was dark and slender with flashing black eyes. She might have almost passed for Kathy. Yet there was something strange, almost frightening, in their appearance. I couldn't quite place it, but it was there.

He repeated it, "If you love her, why don't you marry her. Love ought to be together. Don't risk losing her. Nothing is worth that. We had to lose a lot more than you stand to lose to be together. Still, we were willing to make the sacrifice. And if you lose her now, you will spend the rest of your life looking for someone you know can never re-

place her. Ask her to marry you. Don't take chances, and don't waste time."

I opened my mouth to answer. Then I found myself looking out into the sunset. The sun was out of sight, and the stars were beginning to glimmer faintly in the sky. The first waves of purple had begun to lap across the land. Slowly I turned back to the path.

"I would like to tell you the rest, but my wife is waiting for me. We have to catch a plane at nine. Good-bye, gentlemen."



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HANOVER *(continued from page 9)*

and separate from my own, who would feel no obligation to love me, or even an instinct to do so. To know that another person cared, was all I desired.

I first saw her in the spring of 1922. Her parents had just moved to town, and she was put in my class in the third grade. I immediately knew that I liked her. Like myself, she was rather quiet and shy. For this, if for no other reason, I was attracted to her. As the years went by, this feeling of attraction grew and, as best I can recall, blossomed into what I would call love. Call it what you will, I only know that for me, she was perfection, the one human being who could, perhaps, understand and care. They say, whoever they may be, that a person's first love is his strongest. I only know that it was many years before my memory of her began to fade. She had light brown hair and pale blue eyes. And in her hair, she always wore a pale blue ribbon. I doubt, however, if she ever really knew I existed. If she did, there was no sign.

In late October of 1925, her mother died. She and I were both in the seventh grade at the time. A few days after the funeral, I walked over to the cemetery. It was there that I saw her. She was standing beside the small mound which was her mother's grave. Slowly I walked up and stood quietly beside her. Ever so gently, I took her hand in mine. We stood there quite alone, neither moving, nor talking. With the coming of night, she withdrew a small rose from the warmth of her jacket and



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DINING ROOM

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placed it gently on the wind-swept grave.

Shortly thereafter, she and her father moved away. It wasn't long after their departure that we too moved. My father had received an offer to teach at the state university in Clarkston and had, of course, accepted. It was there that I spent my adolescence and later went to college. The rest of my life is equally as irrelevant. Let me just suffice to say that I am now happily married and a junior partner in a construction company in Cleveland.

As the years passed, my memory of her faded but never quite completely. I doubt if it ever will. I can still see her standing there, tender, loving and, except for myself, quite alone. Almost thirty-six years to the day have passed since then. During this period of time, I had often wondered what had become of her. The rain was letting up a little now. From outside, came the hiss of passing cars. And from beneath my window, a street light cast her hazy shadow against the wall. And, if one listened hard enough, he could hear the rumble of the now distant thunder, menacing, caressing, subsiding into the night as the thunderbolt express plunged deeper into oblivion.

It was a beautiful morning, sunny, blue, and rather windy. After eating breakfast, I checked out and decided to drive by my old house before going on to Boston. It was still there, and, except for the trees which were much larger now, it seemed little changed. As I stood there viewing what had once been my home, I decided to go to the cemetery. The path was steep and clogged in spots by fallen branches. When I reached the top of the knoll, I paused for a second to catch my breath. It too hadn't changed much. After a short search, I found the grave. It was a little sunken now and almost completely covered by a dewy blanket of fallen leaves. Then I saw it. Almost covered by the leaves, but not quite, being softly fondled by the breeze, was a rose, delicate and lovely amongst the decay.

TIGERPOOF

From the tables down at Capri's,
To the place where Herman dwells,
To the dear old Esso Club we love
so well,
Sing the Tigerpoofs with their
glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts
a spell,
Yes, the magic of the singing of the
songs we love so well,
"Roll Your Leg Over" and "All Profs
Go To Hell."
We will serenade our Herman while
beer and voice shall last,
Then we'll flunk and be forgotten
like the rest.
We're poor little Tigs Who have lost
our booze,
Rats, rats, rats;
We're little Engineers who have
turned I.M.,
G P R;
Hell-raisin' songsters off on a spree
Doomed to late hours at the library;
Tom have mercy on such as we,
One, point, three.

Anon.
A Doctor covers mistakes with sod—
An Architect does it with herbage—
A Preacher does it—by God;
And a Poet does it with verbage.
R.V.M.



"Now, unless there are any
more irrelevant questions"

FROM MOUSE

(continued from page 17)

his usual route to the office. Since he was early he drove slowly in order to put everything into its proper place in his mind. The scheme that was gradually inching into the center of his mind was one so bold that he shook his head trying to erase it. It didn't seem to be his, and yet it was there. "I believe it will work," he thought. "Yes, I know it will. I'll do it. By George! I'll do it."

Having made up his mind, he thought again why the raise would mean so much to him. The house needed another coat of paint and the roof over the front bedroom needed repairs—Bob was getting tired of emptying the pots that had been set under the leaks. Then, too, Bob needed money for school next year—no better time to save than the present, and Mary needed some new dresses. There were so many ways in which he could use the money. He felt that his situation was desperate.

When Paul arrived in the parking lot behind the office, he looked at its walls and started to say, "Good bye you good position," but instead he took a deep breath, threw back his shoulders and said, "Here I come, ready or not."

Once at his desk, Paul immediately started putting his scheme to work. He had a brief note to type, and then he all needed was "Mr. Scrooge" himself. After the note was typed, he read it, folded it neatly, placed it in an envelope without sealing it, and put it in the inner breast pocket of his coat. He then leaned back and again mulled over his speech to Mr. Bogus.

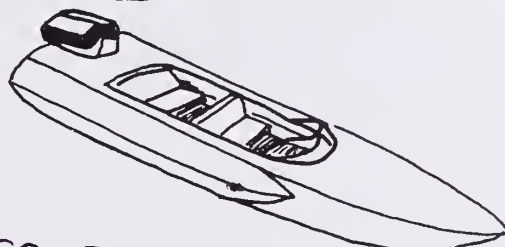
Soon after this, the office personnel began to file in. Promptly at 8:15, Mr. Bogus walked in with his usual pompous air and his "Good morning, how are we today?"



You lied!



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As he passed his desk, Paul asked him if he could see him as soon as he was free. Mr. Bogus sharply informed Paul that he would see what he could do. Another period of waiting Paul thought, "The time will never come."

Finally, Mr. Bogus called for him. Paul rose slowly and with a shrug of his shoulders, he patted the envelope in his pocket and said, "Mr. Bogus, I won't waste much of your time. I came to ask you for a raise. It has been over a year and a half now since I received one."

"Um, well now, Paul, you know better than anyone else how tied up the company's money is and also you should know that at this particular time we can't see giving you a raise, but we'll keep you in mind. Is that all now?"

"Yes sir," Paul turned on his heels slowly and started to retreat. Suddenly, he turned again to face Mr. Bogus. "No, that isn't all!" He reached into his pocket, snatched out the envelope containing the well prepared note and opened it. He borrowed Mr. Bogus' pen, signed the note and shoved it over to him.

"This is my resignation, effective two weeks from now. I'm sorry you couldn't see giving me the raise."

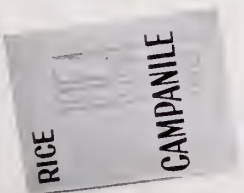
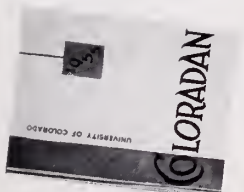
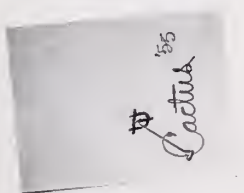
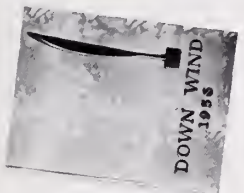
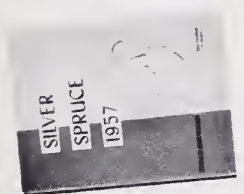
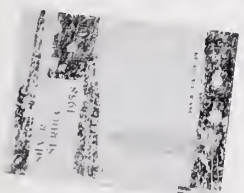
Then bowing as he turned, Paul walked nonchalantly out of the office. Before he could reach his desk, Mr. Bogus called out for him to come back. Paul turned to re-enter Mr. Bogus' office, but hesitated at the water cooler because he now felt time was on his side. Very deliberately, he got a cup of water and slowly sipped until the cup was empty. Then he slowly returned to the office.

Mr. Bogus cleared his throat and said, "Paul, my boy, sit down. Now about this raise and this resignation; do you think a raise and a bonus would make you change your mind?"

"Well, Mr. Bogus," Paul replied, "I don't know. I really don't know."



"I just don't know what I'm gonna do about this Dolittle fellow."



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The Chronicle

OF CLEMSON COLLEGE

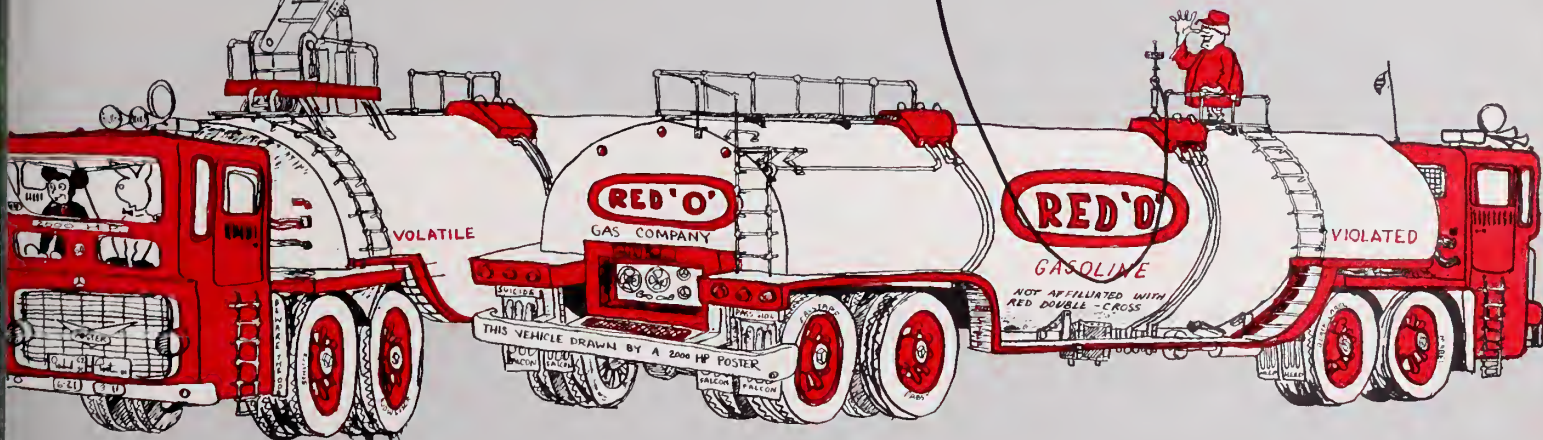
INSIDE:

Miss America

Folk Music

Old Crow

22108
CIRCULATION SOMETHING LESS THAN 21000



FALL

1962

ORGANIZED

1897

BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

From My 36th Year, line 36



Still only 5¢

The Friendly College Doctor called
up the Jolly College Dean:

"Look, Dean, I've got a case of
beriberi over here. What do you want
me to do?"

The J.C.D. hesitated for a moment
and then ordered, "Send it to the en-
gineers — they'll drink anything."



"What's the difference between a
girl and a cow?"

"I don't know, what?"

"My Gosh, I'd like to see your
dates!"



Yogi Bear is really keen
Pogo's really swell
But I don't like old Mary Worth
She can go to hell.



Beneath this stone lies Murphy
They buried him today
He led the life of Riley
While Riley was away.



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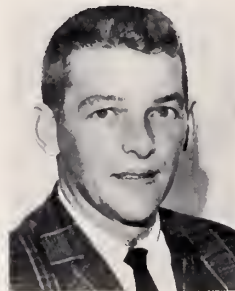
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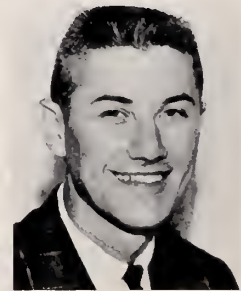
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No News Is Good News

Greetings from the E.N.C. (Even newer Chronicle. This is it, fellows, flashier than ever, waiting for the final nod from you, the Royal Reader.

Perhaps you've never asked the question, "Is The Chronicle a humor magazine?", but goodness knows it's one we hear frequently enough. The answer is a simple (as is typical of our answers) "NO." Neither is The Chronicle a literary magazine in a strict sense. The Chronicle IS a variety magazine, aimed at pleasing the students of Clemson College. Our one goal is to entertain and inform you, our readers. To this end the staff has labored to bring you such features as "Miss America — Gentleman's Choice," Old

Crow, Blind Bluff, The Good Humor Man, and a sampler of poetry.

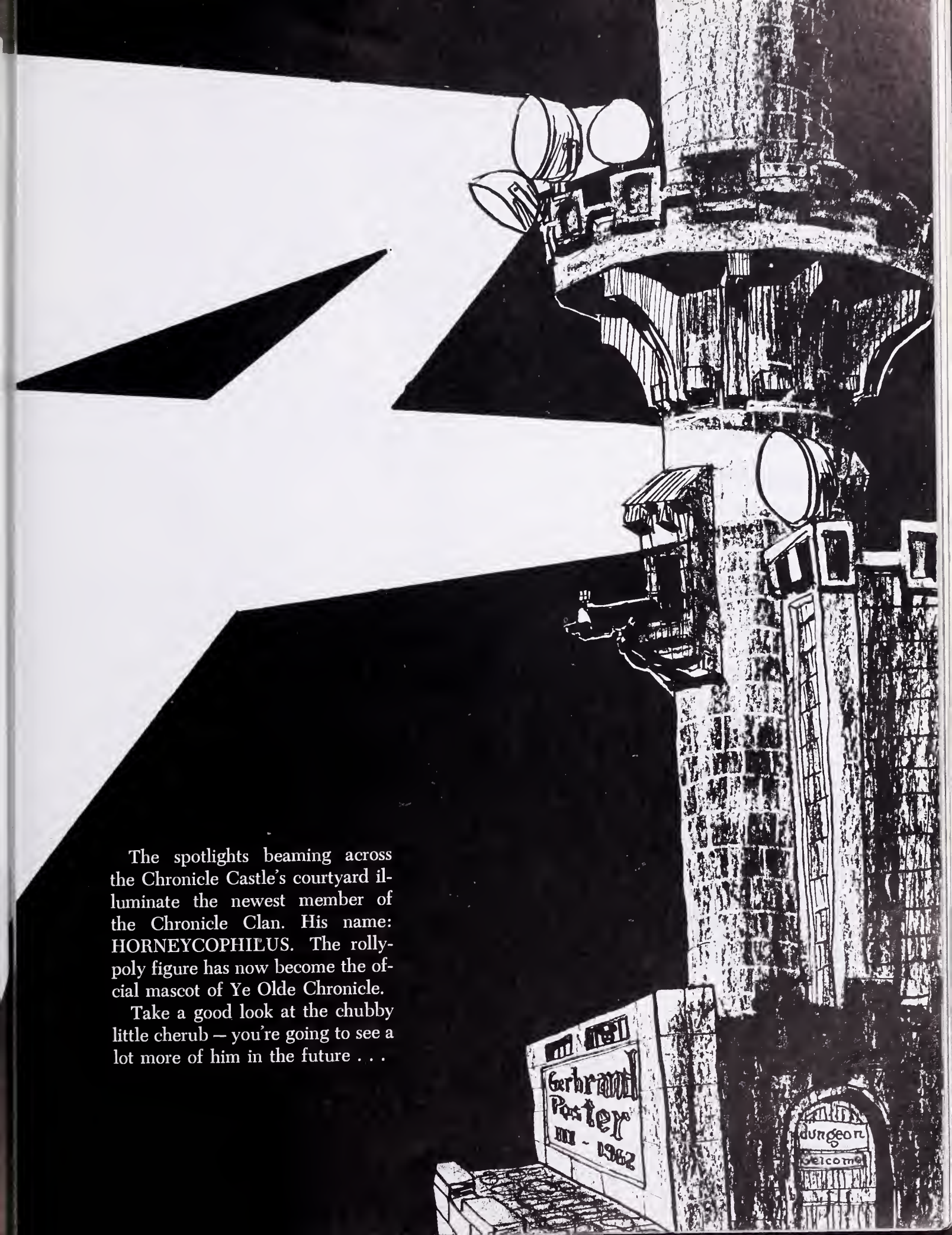
In its efforts to publish the most interesting magazine possible, the staff will welcome suggestions from readers as to what you want to see in the mag. We also invite any student to submit material for consideration.

Also, if you'd like to work on the Chronicle staff, please let us know. We need copy boys, typists, writers, flunkies and girl-type office decorations. And don't discount the latter. Inspired workers are better workers, we always say. But, then we say so many things.

Enough said, here it is, The E.N.C. — WE HOPE YOU ENJOY IT!!!!







The spotlights beaming across the Chronicle Castle's courtyard illuminate the newest member of the Chronicle Clan. His name: HORNEYPHILUS. The roly-poly figure has now become the official mascot of Ye Olde Chronicle.

Take a good look at the chubby little cherub — you're going to see a lot more of him in the future . . .

**Party Snack
Headquarters
For The Clemson Area**



**PENDLETON ROAD
CLEMSON,
SOUTH CAROLINA**

The young country boy just out of high school, was looking around to see if he could get into a college.

First he went to Furman. The registrar asked him. "Are you a Baptist?"

"No, Sir," replied the boy.

"Sorry, we can't let you in."

Next he went to Wofford. The registrar asked him.

"Are you a Methodist, son?"

"No, Sir."

"Sorry, we can't let you in."

The young boy was getting a little discouraged. Finally he went to Erskine. The registrar asked him.

"Are you a Presbyterian, boy?"

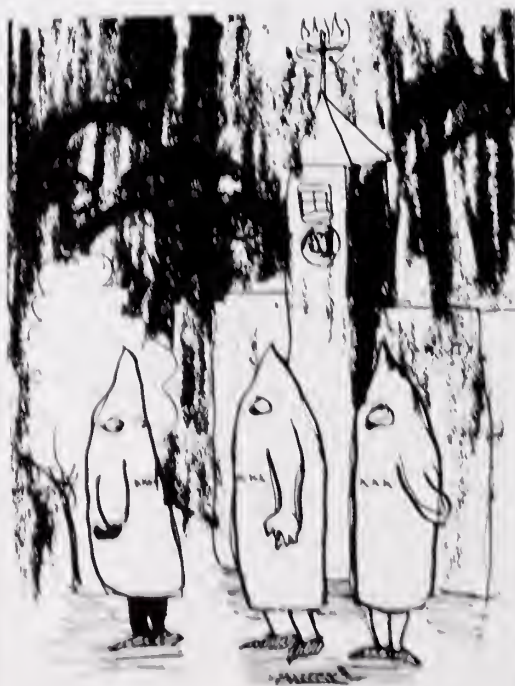
"No, Sir."

"Sorry, we can't let you in."

The poor country boy said in desperation. "Well, I'll be a S.O.B."

The Registrar looked up and said.

"If you can prove that they'll let you in at U.S.C."



REMEMBER --

You can find almost anything . . .

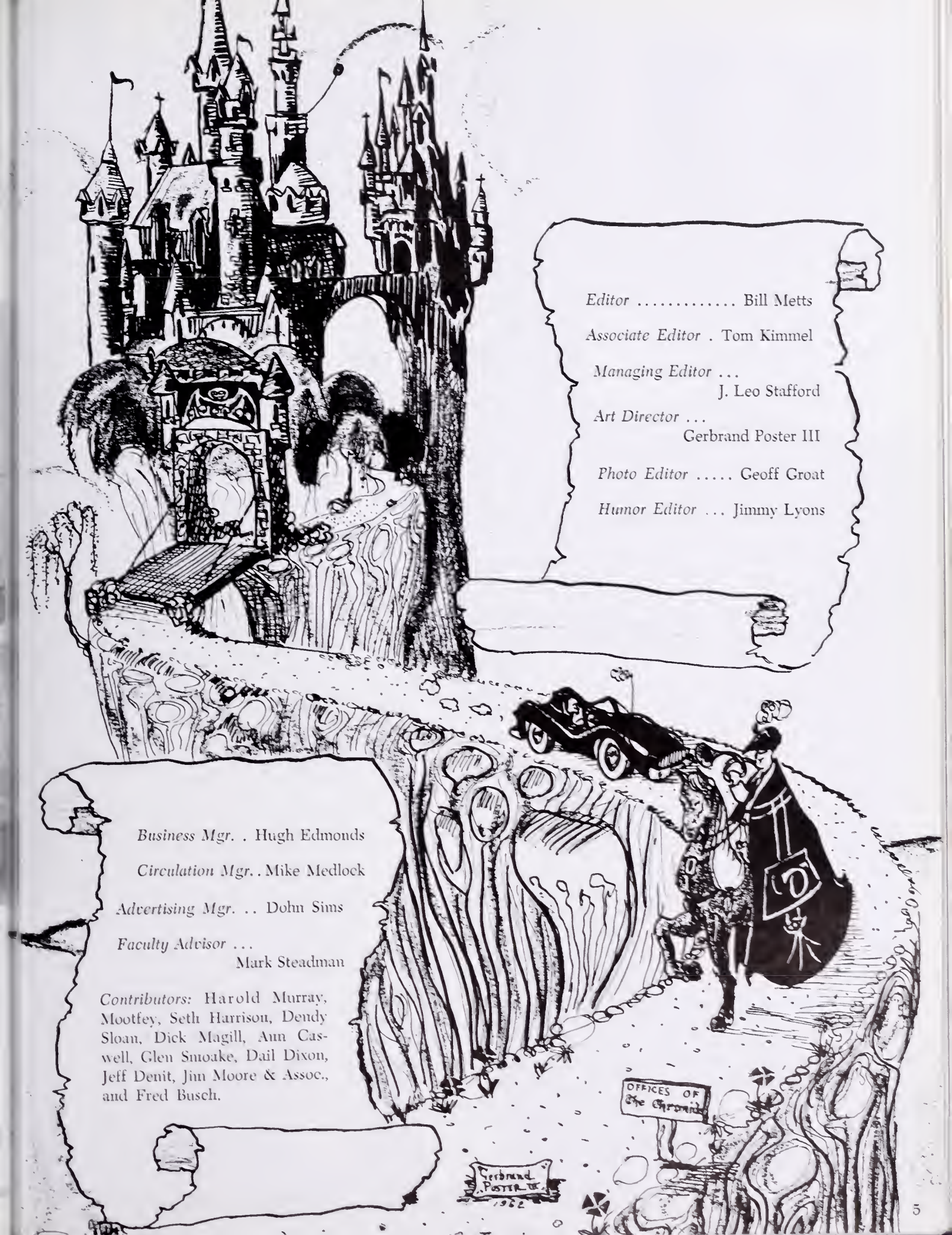


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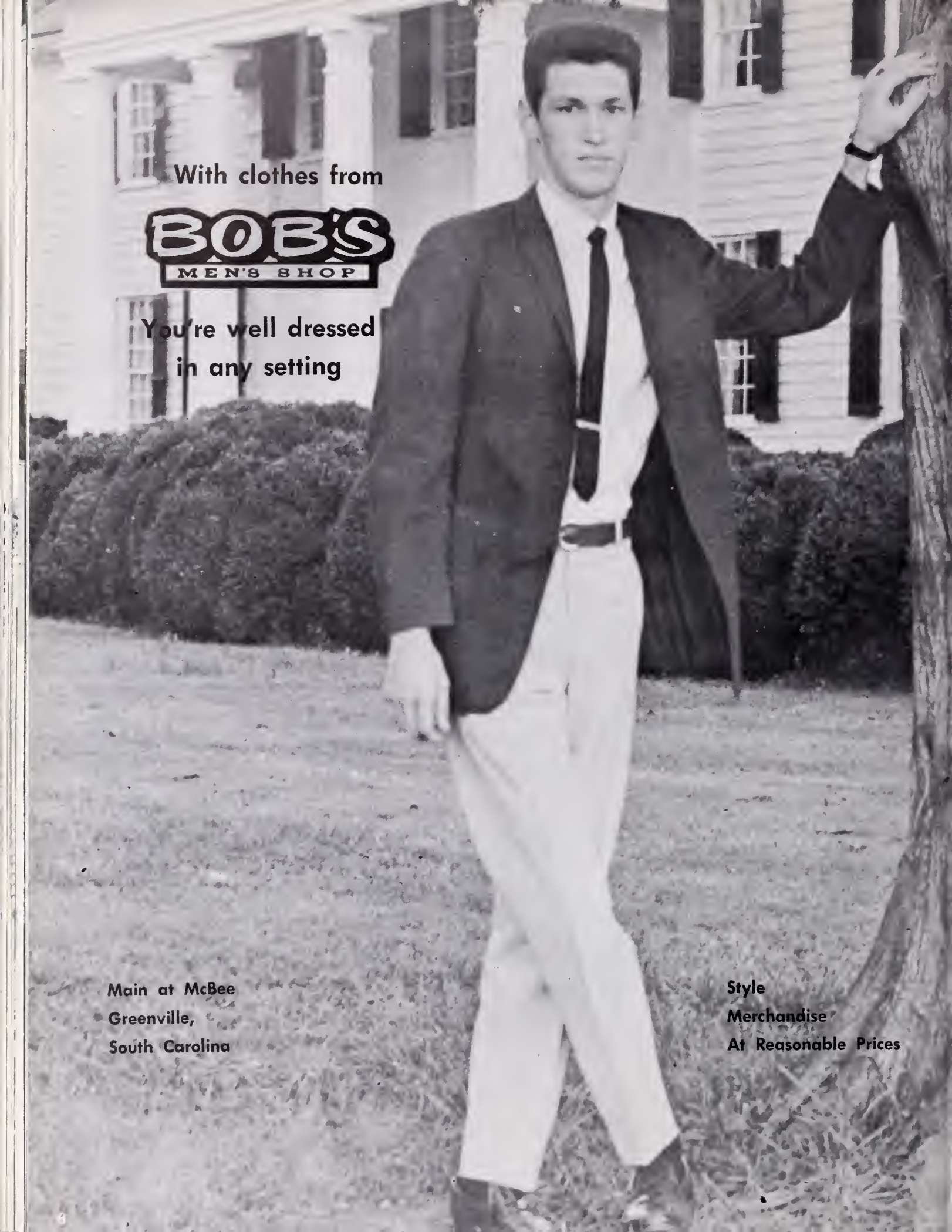
Faculty Advisor ...

Mark Steadman

Contributors: Harold Murray,
Mootfey, Seth Harrison, Dendy
Sloan, Dick Magill, Ann Cas-
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Jeff Denit, Jim Moore & Assoc.,
and Fred Busch.

OFFICES OF
The Chronicle

Gerbrand
Poster III
1962

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, standing in a grassy yard in front of a two-story house with white columns and dark shutters. The man is leaning his left arm against a tree trunk on the right side of the frame. The text "With clothes from" is positioned above the "BOB'S" logo, and "You're well dressed in any setting" is positioned below it.

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Style
Merchandise
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The Chronicle

Vol. III

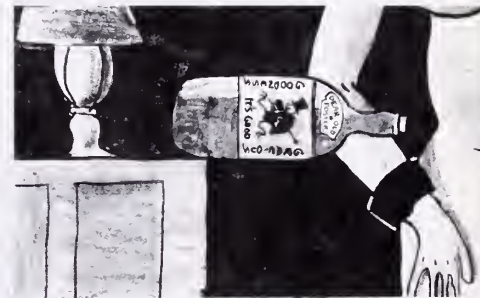
No. I

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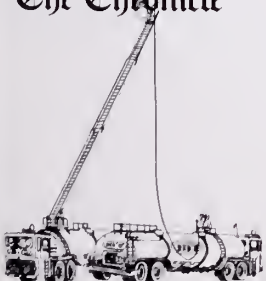


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Monster pg. 16

The Chronicle



In the past months you have probably seen "Watch For The Red "O" signs around campus. Now you can quit asking each other "What-the-hell is the RED "O"." Now you know!

Blind Bluff



by Jeff Dent

"I raise!"

Pop Dugan's voice was steady; his hands were steady—steady with the exactness of forty years of poker playing. Through the thick-lensed glasses, he appraised two aces, two eights, and a six. Across the table, "Flush" Denner, a real gambler, calm and expressionless, hesitated slightly—Pop knew it was for pure effect.

"I'll see you and raise a hundred," Flush announced.

Pop studied him but little expected a betraying sign. No player would be apt to re-raise on less than three of a kind. This was a "sudden-death" hand. Pop planned his play with precision. He would throw away the pair of eights and the six and draw three cards to the Aces. This was the logical draw.

"I'll call," he said. He shifted his cards around.

Flush Denner smiled inwardly. He knew what shifting around meant. Pop was going to draw to a pair. He also knew that Pop had that other pair of Aces,—that the *other* two Aces lay safely at the bottom of the deck. He felt a warming satisfaction. His plan moved nicely. He could handle cards. He had launched his scheme when he heard Pop announce that he had won five hundred on a long shot parlay. He knew the old man's love of poker; knew that the old boy couldn't refuse when money was in his pocket. He would be an easy victim.

The cut for the deal had been perfunctory. Flush needed the deal to carry out his plan. He had dealt the pair of Aces to Pop deliberately. He had given three Kings to himself. He could easily have stacked the cards to deal a

stronger hand, but he was too clever. A good gambler had to be a sound psychologist. He figured, correctly, that his intended victim would have no suspicion if he lost on seemingly an ordinary hand.

The bets already made totaled more than three hundred, and Flush waited impatiently for Pop to draw.

"Cards?" he queried.

Pop, studying his cards with exaggerated care—realizing the doubt possibly caused by such delay, paused before answering. He even lifted his heavy glasses and started to polish them.

In that instant, catastrophe struck! The glasses slipped. The soft tinkle of broken glass sounded loud to him, stabbed at his heart like a dagger. His glasses! My God! He couldn't see a thing without his glasses!

His trembling hand grasped the lensless frame. He thrust it under the table so Flush couldn't notice. *Thank the Lord Flush didn't realize his predicament!* But Pop's throat choked with fear. His eyes saw only a blur of color as they stared at the cards.

Suppose he should discard the Aces? The thought paralyzed him. Those two precious cards had actuated his bet in the first place. *What side were the Aces on? The right! That was it! No, wait a minute! He had tucked them on the left! The right? The left? The right? The left?* Back and forth in his troubled mind leapt Doubt—a demon pounding deep the rivet of Fear. *Perhaps if he studied the cards long*

(Continued, of course, Page 30)



Once upon a time, a very long time ago (about last Friday) an idea was born. It had no definite form or shape; it merely existed.

The idea grew and developed; became polished. The Chronicle's new emblem, HORNECOPHILUS, was created.

The idea became a full-fledged magazine mascot and was presented to Clemson as a bouncing bundle of joy (11" high, 2 ozs.). HORNECOPHILUS, the Magnificent was shy and waited for this issue to show himself.

Now he is proud of us and himself, and proudly he introduces the

THE NEW CHRONICLE
for 1962!



Folk Music
. . . U.S.A.



PHOTO / STAFFORD



JOAN BAEZ

A Mexican nuclear-physicist and an Irish gentlewoman have a twenty-one year old daughter who has recently acquired the distinction of being the queen of the folk-music realm. Joan Baez (pronounced Bye'-ez) is an unforgettable purist of ethnic folklore.

It has been said that Miss Baez belongs to the sect of "hill-billy" singers. Such a word—"hill-billy"—could only be used by a person with a mind tightly closed around his previous concepts of music. Consequently, Miss Baez's songs are no more for the adult than *Tom Sawyer* is for the collegiate.

The English-ballad of the Southern Appalachians is done in a clear, puridied, sentimental style by Miss Baez. She has recorded such fine songs as Henry Martin, East Virginia, Wildwood Flower, Old Blue, and Barbara Allen. Miss Baez puts her entire being into each ballad in a manner which not only brings fine contrast but also causes one to continue to hear the ballad after it has ended.

During this year Miss Baez has graced the South with performances in Atlanta, Georgia and at Duke University in auditoriums packed to "standing room only" capacity. For her simple, enjoyable voice and complicated, yet unobstrusive guitar work, Miss Baez has been acclaimed as "great" by many critics. Now the Weavers, Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, and Woody Guthrie have a companion of equal status—Miss Joan Baez.

COPY / SLOAN
PHOTOGRAPHY / GROAT



GREENBRIAR BOYS

In 1959, three talented young men formed a group called the Greenbriar Boys, and since that time they have been singing their bluegrass music all over the country. With Ralph Rinzler on mandolin, Robert Yellin on banjo and John Herald on guitar; traditional bluegrass music has made a comeback in a most enjoyable way.

The Greenbriar Boys have been traveling throughout the country during the last two years, and have appeared at "fiddler's conventions" in Virginia and North Carolina. At the fiddler's convention in Union Grove, N.C., they won the old time band competition in 1960, and the banjo contest in both 1960 and 1961. They toured with Joan Baez in 1961, and appeared with her in her album: Joan Baez, Vol. II. When speaking of their music, the Greenbriar Boys made it clear that they prefer to play traditional bluegrass, rather than the hill billy music so popular in the 30's and 40's. To them, traditional bluegrass music is Kentucky hill music played and sung the way it was years and years ago by its founder: Bill Monroe.

There can be little doubt in anyone's mind that the Greenbriar Boys' music is a wonderful mixture of pleasure and heritage. To hear them is much more than an experience — it's an awakening and a realization that as long as groups like the Greenbriar Boys are around, bluegrass will continue to thrive.

PHOTOGRAPHY / COPY / GROAT





WHISKEYHILL SINGERS

With a hearty grin and a lively jump they leap onto the stage, clutch their instruments, hit the strings, and burst into riotous song. These seemingly, carefree troubadours are one of the finest new folk groups in the U. S. A. — they are Dave Guard and the Whiskeyhill Singers.

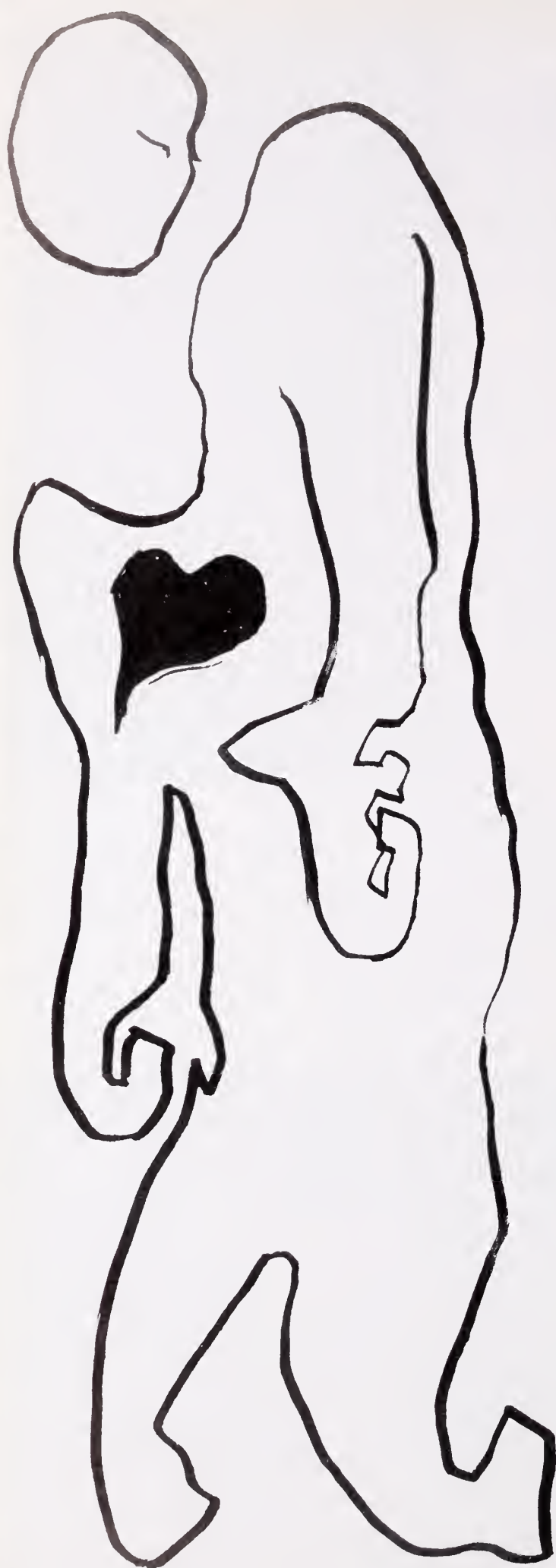
Headed by one of the shrewdest and most talented folk singers in the business, the Kingston Trio soared in popularity. When something happened (no one will say what), Dave Guard left the group, and John Stewart stepped in. Dave looked around, found a bass player (the old Trio's Buck "David" Wheat), a guitarist (mighty Cyrus Faryar), and one of the most dynamic female folk singers in the country (striking Judy Henske), mixed them all together and came up with the Whiskeyhills. This seemingly diverse group quickly developed

(Continued on page 26)



COPY / POSTER
PHOTOGRAPHY / STAFFORD





MY LIVE

FICTION/MOOTFEY

"Last Saturday night was like any other Saturday night," I told the Doctor. "We had friends in, and they brought their child. They did have a monster for a child, but this could happen to the best of families, and, anyway, my wife likes the people, so what could I say?"

The Doctor just told me to lie still and tell him the rest of the story. So I narrated as follows:

"After we had gone to bed at half-past two, I heard a noise downstairs. After my wife kicked me about four or five times, I got up and went to see what the heck was going on.

"Just as I arrived at the final step to our front door, one of our living room windows came crashing inwards. I valiantly reached for one of my sabres that hangs by the door, as through the window stepped the assailant. When my eyes focused on him, I know that I went into shock for a few moments, but it couldn't have been an apparition.

"It was a full-grown man, wearing only a fur breach-cloth. In his left hand he clutched my family cat, and in his right hand, a club that scared me out of my wits. I pressed the light switch and advanced toward him. He threw my cat at the lamp and started to swing his club! That's all I remember for a while.

"Later, when I regained consciousness, he was picking fur from his teeth with my sabre. I eased away from him, and went into the kitchen. I turned on the light, and started to open the door to call my dogs, when everything went black again. By the time my head cleared the second time, I was smarter. At least I stayed still.

ICE CREAM



"He was by the stove. He went over it like a jeweler first examining the Hope Diamond. He pushed the buttons and turned the switches. In a few seconds the coffee pot started to boil. What I wouldn't have given for some of that coffee then! (Say, Doc, couldn't I have a cup of coffee now? I could talk better.)

"Well, anyway this man, let's call him George for lack of a formal introduction, looked into the pot. When he saw the coffee, his face lit up like a Christmas tree. He reached up to the spice rack and got some red pepper, mustard, and food coloring and added them to the coffee. Then he started to prow. He looked everywhere, but could not seem to find what he wanted. He ended up by taking some flour and adding that to his mixture.

"Then George returned to the living room. He took his, excuse me, I meant MY sabre, and gouged a figure into the wall, similar to the one I drew for you. The wall I had just paid to have redone! Then, using the mixture he had just concocted, he painted his figure, added a big heart, and stuck my sabre up to the hilt into the heart.

"About this time, my antique clock began to chime. He hid behind the sofa until it stopped. Then, with club in hand, he advanced. George reached the clock it took me two years to pay for, Doc! He reached out his hand and touched the clock, his club still poised. I don't guess it bit him or anything, because he did lower the club. George had seen the pendulum.



(Continued on page 26)

so they say . . . !

by Mike Medlock

Darling, you have a bug in your ear.

Man, this tourist class is rough.



Cheer up boys, I see the Good-Humor Man coming.



Now, maybe the administration will build us a new library.



Pssst . . . Wanta buy some hot Mickey Mouse hats?



*Daddy,
Couldn't
you wait??*



*Are you smoking more now
but enjoying it less?*



*Damn bird, that's not a
toilet!*



Do I use CREST?



*The number you have just
dialed has been changed or dis-
connected. For correct infor-
mation*



*Ah fellows, wait til we get to the
house party.*



The Good Humor Man

The student gets the magazine.
The school gets the fame.
The printer gets the money.
The editor gets the blame.



And there was the judge who told the condemned man,
"You'll just die when you hear this one!"



Like Dr. Kinsey said, "Anything you do is okay in my book."



Once two soldiers came across a dead animal and an argument began. One soldier said it was a donkey, the other claimed it was a mule. An officer happened by and they asked him to settle it. He said stiffly, "You're both wrong — it's an ass. Now get busy and dig a hole and bury it."

As the soldiers were digging and grumbling, another officer walked up and asked them,

"What's that you're digging, men, a fox hole?"

"No, sir," they replied



Some girls, like flowers, grow wild in the woods.



"Tell me, Doc, what's your favorite sport?"

"Sleighing."

"I mean apart from business."



I've never seen a purple cow,
My eyes with tears are full.
I've never seen a purple cow
And I'm a purple bull.



A boy and girl were out driving. They came to a quiet spot on a country lane and the car stopped. "Out of gas," said the boy. The girl opened her purse and pulled out a bottle.

"Wow!" said the boy. "A bottle — what is it?"

"Gasoline," the girl replied.



A hangover isn't serious until you can't stand the roar of a Bromo selzer.



Shiftless people seldom get into high gear.



Then there's the one about the boy who got a military brush, and a pair of pink pajamas for graduation, and didn't know whether to go to The Citidal or Converse.



Driver of car: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do."



"Oh dear," she cried, "I've missed you so much!" And she raised her revolver to try again.



Then there's the one about the skinflint who used to keep his money in his sock until a midget picked his ankle.



Sober bystander to drunk: "My God, man, why don't you take the streetcar home?"

Drunk: "My wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house."



Sherlock: "Gad, Watson, this is more serious than I thought — this window is broken on both sides."



*Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I drank so weak and weary,
Nestled in the arms of the luscious
sweet Leonore*



*While I guzzled, nicely nuzzled,
suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone loudly rapping,
rapping on my barracks door*





Quickly, then, I put asunder girl and booze,
fast from the thunder,
Roaring at my barracks door
Yes, from this, and nothing more

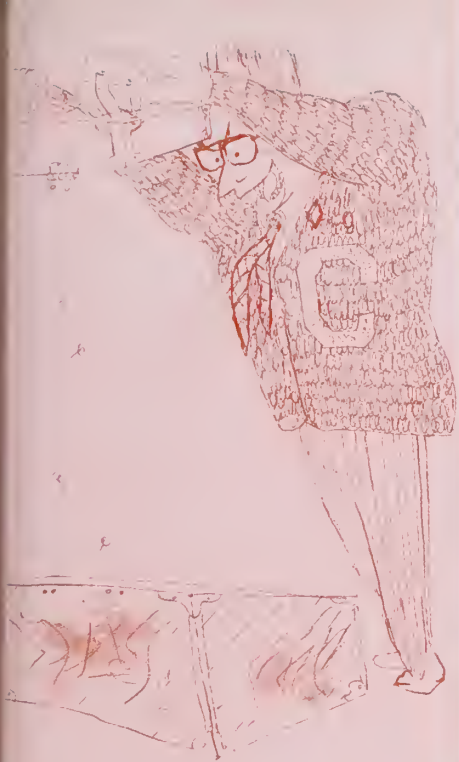
Open here, I flung the
portal, when, with many
a smirk and chortle,

In there stepped my
tall hall counselor,
storming through my
barracks door.

Not the least of greeting
gave me, not a minute
stopped or stayed he,

But straight unto my
locker made he, lying
on my barracks floor.





Grabbed he the locker,
hrust it open, giving out a
nonstrous roar —



But in it books, and
nothing more.



So the counselor began sit-
ting, he still is sitting, still is
sitting,
On the rusty beat-up
locker, lying on my barracks
floor.

And his eyes have all the scheming of
Mr. Rimmer's as he's dreaming
And the moonlight o'er streaming
hrusts my shadow on the floor,

As I search throughout the barracks for my
booze and lost Leonore
She is gone . . . where the hell?



SCENCE, RENASCENCE, AND MATURITY

*A wanderer in eternity
Across time, out of time, beyond time,
In world, in life, beyond the world and life,
He sought a mystic vision of a God
Who hid Himself beyond the eye
Of any man who lived and saw the world
As something of a dappled hue —
Not all black, nor white, nor gray,
But spots, and shades, and daubs of all.*

*But then his heart caved in on him
And with his heart the world caved in.
A breathless darkness lay upon his soul
And crushed him down beneath its weight.
But then a breath of air — a light!*

*He laid his hand upon
The strongly pulsing heart of Nature
And felt a greater Spirit pulsing there.
Wildly, almost mad with joy, he flung
Himself against the rhythm of that heart,
Felt it stir in him and prayed again.
He met a woodsman in that wood
And saw in him a mirror catching
And reflecting the God within the wood.*

*Then the city called him back
To its dapple-gray petrified wilderness
And its gray half-petrified humanity.
And he found a vacuum in his heart,
A burning loneliness, growing, expanding
Until it seemed his heart would burst with void.*

*And then there came a unity,
A sense of all in One and One in all.
He turned his eyes toward the distant heaven.
He looked into the sylvan heart of majesty.
He saw again the woodsman in his glade.
He saw the pale-browed city men.
Then he saw a kinship among all.
That He who lives in one must
Also find abode in all.*

— Dick Magill

A WOMAN

*Bare dogwood wise
but blossom fresh,
Delightfully dutiful
as a mother thrush,
Grass soft and comfortable
dew cool and comforting,
A woman is the giver
of impenetrably silent
night. — Kimmel*

ODE TO WRITERS OF OBSCURE POETRY
dedicated to T. S. Eliot

*All hail,
Those bastards of oblivion
And freaks of futility
Who seek to spawn
Abysses of obscurity.*

*All hail!
Those who with pen in hand
Strive not to conquer,
But grovel constantly to confuse
The minds of men.*

*All hail!
Those who slipped at the Pierian spring,
Stuck themselves head first in its miry bottom
And can but muddy its once clear waters
For the rest of mankind.*

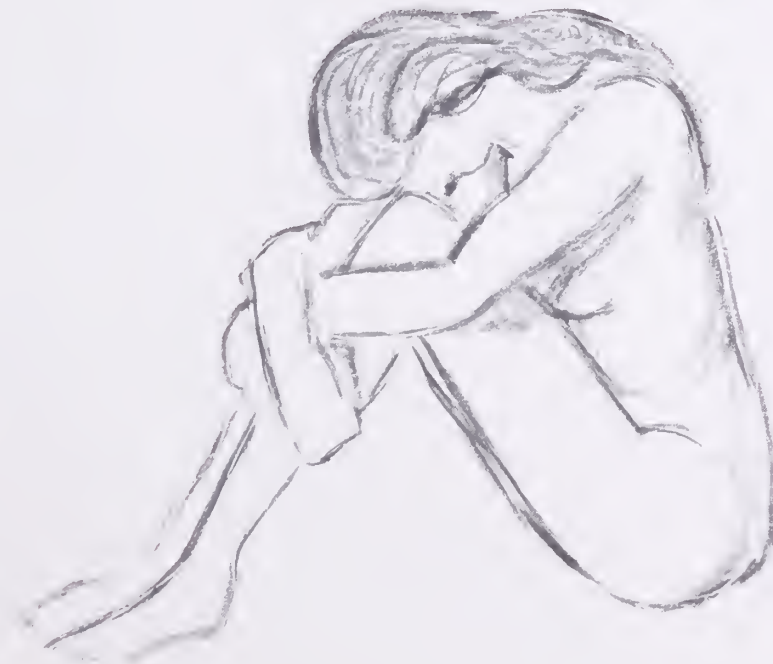
John McCarter

DUSK-FALL

*In the blissful listening hour of the day
When the little lantern carriers begin to find their way
And the silence is so piercing that a distant dog must bay,
We will sit together, you and I,
And watch the gloaming settle from the sky,
And see the fall day swoon and die.*

*The crimson clouds now pass away;
Their love gone, they need no longer blush;
No longer need to stay.*

— Kimmel



(OLIVE —

continued from page 17)

It was swinging slowly, back and forth. He was fascinated. He stopped the pendulum and then started it again.

"While he was playing with the clock he had put his club down, and so I took a chance and sprinted for the steps. He let me go. I went upstairs and back to bed, swearing that I would watch what I ate more carefully in the future.

"I only have a few problems, Doc. Where is my cat? Who stole my clock and left a club, and how can I get that mixture off the living room wall?"

end

(HILL SINGERS —

continued from page 15)

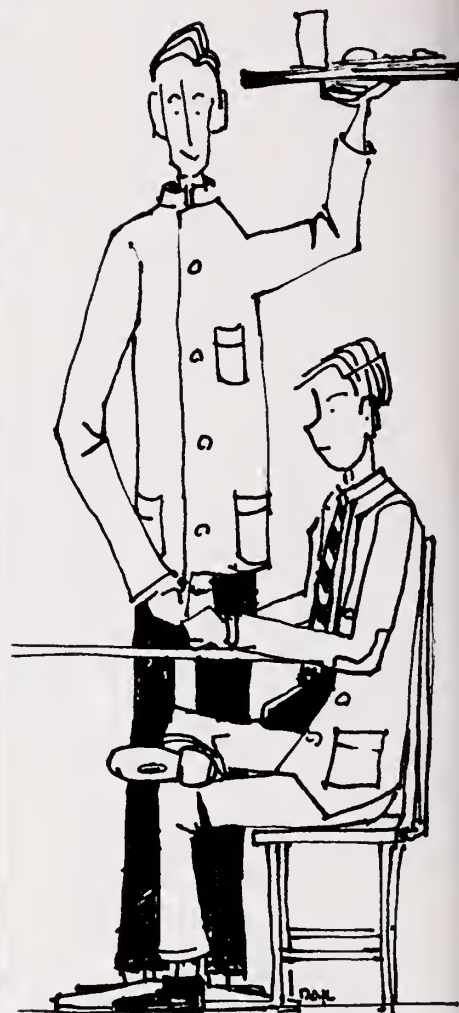
a highly original style, and took the country by storm. The first album — Dave Guard and the Whiskeyhill Singers — was cut early in the game, and their performances gained in quality even while they sang.

Shortly before their album was released they appeared at the Student Government convention at Clemson. That memorable night they pounded out several songs. The sneaky ol' Chronicle crew knowing that you would want to know all about the show, cleverly disguised themselves as flowerpots and went up to the SUGSA convention up at the "C" house. By the time the group had reached "Railroad Bill," we were the only flowerpots that kept time with the music, but the delegates were so enthralled by the songs that we weren't even noticed. After the show, we went up to Mr. Guard's room. We convinced him that we weren't really flowerpots, and he told us about the group. The story, though fascinating, was too long to repeat, so you'll just have to believe us when we say that Stanfordgrad Guard's musical ability is only surpassed by his wit.

You've probably looked at the pictures already, but look at them again. Remember the faces — they'll be around for a long time. They belong to Dave Guard and the Whiskeyhill Singers.

end

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Gentlemen's Choice . . . Miss America

Jackie Mayer

In past issues our Gentlemen's Choice feature has been kept within the state. With this issue we have broadened our horizons and sent our photographer to Atlantic City, to the Miss America Pageant.

Here's what the record shows.

Her name is Jacquelyn Jeanne Mayer

She is 20 years old

Her home is Sandusky, Ohio

She is a Sophomore at Northwestern University

She has Hazel eyes Brown hair

Never lost a beauty contest

5 feet 5 inches tall 36-22-36

She has appeared in summer stock and hopes for a career in the theater. AND AS IT IS she can really give you a song and dance.

Now that we done our bit to immortalize Miss America — Jacquelyn Jeanne Mayer — we're at something of a loss as to what tops Miss America — but rest assured the Chronicle Clan will solve the problem by the next issue.



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(BLUFF—Continued from Page 9)

enough, his *impaired senses* would help him a little.

Flush was getting anxious.

"Come on, Pop," he growled, "let's get going. You've got all night to fool with your glasses. How many cards?"

♦♦♦♦

Here was incomparable drama in a dramatic game — circumstances to test the mettle of any player. To the tension, the uncertainty, the thrill always present, was added the cloud of bad luck — overwhelming, unexpected, crushing.

The good poker player is a master of heroics. He is an actor with a fully-developed sense of the dramatic. Old man Dugan was playing his most difficult role. He played it recklessly and without regarding consequences. With nerve-racking deliberation he shuffled the cards in his hand and then analyzed them as though actually aware of each card. Raising his clouded blue eyes, he impertinently regarded the blurred figure before him. The smile that curved his lips was sarcastic, gloating.

"What's the matter, Flush, gettin' excited?" His dry throat gave a rasp to his voice.

Flush, his keen perceptive instincts alert, felt for a second that something was amiss. His suspicion passed as quickly when he saw Pop discard

three. *So the old sucker was holding the Aces!*

"The dealer takes one."

His one card draw was part of a clever calculation. If Pop could be led to believe that he had raised on two pair instead of three of a kind, the old man would be more likely to stand high bets after the draw.

The two players were pictures of rapt concentration. For both, the concentration was simply a gesture. Flush for his part, was merely going through the motions; Pop played dramatically and earnestly, a magnificent bluff.

Pop, who had opened, had the first bet. There was no nervousness as he fingered the chips, no visible suggestion of his plight. His grin, as he pushed forth a hundred dollars worth of chips, was compassionate, kindly.

The old fool *did* better his hand, thought Flush with grim satisfaction. He had shrewdly appraised Dugan's money holdings in light of the amount already bet, compared with the return he knew Dugan had received from his successful race wager. Knowing that Pop's every remaining penny would be required to call his bet, he pushed forth three hundred dollars.

"Let's see, about three C's should do it!"

In Pop's tone was sincere regret. His lips drooped sadly. He shook his head sorrowfully.

"A pity," he wailed, "a pity we're playing table stakes. My hand ought to be worth a million."

With an air of superimposing certainty, he tossed his remaining chips into the pot.

Flush was eager now. Here was victory! He laid his hand emphatically upon the table and tapped each King with his forefinger.

"Three Kings, Pop! I guess that beats your two pair."

Pop was fighting the reaction resulting from the struggle between uncertainty and the conviction that he had made a complete fool of himself.

Quixotic, that's what it was. Nobody could play poker and be quixotic. He fumbled in his terrified mind for expression. How could he conceal the mess he was in?

"Well?" Flush's tone was belligerent.

"I - - - ain't - - - sure," said Pop, "about those three Kings. Take a look at these."

One by one he laid down the cards. What were they, he wondered? In that instant, his mind was astonishingly clear. With lightning rapidity, he reviewed all of the possible conglomerations he might have received through a misdraw. He was afraid to look up. He was acutely conscious of a ridiculing silence. Flush's quick ejaculation, the sharp intake of breath, came as a distinct shock.

"Godamighty!" screamed Flush, "four eights!"



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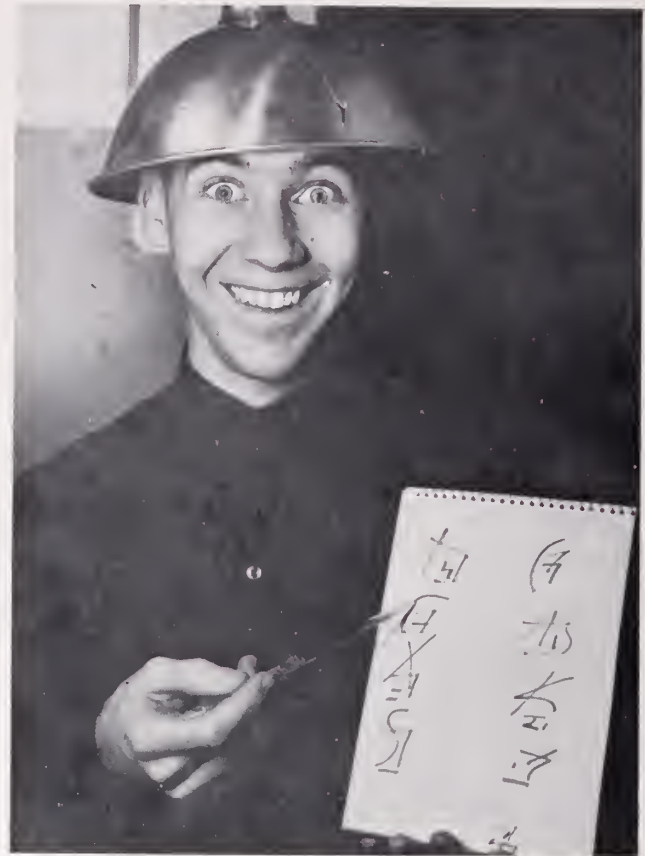
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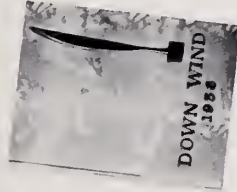
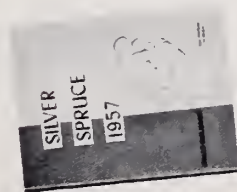
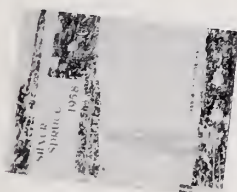
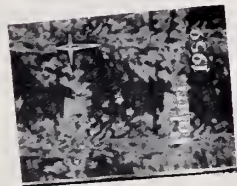
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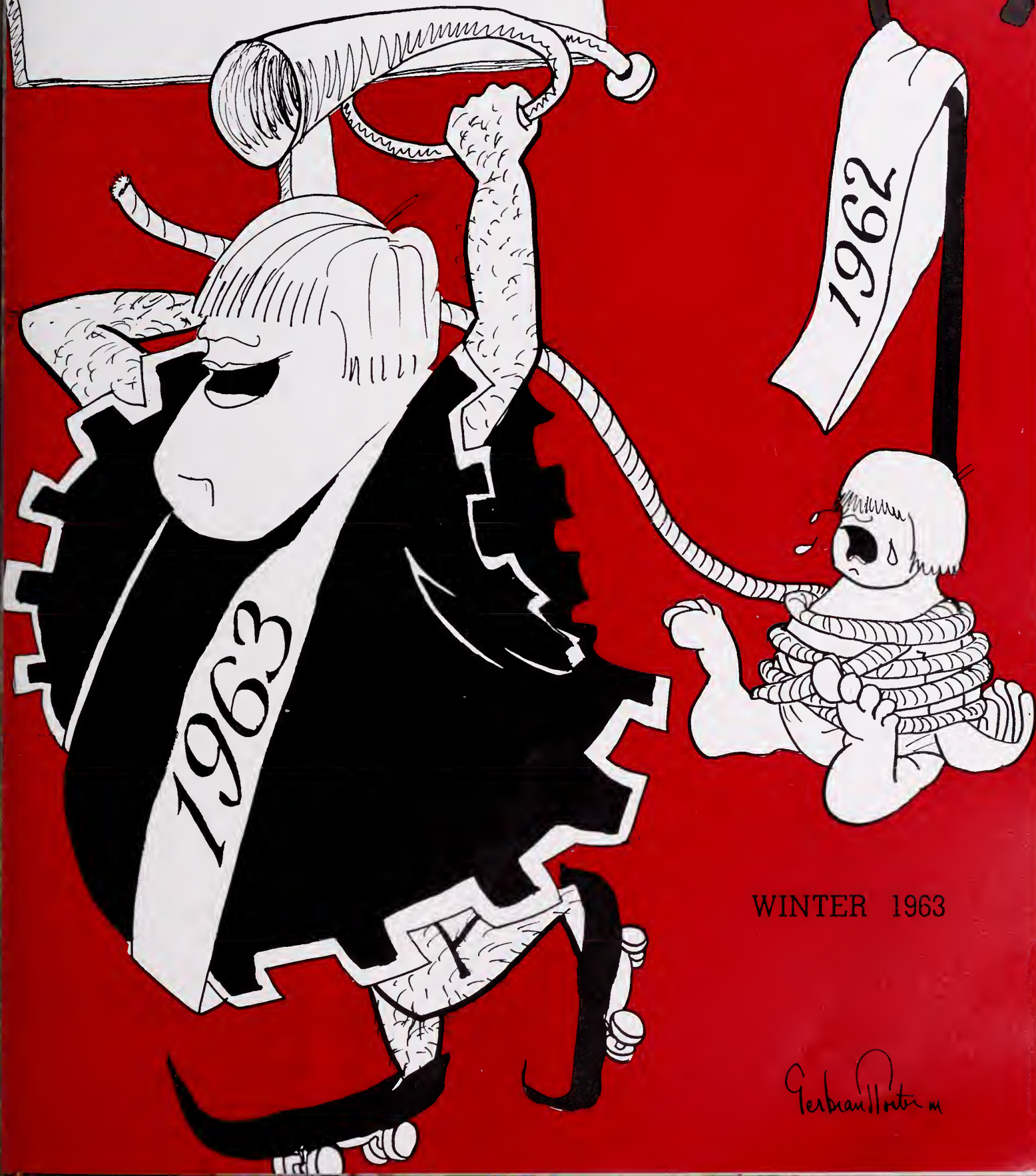
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WINTER 1963

Gerhard Rother

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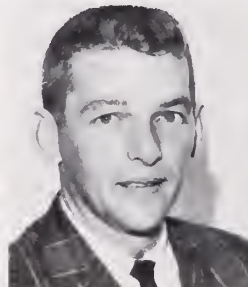
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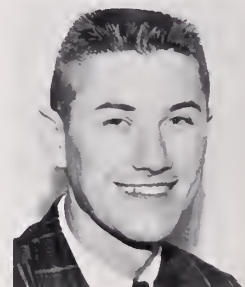
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NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

The CHRONICLE staff wishes each reader a belated, but sincere, HAPPY NEW YEAR. It seems appropriate with the coming of the new year, to add something new to the magazine. We've chosen to add still another public service feature to help keep our readers informed of recent technological developments. We're speaking of the CHRONICLE NEW PRODUCTS TESTING PROGRAM, an explanation of which appears on the opposite page. We have no doubt that "Horneycophilus Approved" will soon become as significant as the "Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval" and the "Parent's Magazine Seal of Approval." Rest assured, however, that no matter how sought after the Great Seal becomes, we will never allow it to become commonplace. Only those products of particular merit will be privileged to use the Great Seal. It does not seem immodest to imagine that in years to come, manufacturers will change their own long established trade characters in order to cash in on the value of "Horneycophilus Approved" as related to their products. For instance, we might have a cake-mix from "... the kitchens of Horneycophilus," or perhaps, "... peas from the land of Jolly Old Horneycophilus." Then, no doubt, the newspapers would try to capitalize on a good thing and we'd have a column called "Dear Horneycophilus." T.V. wouldn't be caught short either. Maybe the show would be "Sing Along With Horneycophilus." It is indeed a warm feeling to know that we have a potential national figure right here in this magazine.

Though you received this mag in '63, the work for this issue was done last year. We hope that this year you're still laughing at the same sort of jokes, that you're still enjoying the same type stories, and that you still don't mind seeing a pretty gal now and then. If your tastes have changed drastically, we're afraid you're in for a big disappointment 'cause we've included such short stories as "The Soft Touch of Freedom," and "Only A Brief Respite." There are sketches including "A Sinister Plot" and "Conversation." If you like photo features, you'll find "Unca' Bill" and a few pages on opera. We think "Gentlemen's Choice" is sure to appeal to all but the most insensitive reader. Of course, no issue would be complete without jokes, so they're there too. We've wrapped the whole thing up between a red (no unpatriotic inferences, please) front cover and a green back cover—just to keep in the holiday spirit.

Here it is folks, the first issue of the new year. We do hope you enjoy it!

WTM

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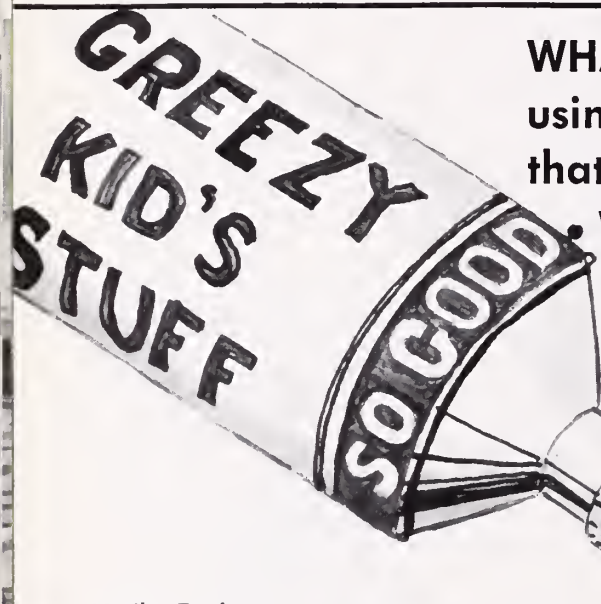
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Winter Issue

January 1963

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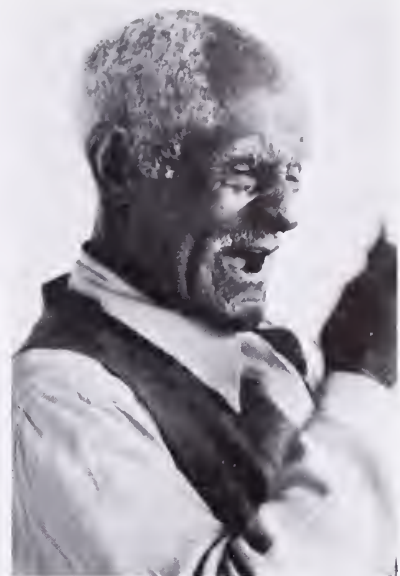
The Chronicle

Vol. III

No. 2

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Opera Pg. 10



THE COVER: "Better late than never," as they always say. Our chubby old buddy HORNEYPHILUS finally made it in for the new year, bringing with him a bag full of humor, interesting stories and three gallons of filler for our big RED "O."



Gerbrandt Postcard III
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SOFT TOUCH OF FREEDOM

Fiction
By
Dick Magill

Matt swept the rifle from its peg above the fireplace and settled its weight comfortably in the crook of his arm. He carefully checked the pan to see that the priming had not filtered out. He loosened the broad-bladed hunting knife in its sheath with a rough, capable hand. An involuntary shudder seemed to shake his tall, spare frame in its attire of homespun and buckskin, as he thought of the Carlton place.

He'd been there just after they'd found the ruins. Nobody had touched anything. The wreckage lay just as the raiders had left it. The house and outbuildings lay in heaps of gray ashes with a few forlorn beams sticking their charred heads out of the rubble. The fences were down and the stock had been driven away. Then he had seen the bodies. The Indians had done their usual thorough job. It hadn't been a pleasant sight.

Matt had found Ben's body. That was what had finally made him decide to join Andy Pickens' forces. Before this, the war had seemed far away from him, somehow academic.

He'd known Ben all his life. He'd never been much of a fighter. Matt remembered how quiet and studious he'd always been. He'd always been reading something, like he wanted to learn everything in the world. Ben always wanted to be a barrister. Ever since he was knee high to a hound dog he'd talked nothing but the law. Once he'd even taken the long trip to Charles Town to see a court session. He'd come back full of ideas about how he was going to Charles Town to read for the law. Now his dreams were finished by a Cherokee scalping knife.

At least, Annette had been safe in the fort at Ninety Six when the Cherokee came. She had been sent up when the first rumors of trouble came two weeks before. Matt half-consciously blessed the beautiful Cherokee princess, Issaqueena, who had risked her life to warn her lover at the fort. He indirectly owed her the life of his fiancée.

His thoughts drifted back to the day when he had proposed. They had met in the meadow above the brook. He could see her as she sat with a bare foot trailing in the cool water. He felt again the soothing warmth of the sun on his back. The soft purling of the brook, the bird songs, the whisper of the forest, the chatter of the squirrels, all came (Turn page, Please)

back to him. Once more he was padding catlike down the path through the daisy-starred grass. He heard again her startled cry as his shadow fell across her. He felt once more the rush of hot blood to his face as she scrambled to her feet and slipped into his arms. He could feel the softness of her body pressed momentarily against his.

It seemed like only yesterday, to judge from the clarity. Matt could see clearly her cornstalk hair as the wind combed it and rushed away. Her slender, supple figure and piquant little-girl face with its upturned nose and blue too-big-for-it eyes seemed to mock him. He thought of the words he had whispered in her ear that afternoon. How sweet that had been. How far away it seemed. He thought of what he would soon be telling her.

The thought snapped Matt out of his reverie. He slipped his tomahawk into his belt and cast a final look around the bare room. Then he kicked the door open and stepped into an even more barren dooryard. He closed the door slowly as if he were closing more than just the door to his cabin. The blustery wind of January beat around him and tried to force him back.

With a smoldering hate in his heart, Matt turned his back on the cabin which had been his home for eighteen years, and headed down the road toward Ninety Six. Soon the forest had hidden it from his sight.

Matt had always loved the forest. When he was just a child, he had fled to it when he needed solace and comfort. He had hunted and trapped its green expanses. He had fished its cold, crystal clear streams. It was as much a part of him as his face, and he was as much a part of it as the towering trees through which he walked. After his parents had been killed, the forest had been mother and father to him. It had been his home and his provider. If any man knew this land it was Matt.

The three-day walk to Ninety Six gave Matt plenty of time to think. It was a good land. Matt knew that with the sure knowledge of the hunter and woodsman. He knew this land as only a woodsman could know it. He loved it as only a farmer could love it. This land was his. It belonged to him and he belonged to it. In his mind, Matt saw the crops it could grow. He knew, too, that this land could grow a crop of men, strong men. He had known some of them. He had seen them take an utter wilderness and make it support them and their

families. They had built their homes on this land. Here their children had been born. Here they had erected their settlements, their forts and their churches. Many of them now slept in the land they had begun to conquer.

Matt thought particularly of those churches. This wasn't like the low country. There, he had heard, the Church of England dominated the religious life of the people. Of course, there were others, but they were few and small. Here in the back country, men of all faiths might use the same rough building. They might lack ordained ministers. But they kept their faiths.

He thought of those who had gone to the soil from which they had begun to wrest a new land. Slowly their dream began to come to him. They had built their homes there for many reasons. Some had come for adventure. Others had come following stories of gold. Still others had come with the law on their heels. But most had come to find a new way of life for themselves and their families, a way where a man was judged by his actions, not his ancestors or his wealth. They had brought this dream to the fertile land of the back country and it had taken root.

Slowly the forest began to drain away Matt's bitterness. In its place, the dream began to grow. He saw a cabin in the meadow above the creek. He saw Annette, a family, fields to feed them, and the forest to furnish meat. There were his sons, growing up tall and strong. They were the ones for whom he dreamed. This land would be theirs. He would give it to them as his father had given it to him. His sons would have sons and they would dream and build for them. So it would continue until, someday, there would be a realization of a greater dream than anyone had ever dared to imagine.

Late afternoon of the third day saw Matt at Ninety Six. He went immediately to the ready-to-fall-down little building with the strange new blue and white flag of South Carolina flying in front of it. Here his name was entered on the rolls of Pickens' men. He learned that there would be no time for drilling. General Morgan was going to need every man he could get. They were to meet him at Cowpens, five miles below the Broad River. They were to leave at daybreak.

The interview with Annette had been strained as he had anticipated. He had expected her to cry, but it always frightened him to see a woman cry. He had tried to comfort her, but it had only made matters worse.

Matt decided that he just didn't understand women. They had talked until late that night. It was as if both knew that this could very well be their last meeting and both were afraid to end it.

They had talked about a lot of things. Mostly they had discussed the little homey things that took them away from the dreadful reality of war. They talked about the cabins, the cow that was always straying away, the cantankerous dogs that Mr. McKintosh had bought, the people they had known. They had talked about themselves, the little cabin up in the high meadow, and what would be when it was all over. At last, they parted. For both of them, there was a frightening sense of finality about it.

At dawn they were awakened by the beating of the command's only drum and the curses of the sergeants. They ate a hasty breakfast and prepared for the march. The little force was fallen in in ragged, uneven ranks. A tiny force of cavalry galloped past and into the point. The command, "Forward, March," rang through the courtyard. As they marched by, Matt saw Annette standing in front of the guard post at the gate. He waved as cheerfully as he could. Once outside the gate, flank parties were ordered out and the march settled down to the normal tedium of military maneuvers.

It was several hours before dawn on January 17 that the force, considerably swelled by volunteers who fell in as they passed farms, and settlements, reached Morgan's position. The regulars were occupying hastily dug positions on the brow of a small hill overlooking the British avenue of approach. From it, American fire could rake the British ranks.

It was a long night for Matt. Even though he was dead on his feet, he could not sleep. He found himself in the company of a man named Bennet, a squat talkative man, and a tall, less-communicative regular. All that Bennet could do was complain. He talked about his sore feet. The cold, meager rations didn't suit him. The January wind was too cold. He was sick. Always he was sick. Matt felt like giving him something to complain about, a few missing teeth, for example.

O'Flaherty, the tall regular, had fled from his native Ireland after signing a petition for the reduction of taxes which impoverished his village. As they looked out into the darkness, he told Matt of his home, his family, all dead of privation or disease, and he gave Matt some new ideas. Matt had never thought much about freedom. Here in the back country freedom was part of the air men breathed. From O'Flaherty he learned of places where men gave their lives for freedom. It suddenly seemed that this might be part of the dream. He had come out here because of Ben Carlton, and Annette, and a dream he had conceived of a better day. Now it seemed that this dream had another part — freedom.

The morning dawned gray and cold. Their meager rations were equally cold. The men were moved into positions in the frosty grass about seven o'clock. The South Carolina militia formed the first line. Behind them were the North Carolinians. On the slopes of the hill, in pre-dug positions, were the regulars. The cavalry was held in readiness behind the hill. According to plan, the first line would fire two rounds at the British and fall back to the second line. Both would fire twice from that position and then retreat in disorder around the positions of the regulars. Once concealed by the hill, they were to reform and, covered by the cavalry, strike the British flanks.

For Matt, the wait seemed endless. He seemed to lie motionless in the cold grass for hours. Actually, it was about eight o'clock when he heard the wailing bagpipes of the crack Seventy-First. They came into view. He was impressed by the regularity with which the figures in red coats and black kilts marched up the road. They came closer and closer. He could recognize the officers by their silver gorgets and epaulettes. The British ranks halted and there came the rattle of bayonets being fixed. A bugle rang out from somewhere in their ranks. The pipes struck up "Come to the Feast." Behind the ranks of the regulars, Matt could see the green coats of Tarleton's dragoons. The British line began to advance.

(Continued on Page 31)



Quo Vadis Operat

Article by Gerbrand

A mezzo-soprano takes a half step backward, closes her eyes, and lets her voice soar over the orchestra in Mahler's Second Symphony. The chorus, with the tenacity of a switch engine behind a string of cars putting a train together, drives fill-in music into the stream of sound stretching from the orchestra and soloists to the audience. Is this an opera? No.

A basso hunches his shoulders and sucks in his chest, then forces a thick stream of High German to pulse with the stinging bite of a mass of second violins in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. A chorus stands patiently by, waiting for their cue, when they will repeat his words in a mass of fifty voices, against the full force of the symphony. Is this opera? No.

A heavy-set man in a pilgrim's hood staggers onto the stage and dies. His friends carry him off, lamenting, just as a travel-weary man in another brown hood runs onto the stage, waving a staff with a leaf on its very tip. The orchestra wells up with the surging force of Wagner's Tannhauser. Is this an opera? Yes.

In cold type, it doesn't seem that there is a great deal of difference between these three examples. All of them consist of soloists, and choruses, orchestras and conductors, meaningful words and connected lyrics. The basic difference is that in the Mahler symphony the entire theme is praise for the resurrection of man; in the Beethoven it is an ode to joy; but in the Wagner, a story line of definite characters, *(Please turn the page)*



i?

Poster III



recognizable happenings, and individual moments all go together to create a total entity; a play in music.

One might well ask, if this is true, whether or not the MUSIC MAN is an opera. The answer, obviously, must be an unequivocal "No." While Wagner, Verdi, and the other great operatic composers attempted to treat many themes — no matter how simple or how detailed — they wrote in a vein of great compositional complexity as opposed to Meredith Wilson's simple (not banal) lyrics and pleasure — is identical, the difference between Opera and Musical Comedy is similar to that between going from Washington to Mobile via Atlanta or Munich. While the one is simpler, the other is decidedly more attractive and pleasant.

In the earliest days of opera, this self-same simplicity was rife. Even as opera developed in Italy, the work of Giuseppe Verdi *et al* was in essence quite easy to perform. When the North European Renaissance blossomed, the German opera was about as much like Italian as the Dutch painting was like the work of the Genoese school. Rembrandt painted light and dark with pigments in linseed oil; Wagner did it with voices in motion. Even today, a singer is trained in Italian opera, and only after long practice is he "ready" for Wagner — and many do not make it.

Opera, of any sort, is a rare treat. Verdi is great, and these pictures, just as this article, only hope to convince you that the next time you can see an opera — do so!

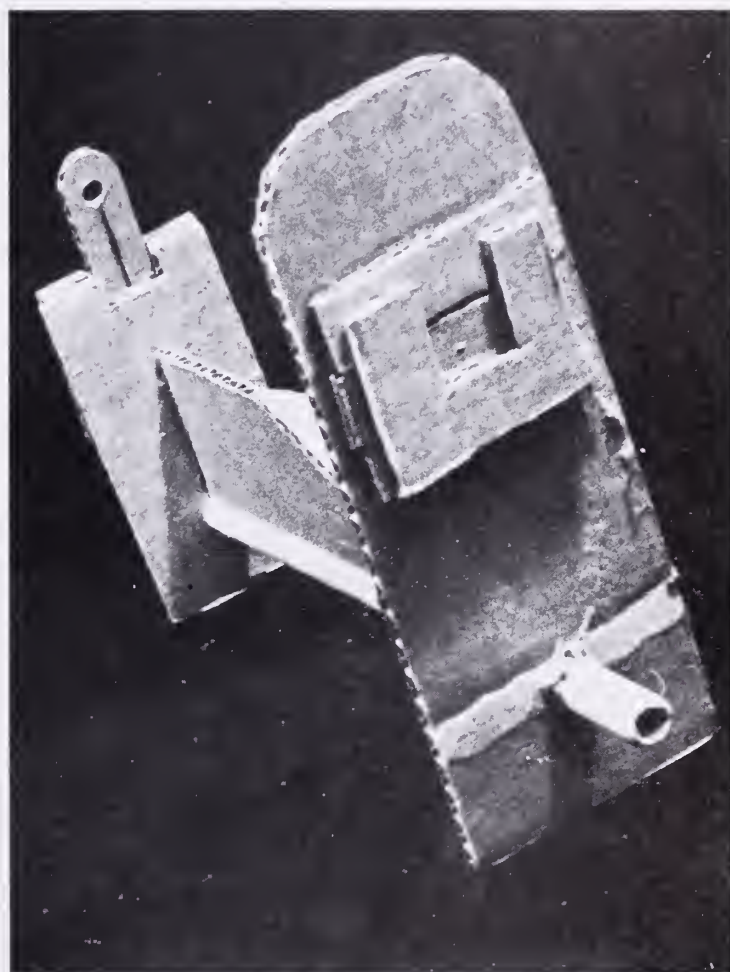


NEW PRODUCTS TEST REPORT

A Special Report From The CHRONICLE Methods And Standards Department

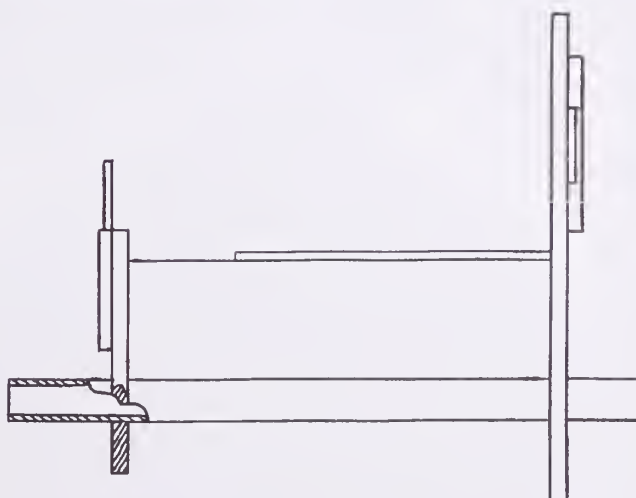
ON THE OLIVER X-G69A

Model tested	Oliver X-G69A
Extra equipment	Windage Sight Range Sight Special Heavy Duty Ferreled Type Barrel
Price, F.O.B.	N.A.
Basic Dimensions	6.8 in. long 6.5 in. high
Barrell Length	8.7 in.
Caliber	0.40 in.
Weight (Aluminum alloy)	0.36 lbs.
Ammunition	Popcorn (unpopped)
Muzzle Velocity	Varies with respect to mass of shot
Accuracy (based on 10 shots at a 3"X3" square)	@ 3ft. 100% @ 4ft. 100% @ 5ft. 90% @ 6ft. 90% @ 8ft. 80% @ 10ft. 80% @ 20ft. 30%
Maximum effective range	10ft.
Maximum range	28ft. (with favorable wind conditions)



The CHRONICLE new products staff picked up the new Oliver Enterprises and proceeded to run a series of tests. As our information will verify, the X-G69A is an extremely dangerous weapon within the reasonable range of 10 feet. The piece functioned equally well under all test conditions with the exception of periods of precipitation when projectile flight is hampered.

The new model, of course, has the "bugs" typical of such a revolutionary design. The most objectionable of these was the absence of a comfortable device for holding the piece while it is being fired. We also noted the mouthpiece is a bit too long for rapid fire distribution. It is felt that both of these major drawbacks could be easily remedied with further development. With these refinements, the Oliver X-G69A will certainly be the most diabolically accurate pea-shooter of the American market and it is heartily recommended for the H.A. (Harneycephalus approved) seal.



a sinister plot

The night air was cool and the tower clock had just informed a sleeping campus it was three o'clock. The G-8 hall supervisor had long since made his final rounds and turned in, confident that all was well. His confidence was unjustified, however, for in G-841 a select group of four were reviewing for the last time their sinister plot.

"Hodges, your post will be the east end of the hall. Johnson, you will guard the stairway at the west end. Everyone's familiar with the emergency signal, don't hesitate to use it. Let's synchronize watches; it is now precisely 3:07. Travis and I will move at 3:15 as planned. Are there any questions? Good, take your positions."

The next eight minutes passed slowly as the seconds turned to minutes and the minutes to hours. Cigarette smoke was heavy in the air. Then it was time. Two figures crept silently from the room carrying between them a strange cylindrical object. Guards intensified their vigil; searching out every nook and cranny, every shade and shadow for possible opposition. Tension mounted higher, higher. Hearts beat faster, faster, . . . and then in a matter of seconds it was over. A quick check revealed no crumpled papers sticking to the bottom and the four hurried back to replace the now empty trash can in its proper position. Outside the sky was clearing. A night watchman tirelessly walked his beat, and the first birds were awakening to greet the impending dawn.

Student regulations, IV 20, waste disposal, ". . . no waste will be placed in hall barrels after 4 pm weekdays, or after 9 am on Saturdays."

story and illustration by dail dixon



G. C.







Gentlemen's Choice



The Calhoun Literary Society proudly presents the *CHRONICLE* Christmas Contest Winner, Miss Audrey Jean Hand. Audrey, who calls Greenville, South Carolina home, is a junior English major at the University of South Carolina. This green-eyed brownette beauty is a member of the Angel Flight, Zeta Tau and the Homecoming Court. She also holds the titles of "Sweetheart of Sigma Nu" and "Miss Buddy Poppy." So here she is for your approval and enjoyment, Gentlemen's Choice, Winter 1963.

CONVERSATION

by fred folly

"No, I don't think we should. It's just not right."

"Ah, come on. Nobody's going to find out."

"Yeah? And just what makes you so sure that my parents won't find out?"

"I just know they won't. Anyway, what can they do to you?"

"Plenty."

"I think you're just afraid."

"I am not. It's just that I'm not sure I want to."

"Then make up your mind. We won't have this chance forever, you know. My folks are going to get back from shopping sometime."

"Oh, you know how it is when you can't make up your mind. I haven't done anything like this before, and I guess I'm a little bit scared."

"What do you mean 'you guess'?"

"Well, I'm just afraid someone might see us, and I'll get caught, and then I'll get it good."

"We could go over to that empty house on the next block; nobody'll see us there."

"I can't. I'm not supposed to go over there."

"You aren't supposed to do this, and you aren't supposed to do that. I guess if you weren't supposed to breathe, you'd go around holding your breath all the time."

"Don't be stupid. This is different."

"Well, it'll just be between you and me. Why can't you make up your mind? Come on; let's go."

"Hey, turn me loose! Quit pushing! Just for that I won't go."

"Okay, have it your way. I'll go smoke my old man's weeds by myself."



PHOTO BY STAFFORD

INFINITUDE

Infinity stopped for a moment,
And looked down on finite me.
It saw a bit of dust fly by,
As the flight of the bumblebee.
And I looking on in shocked surprise,
Know I am that dust I see,
For my life is but a moment,
In the day of infinity,
And I but a drop of water,
In a huge, gigantic sea.

alice hendricks



THE DIKE STOOD

They say the dike has fallen.
The angry sea rapped her powerful waves against the walls
Of the ancient bulwark
which had kept the restless waters
From swallowing up the countryside and given them
Their livelihood, they say.
They say the old sea towered up over the dike's walls
Snapping the structures back,
roaring into the lowlands.
They say!
yes they say,
over and over in a frightened panic.
But none stop to notice that
their feet are quite dry.

tom young

COLORS

Colors that glow in the black of night,
Myriads of stars, splendid white light,
Colors of trees, refreshed with the morn',
Green of the stalk,
Gold of the corn.

Colors that speak from cathedral windows,
Filling the soul with eternal crescendos.
Colors of buildings, locked in night's hold,
Gray of the stone,
Blue of the cold.

Colors that call to the patriot's heart,
Bidding each man to 'Come do thy part.'
Colors of banners unfurled in the breeze,
Wave over land,
Watch over seas.

Colors that tear one man from another,
Hideous bridges 'twixt man and his brother.
Colors of peoples, cast from Above,
Hate reeks in the heart,
Yea, I crave for love.

tom young

Unca' Bill

*Aged But Agile,
He Has Witnessed
Clemson's Growth
From An Idea To
An Ideology.*

By Jim Moore

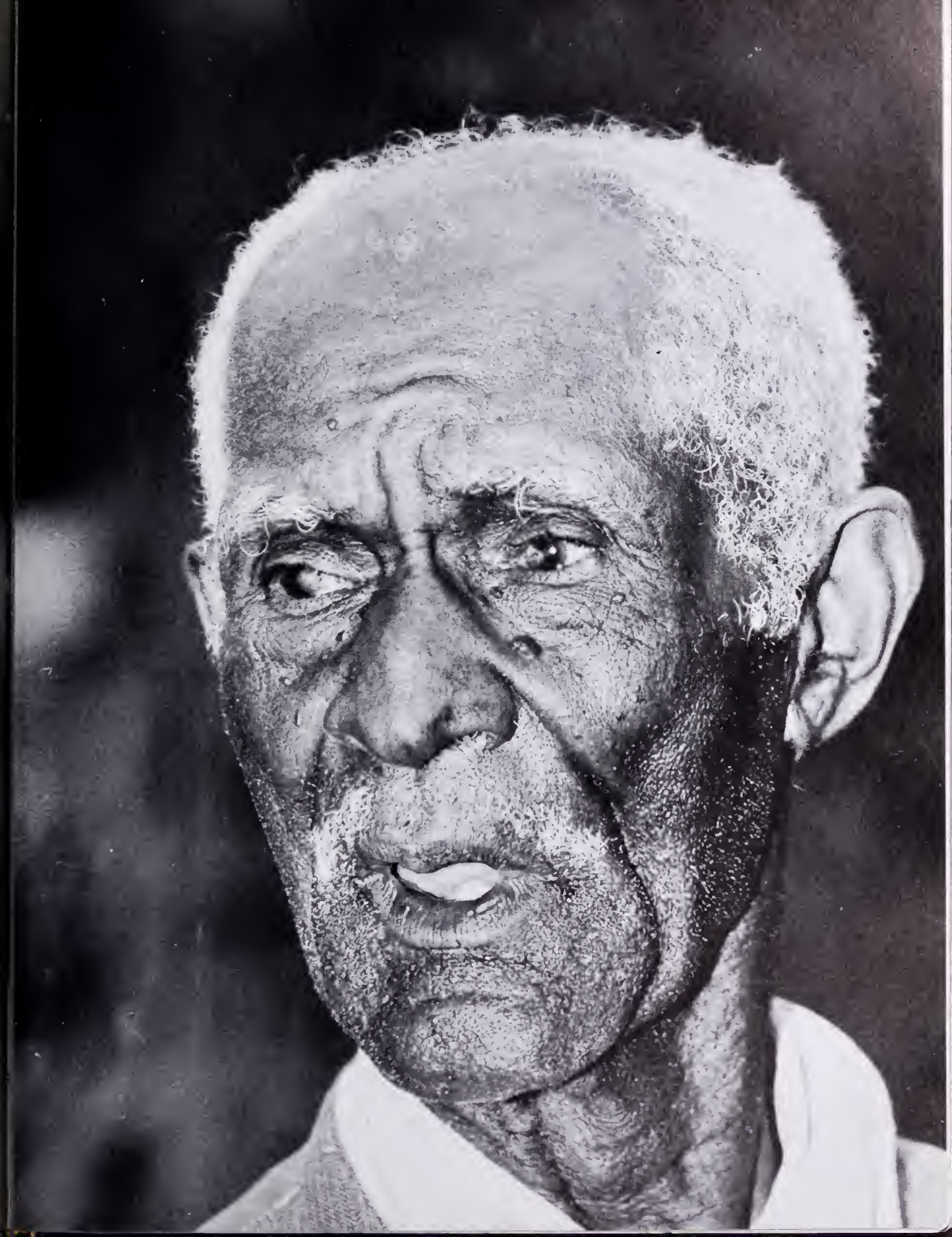
Photographed By Jerry Stafford
and Geoff Groat

Unca' Bill" to generations of Clemson men, Bill Greenlee is still a familiar figure on and about the campus as he makes his "rounds" in his ancient wagon. Although he retired from the college in 1947 following 51 years of service, Bill still occasionally "checks" to see that everything is okay.

It's reasonable that he should; his association goes back farther than most people can fathom. Born in March, 1873, Bill worked on the old Fort Hill Plantation when the idea of a college was just a glimmer in Tom Clemson's eye. "Uncle Bill" recalls that at the age of seven he was first allowed to drive "Mr. Tom's" team, and later became his personal teamster.

After Mr. Clemson's death, during the building of the college, Bill worked for a contractor, Mr. Jim Hall, as a water-boy. In September, 1894, he came to the college as a teamster and continued as such most of his stay at Clemson until he retired as a drayman on June 30, 1947.

In conjunction with his duties as a teamster, "Uncle Bill" recalls that up until about 1925 he annually hitched up his pair of matched white horses to the college surrey and drove the Trustees around the campus on their annual inspection visit. *(Please turn the page)*





Reminiscing of his matched whites, Bill noted that they were both killed in 1925 while he was plowing with them in the college fields across from where the armory is located on the four lane. It was about 4:30 in the afternoon, Bill said, and a storm was building up that afternoon; suddenly a flash of lightning slanted earthward, hit his plowshaft, killed both horses, and bounced over his head to arc back to earth twenty or thirty yards away and killed the young colored waterboy. Bill, suffering from shock, was laid up for two weeks, following that episode.

There was one other time "Uncle Bill" was in the hospital. That was in 1920. He was in Pendleton one day when a team of horses decided to make like the western movies and hightail it out of town with the wagon they were hitched to. Bill raced out into the street and met the horses head on, grabbing the harness in an attempt to curb them. He succeeded, but not before both his legs had been broken. Needless to say, Bill was slowed down for a while. Even today there is a slight "hitch in his gitalong" which he credits to this exploit.

"Uncle Bill" was born with a love for animals and is noted for his way with them, especially horses, but he recalls with greatest pride an incident that happened way back during World War I.

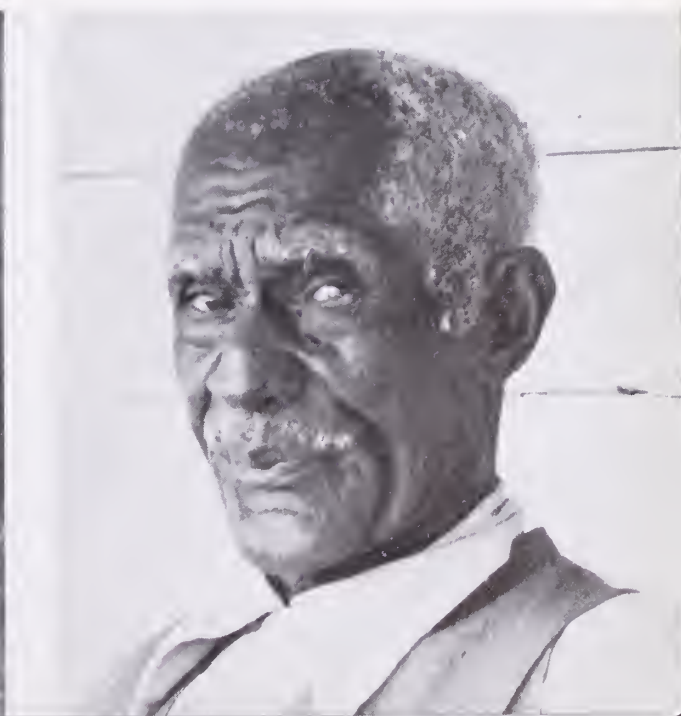
It was during that part of the year when the Seneca River chose to flood the bottoms beyond what is

now "Death Valley," when it was learned that some fifty-five head of cattle were marooned on a rise in the flooded area and being the dumb beasts they are, were in danger of drowning. Bill was sent for, and taking a companion, both mounted on horseback, swam the horses out to the rise and "cut" out the bull, forced him into the water and saw that the rest of the herd followed. Flanking the bull, Bill and his companion led the herd to shore with a loss of but three cows.

For his performance, he was rewarded an extra dollar a month for his pension and Dr. Riggs, then Clemson president, wrote him a draft for twenty-five dollars.

Bill chuckled with amusement, reflecting on the snarl he created in the accounting department, no doubt, as he related, "I didn't get that check cashed until 'way after Dr. Poole came as president."

(Please turn the page)



Asked of the little white dog who so many associate with him, "Uncle Bill" said that nineteen year old Bobbie's age finally caught up with him last May after seventeen years of following him on his rounds of the town and campus. "Bobbie was a good little dog, and I miss him; I don't think I'll get another dog," said "Uncle Bill."

Switching to a more cheerful subject, "Uncle Bill" said he had a fine horse, so we accompanied him out to see Pat. While showing Pat's "points," "Uncle Bill" glanced skyward and observed that it looked "mighty nearly like snow." It did not snow, but shortly after his observation, a light drizzle commenced.

We left, leaving the proud old patriarch sitting beside a pine-knot fire, dreaming of days gone by, of building Clemson and watching it grow.



The Good Humor Man

Here sits unemployed
Instructor McPhaar
He gave an F
To a football Star.



A town girl was on her first date with a Clemson student. They were driving along a lonely country road when his small car stalled.

"Get out!" said the student.

"What are you going to do?" asked the girl.

"The carburetor is flooded," he replied, "So I'm going to put the car over my shoulder and burp it."



A Southern minister was inquiring about Mrs. Brown's late husband's life.

"Tell me," asked the minister, "It is true that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan?"

"Yes, that was him," she said, smiling slightly, "a devil under the sheet."



People who live in glass houses might as well; everybody knows they do.



Ann: "But I'm only thirteen!"

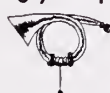
Bill: "This is no time for superstitions."



Dr. Carodemos: "You students there in the back of the room! Please stop passing those notes back and forth."

Student: "These are cards, not notes, sir. We're playing bridge."

Dr. Carodemos: "Oh, I beg your pardon."



Clemson student: "If it's heads we go to bed. If it's tails we go to Dan's, and if it stands on edge, we study."

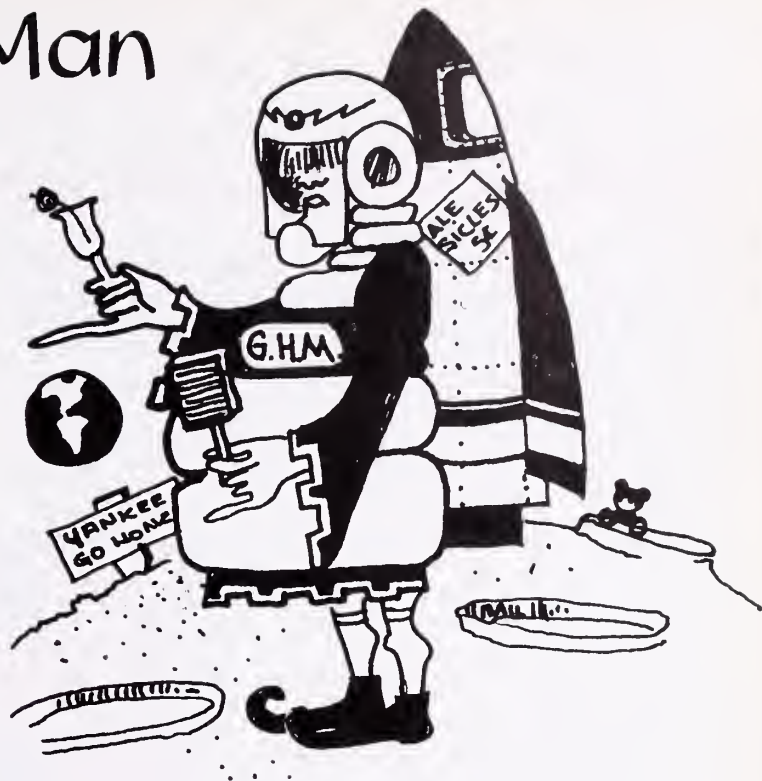


A student, after waiting in the infirmary for over an hour and a half, decided to go back to his room and die a natural death.

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his feet.



Sign in laundry building: "WE DON'T MANGLE YOUR CLOTHES WITH MACHINERY — WE DO IT EXPERTLY BY HAND."



Two men were sitting in a bar. "Albert," asked one, "after you drink a lot does your tongue burn?"

"I don't know Sam," replied the other. "I've never been drunk enough to light it."



A lady was telling her husband that she had put her first-aid lessons to good use that afternoon. "I was crossing Main Street," she said excitedly, "when I heard a terrific crash. There was a man lying in the middle of the street, knocked from his car. He had a compound fracture of the leg, a broken skull and was bleeding heavily. Quick as a flash all my first-aid training came back to me. I sat down on the curb and put my head between my knees to keep from fainting!"



Joan: "When I was a girl two men fought with guns to see which one would get me."

Jane: "What happened?"

Joan: "One got me in the leg and the other got me in the shoulder."

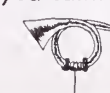


A popular young bachelor decided to reform.

The first day he cut out smoking. The second day he cut out drinking. The third day he cut out women. The fourth day he cut out paper dolls.



Two drunks accidentally wandered into a girl's dorm one night trying to get home. One panicked and ran out the door. The other stayed calm and collected.



SHORT STORY DIVISION WINNER OF THE CALHOUN LITERARY

The boy stumbled from the impatient taxi and paid his fare from the breast pocket of his olive drab jacket. It was the kind of jacket one inherits from a relative in the service, with U.S. NAVY stenciled on the back. He usually duck hunted in it. The boy went to sea in his.

It was as if the polar ice had melted, and allowed the sea to follow his path wherever he traveled, so much a part of it he looked. His face was dark brown, and his blond hair was bleached white by days of blue-reflected sun. His frame was large and stocky; his features strong. But you could tell he was still a boy. He carried himself as a boy does, unsure, haltingly. Objects in his past still haunted him; he leaned on the memories of them. He knew they would be there to comfort him if the loneliness grew unbearable. And that is why he came home.

The old familiar yard embraced him as he stood shivering in the raw December wind. It was her yard, not his own. And he had not come home for Christmas; he had come back to her. He trudged across the lawn that still needed mowing, and stopped by the ancient live oak they had climbed as children. The tree seemed to be inviting him into its warm moss and enfolding branches. Suddenly he forgot about the sea, his life, with its wild, raging, froth and fury — its gentle becoming voice of adventure. Now he was a child again, playing in that old tree. He reached out to the tree, touched its warm, ghosted limb, and thought, "This is where I left my happiness."

At his knock she was there. Where else could she be? She was just as he remembered, a wonderful, delicate face fondled by hair so black it seemed to

exclude any light from a foreign source but created from within its own dazzling radiance. Her lower lip was trembling.

"Im back," he awkwardly stammered.

"Yes," she managed.

"You sure are thin."

"I know. You've gained a little."

Then she was in his arms, a very tiny bundle of warmth, and he held her for a long while as she wept softly against his shoulder. They did not talk. He tried

to remember all the horrible times he had wanted her, yearned for her, as a small sacrifice he felt so necessary to the almost unendurable pleasure that pulsed through his veins. He remembered the time she sent him a small pressed flower in the folds of a letter. "I found it in a library book," she explained. "It was so beautiful, even so old and dried up. I thought you might enjoy it." When he had read that he rushed out of his cabin and up onto the deck so the gnarled old seaman, who was his roommate, would not see his childish struggle to overcome the onrush of tears. He walked back to the

fantail and stared at the stars that were her eyes and longed for her. He felt so far away, so miserable.

The girl was thinking too. She recalled the bitter nights she had spent that seemed to hold infinite misery and unfulfilled love; the times she sat in front of the window while the whistling storms grabbed the little house and shook it, and slapped pale frightened scud from the wavetops. She would wonder with a great fear how man could survive in the bowels of such a tyrannical monster as this, and she would pray for her

ONLY A BRIEF RESPITE



boy whom the monster had swallowed. While the girl loathed the sea as only a love rival can, she was compelled to feel a strange kinship to the only other woman who had ever shared the boy. She would find herself confiding in her rival to bring comfort in her times of anguished loneliness. She sought solace in the waves that she likened to herself—the exhausted, spent waves that were hurled against the unyielding sands only to be dragged back to begin the effort anew, devoid of all hope but ordered by an unseen power to go through the motions of purposeful existence forever.

But now they were together in her little house in the village by the side of the sea, and all the loneliness and fear were gone, and only love remained. Each day was a repetition of the past, an escape to the past to forget their uncertain future. And they made plans, dreamers plans. The boy would buy a boat, and make his living as generations of young men of the village had done and still did, trawling for the gray transparent shrimp. He would divide his life into two parts, so that the girl could have one half, and the sea the other half. He would rise in the middle of the night, and leave with his boat. She would be there in the

evening to see his return—the majestic trawler rolling ponderously in the ground swells, the trail boards swinging lifelessly from the boom like a dead man on the gallows, the colorful glistening red, yellow, and white depth ribbons woven into the net, catching the last rays of the dying sun, glinting of salt and once felt, now dying heat on the tepid sea. He would come in salt-sticky and tired, and she would kiss him on his neck, and have his children, and neither of them would ever again be lonely.

But even as they planned, he felt the fever that was in his brain, the black, malignant itching wanderlust that drove him over the sea in search of that which he did not know and would never know. He realized the plans were in vain, but he hadn't the heart to tell her. He hoped, he prayed that maybe a great surgeon would come with a rusty knife and cut this thing, this crazed yearning, from his heart and brain and every pore of his skin and throw it on the ground so he could see it there lifeless, limp, robbed of its sting; then he could be free to love the girl and be with her and cherish her forever. And so he waited and hoped.

The dawn found them on *(Turn page, please)*



the beach, gulping snatches of the golden horizon for breakfast, digging their feet into the warm sand, and watching the sensuous undulations of the sea oats, helpless in the overpowering lust of the high tide breeze. They netted crabs as they did when they were children, from the condemned dock on the creek in front of the girl's house. They would lie on their stomachs, looking over the edge of the weather-grey boards, and haul in, hand over hand, the dirty line at whose end was a chunk of rotten meat and usually a clicking-clawing bluish-grey crab, whose greed caused his downfall. Their talk and laughter shook the rickety structure until they actually feared it would come apart and toss them into the fragrant oozing mud of the creekbed. And in the evening the mourning coo of the dove in the swamp would lure them back to the spitting fireplace, where they would sit for hours as the boy related the awesome and wonderful sights he had experienced; the squalor of Hong Kong, the sensuous frolicking beauty of Paris, the certain way the dawn sun cascades from the statue of Christ and leaps to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain in the harbor of Rio. They sailed her old skiff, draping the boom with festive yellow seaweed, to the pine strewn islands of the sound.

A Coast Guard helicopter once hovered above them like a guardian angel, caressing them with gentle wing beats as they waved to a little man in an orange suit who looked like God. One night they saw the ancient sea turtle as she lumbered back down to the water after leaving her eggs in the sand. Her craggy face and doleful, unblinking eyes had such an eternal, hypnotic gaze about them that they made the boy and girl feel so very insignificant, like two of the atoms of sand that tides commanded and threw about. It scared them so that they clung to each other for a long time

on the moonswept dunes before they could feel tangible, part of the world again — even their world.

Then the boy's ship was leaving the next day. They walked on the beach that afternoon, away from her little house. They walked apart, each thinking his own thoughts, the other knowing exactly what these thoughts were. The fear and the love the boy and girl felt that day were mingling into a chaos of desires, a bursting orb of helpless gestures and words that were never enacted or spoken. As they returned, there was but one set of footprints leading away from the house because the tide had risen and washed hers away. The girl saw this, and with pleading eyes she looked at the boy, inwardly crying, "Tell me it isn't going to be that way!" But she was greeted by the clouded, uncertain eyes of the boy; the fever was still there in his body, filing every vein and pore; the surgeon had not come. This thing inside him was waking, yawning, and stretching, rising to meet the new day of adventure on the wind.

He said goodbye to her the next morning in the little sun-filled living room, and turned to go. Her words caught him as he fled out the door.

"Will you be back?"

"No."

"But I love you."

"I know you do. I'm sorry."

He escaped the house, and the girl beat her tiny fists against the wall by the door, and her tears washed her hope away. But then she heard the pound of the surf grow louder and stronger, and in the crescendo of sound, its rhythm beat with the rhythm of her heart, and the two pulsed as one. Suddenly she understood.

And the man returned to his ship.



"Rise." The thin line of back country militia rose to a standing position. "Fire." The rifles of the first ranks bellowed. The riflemen dropped to a kneeling position. "Fire." Matt was blinded for a moment by the screen of smoke thrown out by the black powder. His ears were numbed by the report. "Retire." The line began to back toward the second line. Then they turned and withdrew more hastily, but still in good order. They reached the second line which rose to meet them. They turned and began to reload.

The British ranks halted. A withering volley rang out and several of the militiamen fell. The man ahead of Matt was hit in the face and the force of the impact threw him back against Matt. Matt felt something hot and sticky on his face. He reached up to wipe it off. When he drew back his hand, he realized that his face was covered with blood. Fortunately, he had no time to think about it.

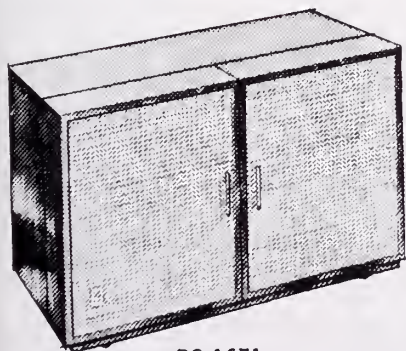
The discharge of the first rank's rifles brought Matt to his senses. "Fire." Again there was the blinding smoke and deafening roar. As the smoke cleared, they

could see the British ranks broken and disorderly. A young lieutenant was running here and there trying to get them to reform and continue. At last, several other officers joined the lieutenant and managed to bring some order to their forces. "Retire." The Carolinians turned and began to withdraw up the hill. Suddenly a few of them began to run. Soon the whole force was running headlong up the hill. The British gave a triumphant cheer and began to pursue them.

For Matt, the rest of the battle was a confusion of running, stumbling, running again, swinging rifle butts, bayonets, and shouting. Finally he found himself alone on the field. He managed to make his way through the dead to the top of the hill. There he realized that he was bleeding from a dozen cuts.

The next morning, they reformed for the march back to Ninety Six. For Matt it was a nightmare of exhaustion and pain. Eventually he collapsed. When he awoke, he found himself in a bed with someone bending over him.

"Annette," he whispered. He felt a soft hand grip his.



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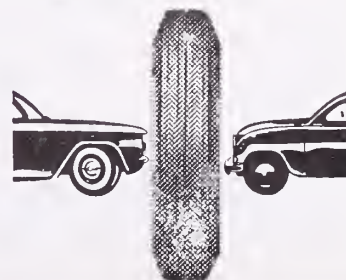
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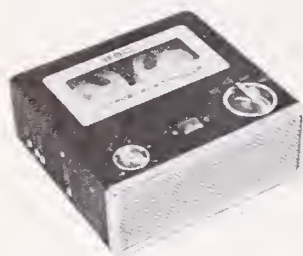
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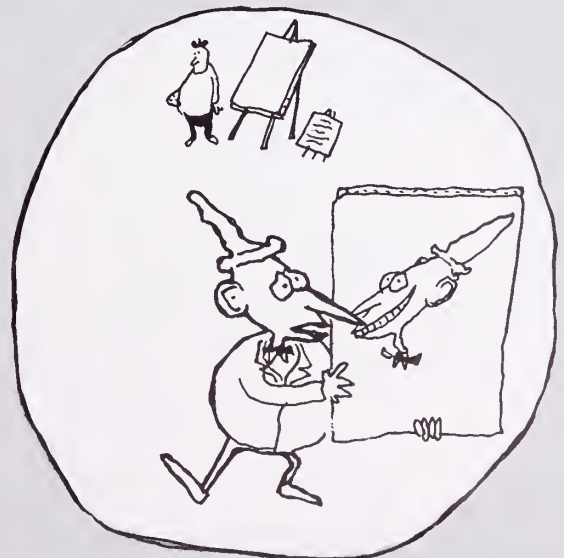
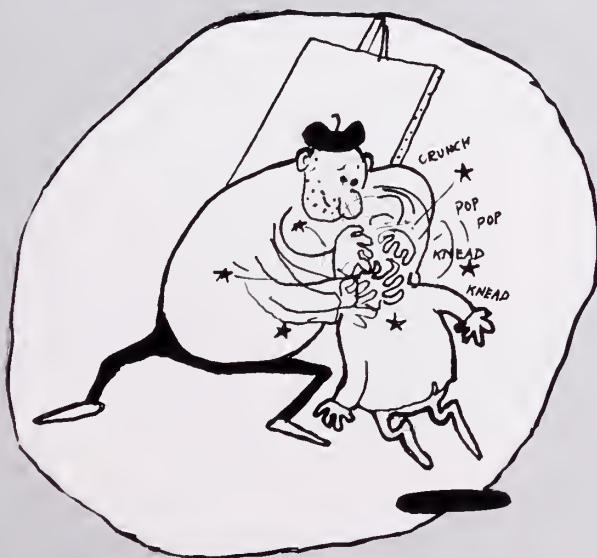
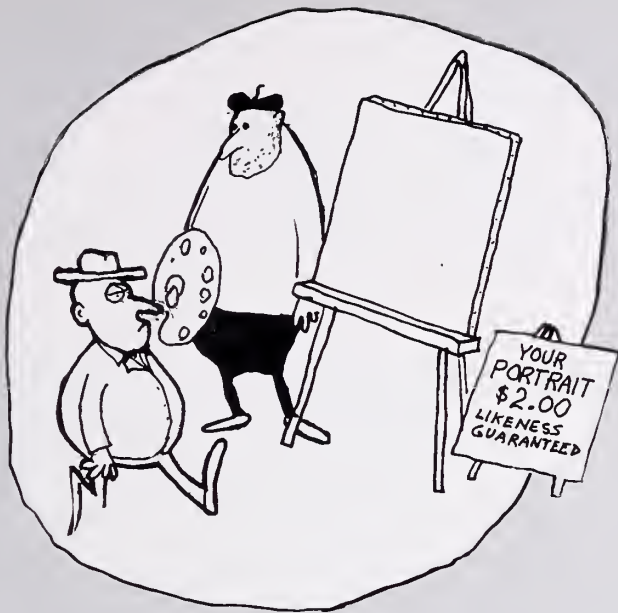
Clemson's Favorite

Beverage

under appointment of
Pepsi-Cola Co., N. Y.

Romeo, Romeo . . . wherefore art thou
Romeo . . . ?





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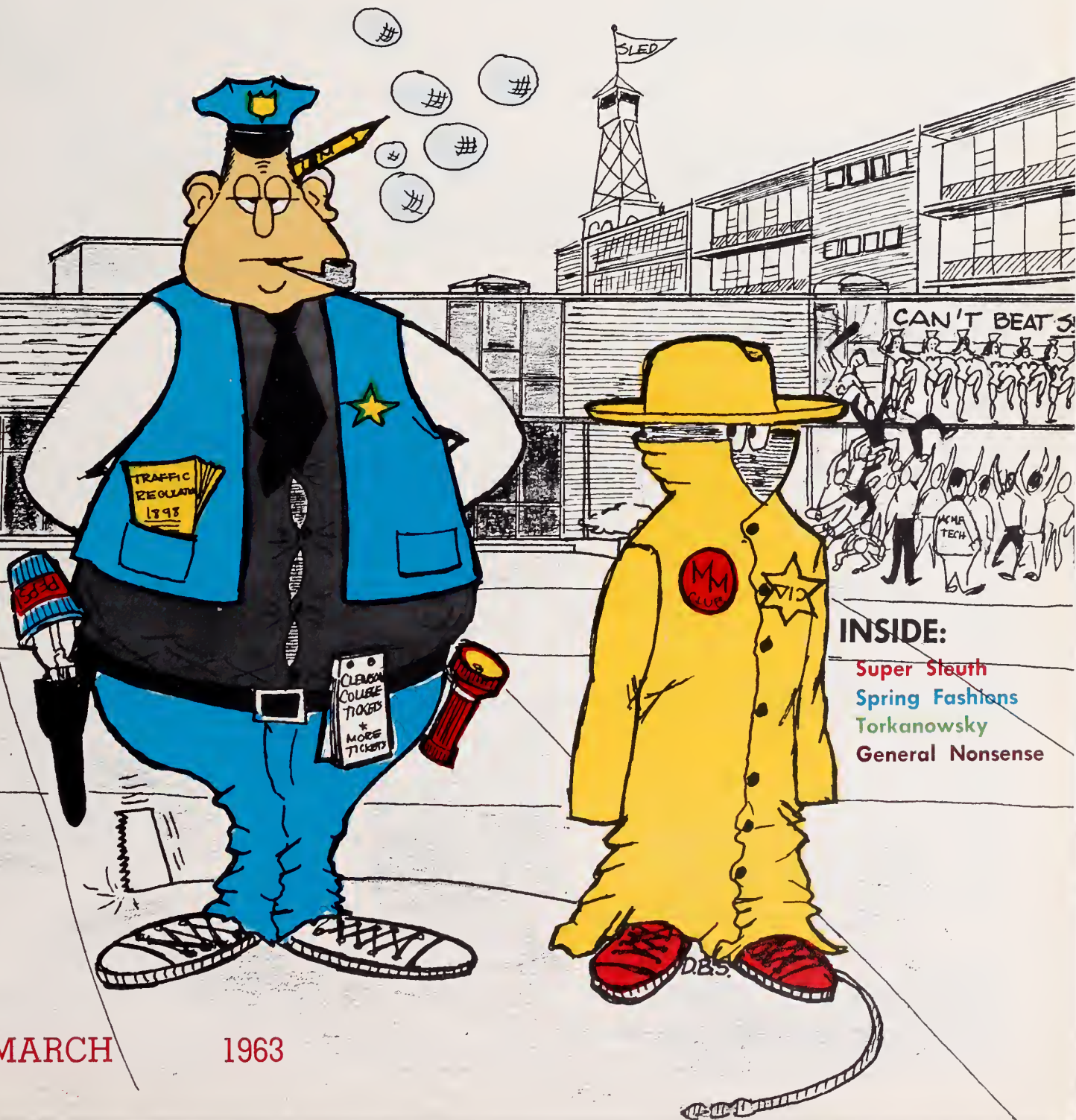
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The Chronicle

OF CLEMSON COLLEGE



INSIDE:

Super Sleuth
Spring Fashions
Torkanowsky
General Nonsense

MARCH

1963

DELICIOUS

FOOD AND DRINK

COUPLED
WITH AN

ATMOSPHERE

CONDUCTIVE
TO

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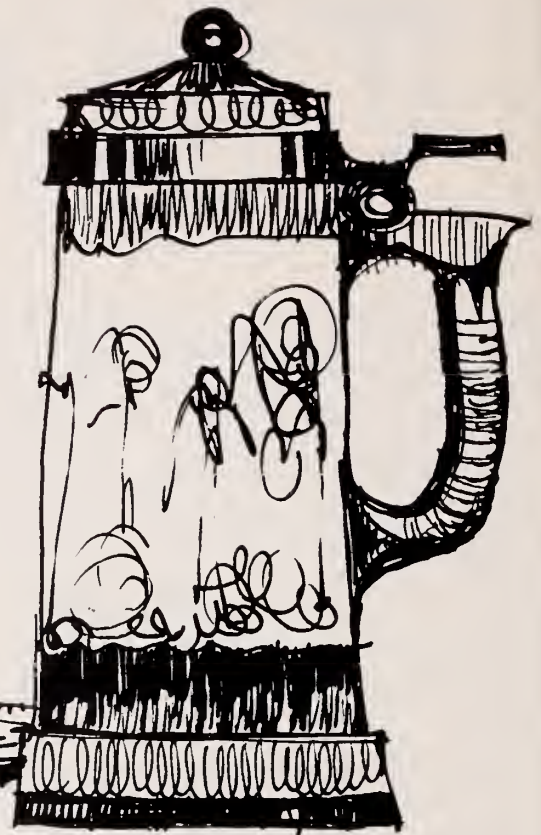
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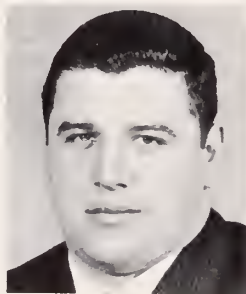


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After hours upon hours of blood sweat and tears intermingled with a continuous battle to keep warm within the confines of the Chronicle Castle, we have at last emerged into the spring air with at least one more issue.

From something less than 475 "Letters To The Editor" following our last issue, we have come up with the product YOU asked for.

You demanded more humor and satire, so here it is. Leading off our fun-filled fantasia is a tribute to those devoted champions of justice dedicated to the security and proper parking of this great semi-city of South Carolina. It is to these fearless keepers of law and order that we dedicate our new comic strip, "SUPER SLEUTH," created and crayoned by Durward Stinson.

Then there were the crackpots who complained that we had a great deficiency of sex in the magazine. For a cure for this sex deficiency anemia, which seems to be reaching epidemic stage, we went to our closest source for quick relief — our coeds. For a quick acting relief we administered pretty, perky Mishelle Barnett as Gentlemen's Choice, followed by an adequate dose of other coeds in our feature and advertising material. The coeds are a swell bunch of gals and we salute them for the fine job they are doing, and especially for just being here.

We would like to say to the reader who suggested that we copy PLAYBOY © that we were going to do just that but couldn't buy one to copy.

An apology is in order, I believe, to those readers who have been looking so anxiously for our special full color eight page fold-out section on PORNOGRAPHY. We had to postpone it at the last minute because our pornograph broke down.

And finally, there was the suggestion that one reader offered — for the CHRONICLE to go and — oh well, we'd better leave that suggestion out.

Beginning with our renovated CHRONICLE, we of the staff are proud to announce that approximately 1103 years of publishing experience have gone into this magazine.*

Keep the letters and money coming and don't forget to dig up those dusty old manuscripts and send in for the CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY'S annual poetry and short story contest. You just might get published, become famous, win a Pulitzer Prize and even get on the CHRONICLE staff; all in that order.

J. LEO
King of the Hill

* The total of the combined ages of everyone on the staff.



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with
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Clemson Seneca



A sweet old lady, always eager to help the needy, spied a particularly sad old man standing on a street corner. She walked over to him, pressed a dollar into his hand, and said, "Chin up."

The next day, on the same street, the sad old man shuffled up to the old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand. "Nice picken'," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."

The difference between amnesia and milk of magnesia is that the guy with amnesia can't remember where he is going.

Two men were working on the White House lawn, picking up papers with a long spear. One saw a piece of toilet paper and started to spear it, when a sudden gust of wind blew the paper into the White House through an open window.

The man became frantic and rushed into the building. He returned shortly and said: "I was too late; he had already signed it."

Said one strawberry to another: "If we had stayed out of that bed we wouldn't be in this jam."

Statement: "I just decided to go ahead and get my service obligation over with."

Meaning: "I pulled a 0.2 last semester and they drafted me."

Latest in drinks: Vodka and Milk of Magnesia. It's called a Phillips Screwdriver.

Once there were three bears. One married a giraffe. The other two put him up to it.

The Calhoun Literary Society

Announces

The

1963

SHORT STORY & POETRY CONTEST

Deadline: May 1

Mail entries to:
SS&P Contest
c.o. Calhoun Literary Society
Box 2186

The winning story
and poem will be
printed in the first
issue of the CHRONICLE
during the 1963-64
school year

"Madam," said the kennel owner to the uppity sports-woman, "I offer you this thoroughbred blood-hound."

"How do I know if it's a blood-hound," she asked doubtfully.

"Hector," the owner said to the dog, "bleed for the lady."

Breathe on this spot. If it turns brown, brush your teeth.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the king's horses and all the king's men —

Had egg nog.

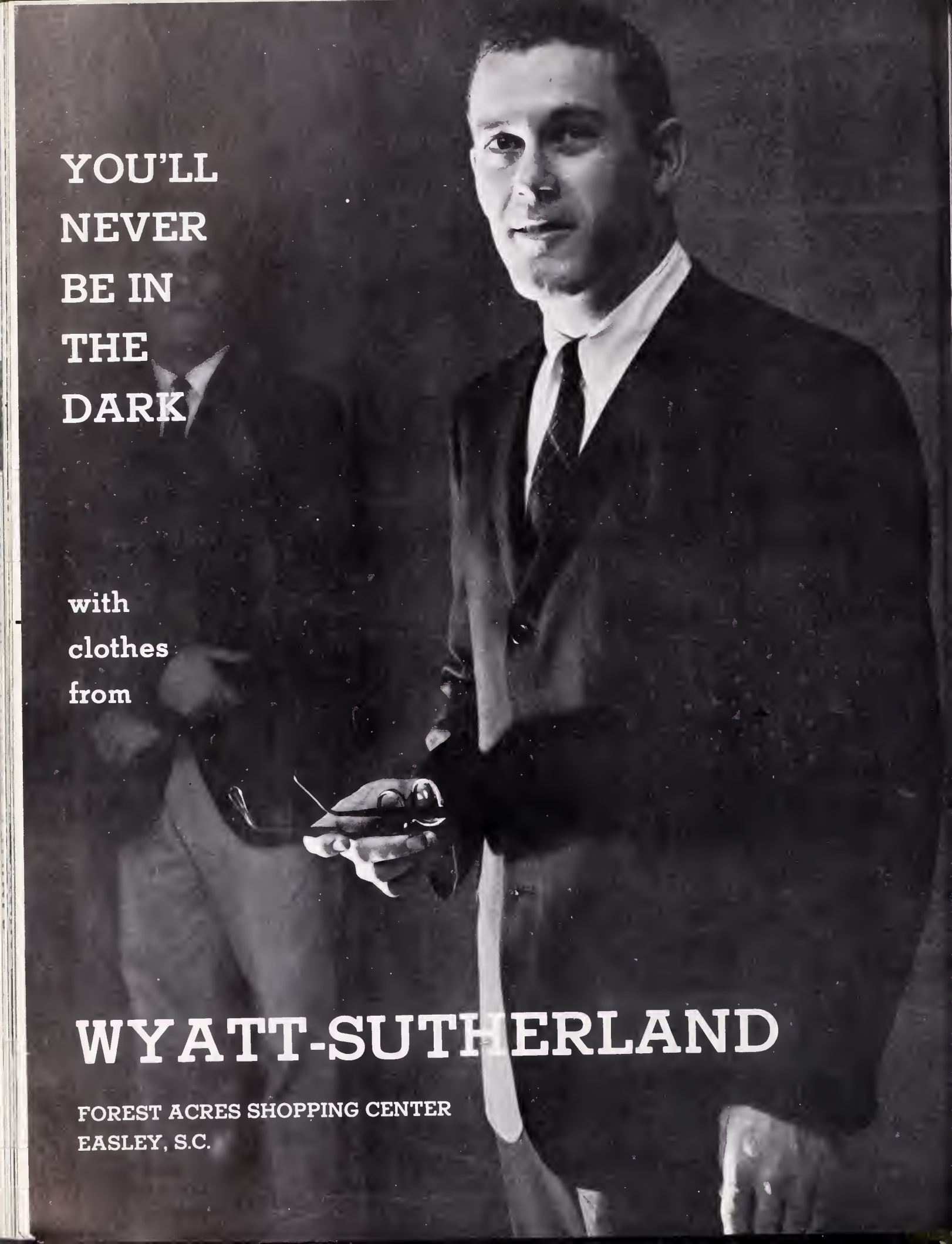


UM... ER... UM... IS MIKE IN?

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The Chronicle

MARCH 1963

VOL. III NO. 3

PUBLISHED BY THE CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY—ORGANIZED 1897

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Mickey Brawn, Larry Callins, Peter J. Davenport, David Garrison, Harlan Hadley, Dove Henry, James Kartan, John Ookley, Larry Payne, Bill Simkins, Durward Stinson, Lydia Threatt, Richard Williams, Earl Battan, Mishelle Barnett, Jay Culver, John Farmer, Brenda King, Marshall Street, Frank Winesett, Keith Bryan, Richard Cammer, Fred Busch

MARK STEADMAN

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OUR COVER The CHRONICLE'S new cartoon creation, SUPER SLEUTH, meets the Pro-Sex League in an exciting episode beginning on page 31. The brainchild of artist Durward Stinson, Super is our fearless champion of justice.

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No Future Man Leaving No Future World

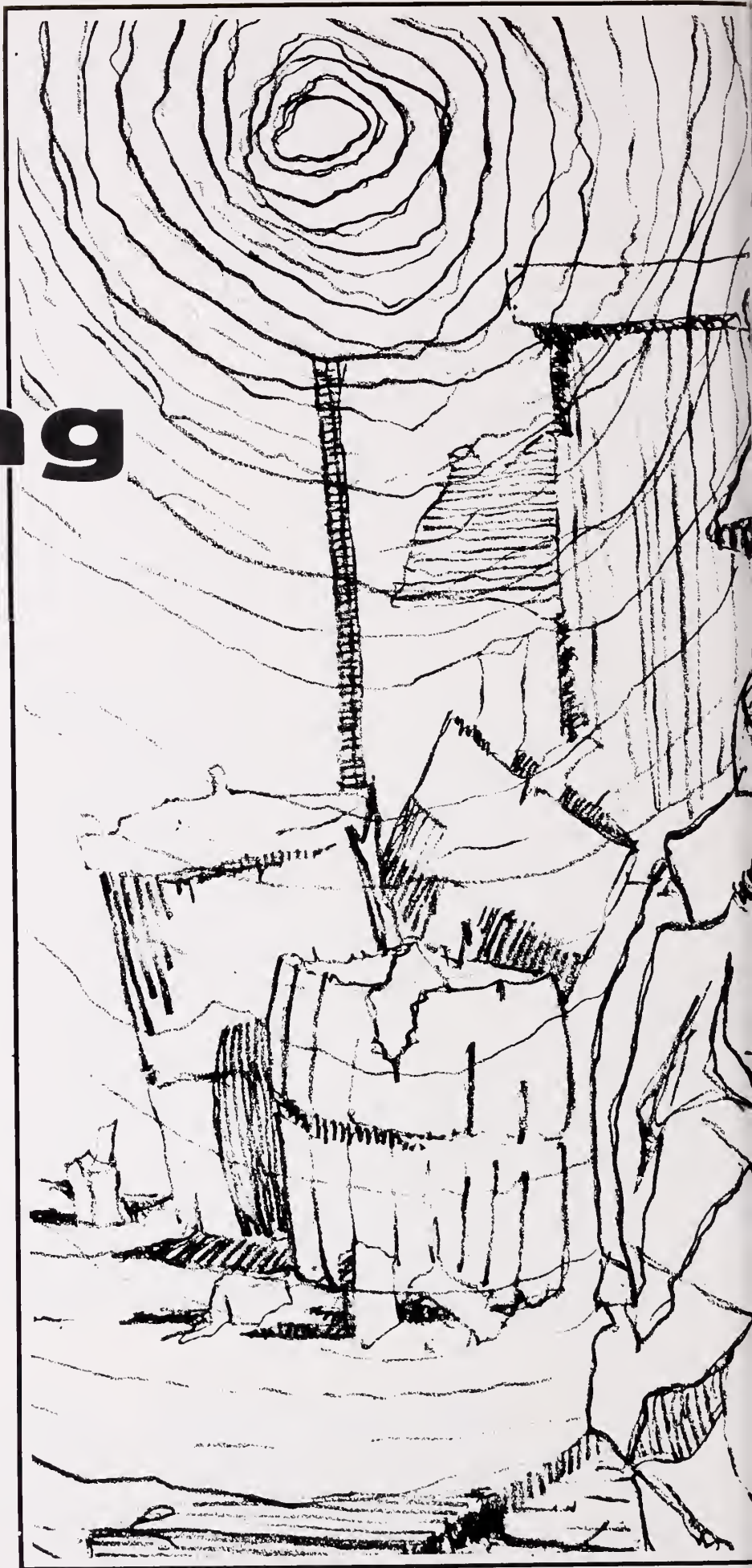
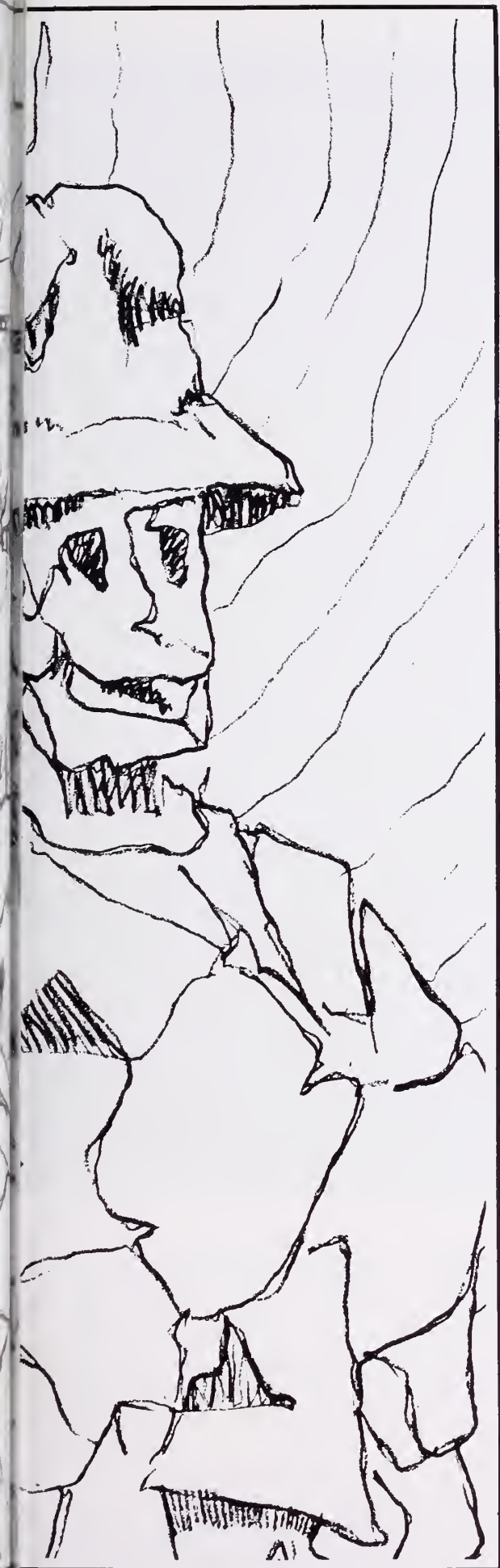


Illustration by Jim Kortan



by Bill Meggs

It was raining and I was walking. Neon signs blinked and glowed with a misty aura, and street light after street light came into view only to fade behind me. It could have been a happy night. The colors bounced up from the slick cement and danced on the graceful flow through the gully; and all was a dream world of water and color and steady music. But it was not a happy night, for no one was there but me, and I was sad.

No form lent itself to my thoughts. I walked and walked, knowing not where I went. A taxi sped by, lifting a sheet of dazzling water on both sides. Not wanting to wait for a red light, I turned down a side street. There were many trash cans, and it was dark. A hunched-over old lady, wet and freezing, flowed by. She seemed to float along, showing no apparent movement to one who could not see beneath her apron-covered skirt. I started crying to myself, wondering if I could bear it. All of my work in vain. Three months and I would be a surgeon. Three months and I would wed Margarita, I loved her, I love her, I'll love her. But three months would not come for me.

The rain had ceased, leaving only the heavy mist and slick pavement. My shoes were wet. My hair was wet. I pulled the collar of my raincoat together and looked up. Lights left their mark on the low-hanging clouds. I shivered. I tried to tell the tears from the raindrops. I walked on.

No one was there to care. I could have healed. People like me I could mend, make well. Life I could extend, delaying death. But no one could help me.

I had much love to give, a lifetime of love. Is life always like this? A build-up to that which is good, a road which reaches within an inch. Has anyone ever had good? Or is good that which cannot be attained?

I came back into the lights, and it started raining again. Reason left me, and I grasped a parking meter with all my strength and shook it violently. I shivered and sobbed and sobbed and shivered and wanted to live. / turn to page 37



SPRING FASHION FORECAST

By John Fowler
Photography by David Garrison



Getting all ready for that weekend in Winthrop, our casual collegian packs his attache case (\$27.95) with Wembley neckties, both madras (\$2.00) and regular (\$1.50). English Leather Lotion and soap are necessary items. Those sporty Esquire socks (\$1.50) set off his Arrow Shirt (\$5.95). Cinch-belt by Tex-Tan holds the situation together. Reading material: for her, THE CHRONICLE (\$2.00 a year); for him, PLAY-BOY (\$6.00 per annum).

In the interest of leading Clemson students down the path to better fashions, to help him distinguish the elegant from the pedestrian, the urbane from the gaudy, THE CHRONICLE presents its Spring Fashion Guide.

The saying goes that clothes make the man; they sometimes help to make the woman too. To help the bewildered initiate wander through the profusion of patterns, cuts, styles, and colors, the following spring and summer trends have been carefully analyzed and compiled by our professional staff of fashion experts.

Suits and sport coats will have natural shoulders again this summer. The colors will tend to be lighter, and this marks a welcome change from the dark somber colors that have been in vogue in previous years. Contour collars will be featured for a closer fit around the neck.

Ties are getting a bit wider this year, and oblique stripes will be in style. Along with belts, ties will, of course come in madras (as will virtually everything else). Saddle-cinch belts will be the thing.

Knit shirts will decline in popularity as purely casual wear, though they will still be seen at the race track and on the fairway. A new innovation in shirts will be the snap-down collar instead of the button-down version. The snap merely replaces the button.

The "Gant" loop and the box-pleat back will be familiar sights this summer on almost all brands of shirts. Colors will tend towards red, olive and charcoal.

Swim suits and bathing wear will remain mostly unchanged; however, madras bermuda and walking shorts will feature matching (madras) shirts.

Some exciting things will be done in women's wear this spring, but no forecast will be offered.

Wearing apparel for this article was furnished by Wyatt-Sutherland, Forest Acre Shopping Center, in Easley, S. C.



Left: Caught in a state of emotional strain by our candid camera, Ben Hogan, Jr. exerts a firm grasp upon his Finkelstein (patent pending) golf-shaft (\$0.93). His knit shirt is by McGregor (\$5.00), bermuda shorts also McGregor (\$6.95). Golf ball has liquid filled center (swamp-root grain alcohol, \$5.95 per liter), to supply that bounce to the ounce on the back nine.

Below: Getting ready to make beautiful music, our casual collegian is caught reflecting on the merits of Johnny Mathis. The collegiette is also reflecting.

Him: Coat and trousers, Palm Beach \$39.95). Tie by Wembley (\$1.50). Shoes by Crosby Square (\$19.95).

Her: Suit by Chestnut Hill Sportswear (\$10.95). Blouse by Lady Van Heusen (\$3.95). Virgin pin, \$1.13, federal excise tax included.



Right: In his all-weather coat by Rainfair, (\$19.95), our lad throws out a protective shield for his luscious lass. His suit is by Botany "500" (\$59.95). Artificial rain is \$0.20 per metric ton.



Below: Caught trying to start a forest fire, our models have arranged swift transportation from the scene in their Alfa-Romeo (approximately \$3,400). His coat is by Botany "500" (\$29.95). Tie by Wembley (\$1.50). Slacks by Botany (\$10.95). Straw and grass guaranteed not to shrink, by Clemson Horticulture Department.



Our man sports a
Botany "500" sports
coat (\$29.95). She
sports.



Engineer (Clemson, '64) synchronizes watches with two CHRONICLE staffers as they happily skip town with next issue's "Gentlemen's Choice" photos. Engineer is attired in elegant, san-forized Fly Overalls (\$6.95). Suits are by Botany "500" (\$59.95). Shirts are Arrow (\$5.95). Train watch guaranteed waterproof Mickey Mouse. Southern Railway, \$59.38 per share.



On ROOMMATES

BY ALAN BRUCE



ILLUSTRATION BY HARLAN HADLEY

Anyone who has had the dubious pleasure of sharing his abode at one time or another, excluding one night engagements, will, I know, be in deepest sympathy with the tale of utter depravity which I am about to relate. It deals with that illusive monstrosity of social communism in our institutions of higher education, the roommate.

You really don't know someone until you face them in the morning, walk around them in the day, and fall over them at night. The most mild mannered and angelic person can become a demon in disguise when confronted continually.

Someone who seems to be in complete accord with your domestic outlooks, changes drastically and with glee turns your home away from home into what might be called a "friendly Spanish torture chamber."

It seems that our dear roommate, whom we shall refer to as the "ole lady," is always under foot, except when he isn't under foot in which case it means that he is out, usually meaning that he isn't in, but it can mean that he is in but out, really "out"; in other words way out, sacked out, or passed out. In any case if he is out but in, then he is in your bunk. No matter if you have the top bunk, he will kill himself getting up there, if for no other reason than being an ass.

If he is out, and not in, it means that he has a lot of studying or reading to do and is just waiting until you get into bed before he makes his grand entrance. He waltzes in with size twelve combat boots, snaps on the lights, clicks on the Marconi, turns on the water, plays chop sticks on the bed, slams the closet door, throws his books on the table, and scrapes his chair across the floor. If you aren't awake by now, he casually asks loud enough to be heard three rooms away — "ole lady, - - - you asleep?"

It also seems that rooms never want to clean up behind themselves, or you for that matter. So since we all hate to thrash through our own / turn to page 40

ARTIFICIAL BUM

"Hey, Buddie got a dime for a poor old man to get a cup of coffee with," I begged.

"All of you drunkards are just alike. Why the hell don't you work, old man? Here, take this buck and go get yourself a half-pint," said the well-dressed young man.

I eagerly accepted the dollar and the man's insults. I had been used to it by now and expected insults from the damn high-minded riff. I had been trying to get enough money to get me something to drink and eat. I had been asking these tight bastards for money all morning and that was the first penny I had gotten. I moved on down the street and stood there waiting for someone to approach.

"Hey, Mack got a dime for a poor old man?"

"Go to hell you drunk," he grunted.

"I'll show you damn fools some of these days. I'll laugh at all of you some day when your stinking hides are burning in hell!" I hate like hell to have to ask these people for money. I didn't like to have to be

dependent on anyone and especially these stuck-up bastards.

Damn, it's getting cold out here. I sure wish I had me a coat or something to keep me warm. I could sure use a drink right now but I can't buy anything decent with a lousy buck. People are getting too damn stingy these days, especially the rotten businessmen. Times just ain't like they use to be. A poor old man can't even earn a living anymore, but one of these days soon I'll show 'em that I'm somebody. I'll show the bastards that an old man can still be useful.

"Hey, Buddie got a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Yea, here's a quarter Pops. Go get yourself a big cup."

I eagerly accepted the shiny quarter and stuck it in my tattered pocket. It sure is cold out here. I wish I had me a coat or some place to go and sleep. That mission down on the corner gives me the creeps. They act like God Almighty whenever I go in there for some food or just to get warm. Boy, I sure wish I could get me a half-pint and just

get stoned and forget about my old body and its cold weary bones. I need a drink bad. Damn, it's cold out here and so lonesome. If I just had somewhere to go where I was wanted and needed, it would make me happy.

"Hey, Friend got a dime for an old weary man?"

"Look, Bum I got my own family to keep up. I can't worry about you useless men."

Yes sir, all these young bastards are the same. Back in my younger days I would have had pity on an old man who didn't have anything except his old broken life, his damn useless life. But one of these days I'll show 'em.

"Hey, Friend got a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Yea, here's a half. Now get lost." The man dropped the half-dollar on the pavement and he laughed at me bending over to pick it up.

"You lousy bastard," I yelled as he kept laughing at me. I sure wish I could get me a job somewhere but who would hire an old man like me. I can't even stand the cold

by Larry Joe Payne

lonesome air anymore. I just wish I had somewhere to go that I would be wanted. I'm just another old man that has lived his life and is now useless to society. I bet that if I even died it would make someone unhappy. Hell, the people at City Hall would bitch about having to bury me. Damn, I'm cold.

I think I'll go mosey down to the bar and get me a drink and something to eat. I had rather go home if I had a home to go to. I sure wish I had a family or someone that cared about whether I came home or not. But who wants a worn out old man hanging around getting in the way all the time? I just wish I could do something useful for someone or just make someone happy. If I could just forget about being cold it would help. I'm going to have to buy me a coat sometime when I can save enough money. I would ask them people down at the mission for a coat but they would probably think they had the right to tell me when and where to wear it. I can't stand for anyone to tell me what to do. / *please turn the page*



ARTIFICIAL BUM

I'm not too old to think for myself.

I began walking down the street to the bar and I saw a little tyke just standing in front of a sports shop staring in the window. I thought about the little boy and wondered if he had a nice warm home to go to. I bet that he has someone to worry about him when he doesn't come home on time. I stopped and looked at the small figure standing there. He had the warmest little coat on that I had ever seen. I began to walk on down the street when I thought I heard the kid crying. I stopped and listened to make sure my old ears were not playing tricks on me, but I had been right. The kid was crying and I couldn't understand what he had to be unhappy about. He had a home and nice warm coat to keep him warm and I bet he wasn't hungry or thirsty like I was.

I walked up to the little figure and he just kept standing there gazing at a football that was in the window of the store. I asked the kid what he was crying about and he just stood there and didn't even turn around. What the hell? Even a kid didn't want to have anything to do with an old fool like me. I asked the kid what was the matter with him and he finally turned around to look at me. He had the saddest face I had ever seen on a kid. He looked as though he had just been told there wasn't a Santa Claus and he wouldn't get anything for Christmas.

The kid finally told me that he only had a dollar and he wanted the football that was in the window. It cost \$2.75. Hell, I thought the kid had troubles until he told me that. But that's just like a damn person to put a football in a window where a kid can see it and not have enough money to buy it with. The damn people didn't care if a kid cried his heart out over it. They were only concerned about making a buck so they could stuff their big fat stomachs.

I tried to get the kid to buy a baseball or a puzzle but he said that it was too cold to play baseball and he didn't like puzzles. He said he liked to play football, and he had four brothers who also liked to play football and they didn't have a football. I asked him why didn't he and his brothers play with someone else who had a football. He told me that the boys who lived in his block were bigger than he and his brothers, and they wouldn't let them play with 'em. I felt sorry for the kid because I knew exactly how he felt. There were always some stingy bastards in every crowd.

I was getting pretty cold and thirsty and the kid would probably stand in this spot until the manager came out and ran him off or charged him to look at the football. Hell, I couldn't help the kid. He had probably gone without something in his life before and it wouldn't hurt him to do without a lousy football. They didn't anyone ever buy me anything when I was a kid. Hell, I had to put up with a bunch of little fat sonofa-

bitches who were always hogging everything to themselves so this kid would just have to learn the hard way.

That's the trouble with the kids now anyhow. They think they always have to have their way. Hell, my kids ain't worrying about their old man out here in this damn cold. In fact I don't even know where my kids are, and I don't think they know where I am. I hated this kid for not having the money to buy what he wanted and putting his damn sob story off on me. But I guess I knew deep down that the kid would be somebody if he and his brothers had that football to play with. They wouldn't have to depend on those tight little snobs and could tell them to go to hell. But what the hell? I had troubles of my own, and this kid's old man could buy him the football sometime. I asked the kid why didn't he go home and ask his old man to give him the rest of the money. He told me that he didn't have a father, and I turned to walk away. I had to have a drink because my old bones were crying for something to warm them with. I looked back to see if the kid had decided to go home, and suddenly I didn't see a kid anymore but instead I saw an old man like myself standing back there. I didn't know why the hell I was letting this fool thing go to my head but I had been a damn hypocrite. I had been hating all that I stood for because I had been forcing my old flimsy sob story off on every bum that / *turn to page 36*

Gentlemen's Choice



MISS MISHELLE BARNETT



In the interest of tapping some of our local resources, THE CHRONICLE has chosen this pretty, pixyish member of the fair sex as Gentlemen's Choice for March. Her name is Mishelle Barnett, and she hails from Walhalla, S. C.

Mishelle is only 5'1" and a petite 90 pounds, but she's a beam of sunlight that just has to dance. Her vivacious manner and on-the-go personality reflect in her sparkling hazel eyes and captivating, impish smile.

In a reflective moment, Mishelle, an English major, says she wants to graduate and "I don't know, maybe get married." She enjoys painting and likes to cook. We would like to try some, wouldn't you?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID GARRISON



**A
MAN
CALLED**

MAVERICK



It was an adventurous time in our history, when the land out West was there just waiting for whoever would come and grab it up. In 1835 a young South Carolinian decided to meet the challenge. He went as far as San Antonio and there made his stand for the freedom of Texas. After the war he settled there as a "gentleman farmer." His name was Samuel Maverick Jr.

In 1802, Maverick's father had married the daughter of Robert Anderson, a famous general of the Revolutionary War. Mr. Maverick Sr. was considered to be one of the largest land owners in the country.

In the fall of 1802, he and his wife moved upstate from Charleston to escape the yellow fever, and they settled in Pendleton. One year later Samuel Maverick Jr. was born. This was the man whose name became the term used for an unbranded steer and hence any untamed thing.

The younger Maverick studied at Yale and Virginia, and then returned home to practice law. It was certain that he desired a career in politics; but because he opposed his powerful neighbor, John C. Calhoun, on such questions as nullification and tariff rates, he found this to be impossible.

After migrating to the Lone Star State at the age of 33, Maverick began to raise cattle. It is said that he did not bother to brand his cattle but instead claimed all unbranded cattle as his own. In this way unbranded cattle came to be called "mavericks."

His family steadfastly denies this legend, but it has never been satisfactorily disproved, and the story still persists. In any case, Samuel Maverick Jr. became a much greater land owner than his father had ever been and was noted for the vigor with which he defended his land from the Indians.

The Maverick family home, Montpelier, is located about two miles from Pendleton on State Highway 88. It was built in 1840 by Samuel Maverick Sr. to replace an earlier home which had burned. Mr. Maverick was confined to a wheel chair by the time the house was finished.

The house itself is quite interesting architecturally. Instead of windows on the ground floor there are double doors, with sidelights, each door having the same fluted trim inside as out. The mantels in the house are made of pure marble. The trellises and railings are of wrought iron. The four wooden columns at the entrance are typical of the ante-bellum plantation house, which the beautiful Montpelier certainly is.

Mr. Maverick built a beautiful house, and the building stands today as strong and predominant as his family's name.

By
Frank
Gentry

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SIMKINS





CYCLE

by Dail Dixon

Night was approaching. In the field yellow and golden daffodils swayed with the soft breeze and seemed to enjoy the warm rays of the evening sun. Everywhere the bees worked diligently collecting the pollen necessary to life in their colony. There was peace and contentment in the field. It was spring; then in a split second everything changed. An intense light flashed, reducing life to ashes. Of the once beautiful field there remained only a black, charred plain.

Eons passed and from the east came winds, winds followed by rain. Puddles appeared in the field. In one of them a small one-celled creature basked in the morning sun. Once again there was life in the field. It was spring.

Dail Dixon

A black and white portrait of a young man, Werner Torkanowsky, smiling and looking slightly to the left. He has dark hair and is wearing a dark turtleneck sweater. The background is dark and textured, with some light-colored, wispy smoke or steam rising from the right side.

CHRONICLE : **WERNER TORKANOWSKY**
INTERVIEW

a candid conversation with a brilliant young conductor

INTERVIEW BY JOHN FOWLER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY STAFFORD

It was in 1954 that Werner Torkanowsky first stepped before an orchestra and commanded musicians to play. The orchestra was that of the Ballet Espagnols, then performing in New York City. The scheduled conductor became ill at the last minute, and the concertmeister, Mr. Torkanowsky, was asked to take over. He scored an immediate success and stayed on as conductor.

Mr. Torkanowsky says that he had no hidden conductorial aspirations while he was a violinist, but rather he decided to become a conductor after his successful debut. Later he became a protege of Pierre Monteux, and since then he has conducted many famous groups. Recently he won the Conductor's Award, given by the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation.

Meeting Mr. Torkanowsky for an interview is an experience not soon forgotten. He is a tall, slim person

with a sense of immediacy and articulateness which might lead one to call him a poet. Here, you think, is a man who could converse with you about anything under the sun. And converse we did.

One of the most interesting discoveries of the meeting was that Mr. Torkanowsky has been to Clemson twice now. The second visit was on February 7, when he conducted the Detroit Symphony. His first time at Clemson marked a much more personal event in his life. It was in 1953 that, passing through Clemson, Mr. Torkanowsky got married. His wife, a ballet dancer, is named Teresa. They were married here by a justice of the peace. As he said, "Clemson will remain in my memory as long as I live."

Next we talked about music.

Fowler: You have done some conducting in the ballet and opera. Has that helped you any with your purely symphonic conducting?

Torkanowsky: Absolutely yes. So many things can go wrong in the theater, and they usually do. The conductor has to be prepared for any eventualities that might come up, you see; and I believe that the theater atmosphere is very important for any conductor, whether it is ballet or opera or whatever it might be.

Fowler: When you come before an orchestra for the first time, is it any different from conducting it later on? Do you have to show them who you are?

Torkanowsky: No, but we have to get acquainted. We have to establish a sort of spiritual bond so that they know who I am, what I would like, and how I get it. And I would like to know them; how they are able to give it to me, you see. And together we make music.

Fowler: Do you find different orchestras vastly different in this?



"People realize more and more that an education in music is not half as important as the desire to come to a concert and just be exposed to it."



"The individual skill of performers today, I would say, is three times or four times that of what it used to be."



"Whether you conduct or play the violin or piano, essentially it comes out to the same thing and that is to communicate music to people."

Torkanowski: No I do not. They are mostly the same. However, orchestras in Europe and America differ. In Europe they are very often made up of one nationality, which I don't particularly like. I think it's bad, because you should have French woodwinds, for instance. You should have different kinds of schools which make this sort of republic that we call an orchestra. The more elements of various backgrounds you have in an orchestra, the better it is. The truth is that America has the best orchestras in the world because of this.

Fowler: I have heard you classified as an "American" conductor. Just what does this mean?

Torkanowsky: I don't know what it means, because to tag national labels on anybody is very difficult, especially in music. For instance, I will tell you my story. I was born in Germany in 1926, but I left when I was three years old. I was raised in Israel and came to America in 1948. My father was a Russian, my mother was German, my wife is Spanish and my children are American. So if you want to call that American, that's fine with me. I am.

Fowler: How do American audiences compare with European audiences in taste?

Torkanowsky: America, even in the short time that I have been here, has come a long way, because what I call the "cultural explosion" all over the country is a very real thing. It's not something to be toyed with. People realize more and more that an education in music, as such, is not half as important as the desire to come to a concert and just be exposed to it and see if they would like it or not. And I see, more and more, that they do. Audiences are very enthusiastic, and I think they're marvelous.

Fowler: What is the reaction abroad toward present-day American composers?

Torkanowsky: Well, they are getting increasingly familiar with the music of Americans through recordings and tapes, and the BBC in London is doing a tremendous amount of contemporary American music. I think the image of America through the eyes of Europe is changing quite a bit.

Fowler: Do you think that musicians today are better than they were, say 150 years ago?

Torkanowsky: No question about it. Training is far superior. They have a multitude / *turn to page 38*



GENTLE PROTEST

*A summer love,
Clear wooded pond,
Sweet breath of youth,
Where have they gone?*

*Black knawing pup,
Kind loving friend,
The youthful joys,
Why must they end?*

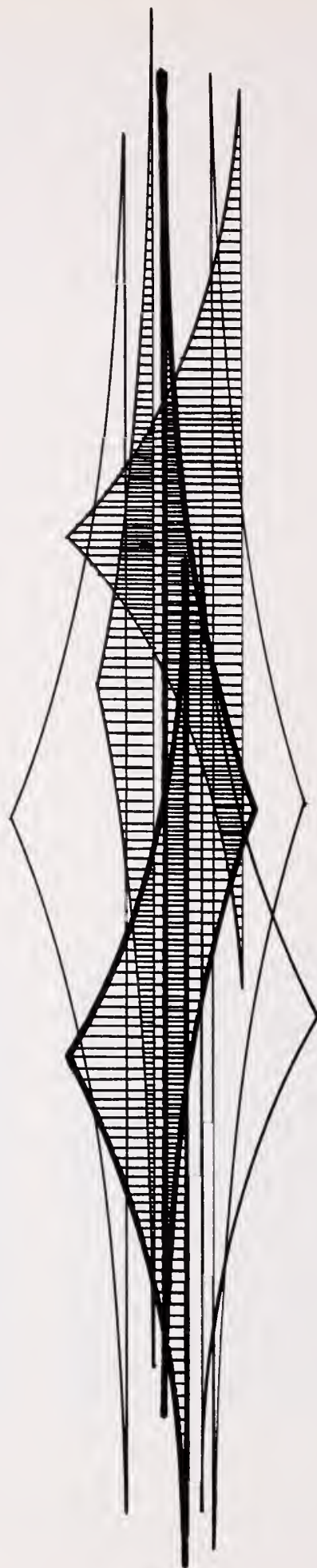
*The lingering walks,
Iron garden gate,
Yet you ebb on,
Oh! would you wait?*

*I will not wait,
Nor dare I stay,
I glide upon,
Swift night and day.*

*Yea, though your heart,
Be filled with pain,
I will not walk,
That path again.*

*I melt life 'way,
Like morning frost,
Til memories fade,
And life is lost.*

Tom Young



A COMING OF THE RAIN

*Of a quiet evening, as growing
Shadows gathered in the gloaming,
From the hills a misty murmuring,
A sibilant silent restless roaming,
Washed upon the wondering valley.
Silent, shifting, the sweet call wandered,
Softly moving, pausing, drifting onward,
Sighing, rising, dying, crying
A muted soliloquy, lost in the wind.
Still stronger swelled the shying sound,
A languid liquid laughter rising,
As a faintly lustrous silver curtain coiled
From the curve of ranging ringing hills.
Then softly dapped was the dusky loam,
And liquidly gleamed the greener grass,
As parted the purple evening shadows,
For the silver rain to pass.*

James D. Hannah

MY FIRST REALIZATION OF DEATH

*Rose silver, dappled clouded
Autumn Sky
And a chill dusk - - - whispers
of approaching
Winter,
As crickets sing one last plea,
one sad plea,
In
Harmony
to life
And I, in state, await
the falling leaves,
Listening all the while
to the slowly
dying and soft
Humming of the grasses.*

Victor A. Poirier

The Other Side of YRTÉOP

A collection of general nonsense and trashy prose for those who hate poetry and would like to strike back: Collected by the Chronicle's champion of the massive move against poetry, Dirty Dail Dixon.

untitled

ha
ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
an A in physics
ha

also untitled

die
die
dead,
foul wretch
heartless creature
thoughtless wench,
eyes
flashing with
lies
lies,
scum
product of a
dead environment,
shaft me
will you, Caroline Kennedy.

by little Billy Goldwater

to a fallen soldier

you served well dead soldier
yau were brave
you had a job ta do
and you did it
yours was a life destined far a single purpose
ta serve when needed
at home at sea
or abroad dead soldier
your time came dead soldier
and you faced yaur trials well
it was the way yau knew it would be
it was predestined
you died
and few noticed
not even yaur brathers wha staad beside yau
but you served well dead saldier
and not in vain
i offer this final tribute
"a mament af silence
far a dead soldier" . . . hic . . .

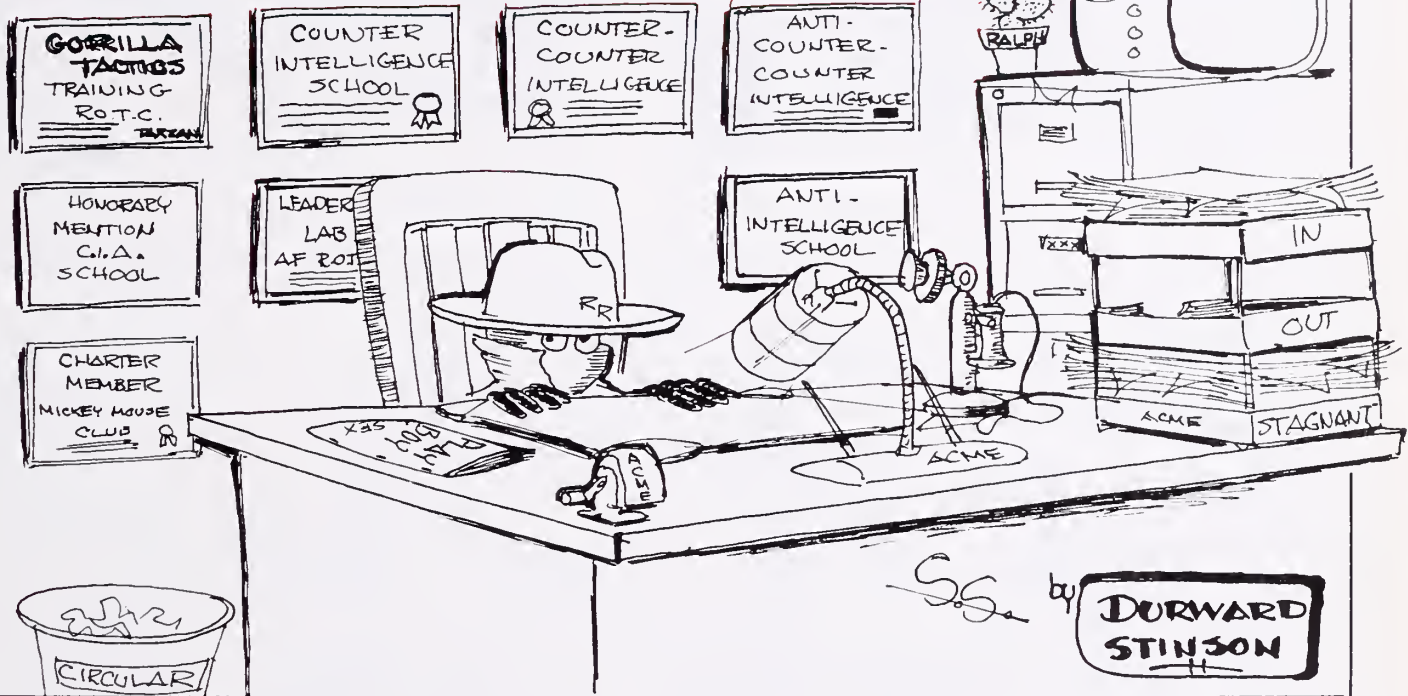


serious ponderings

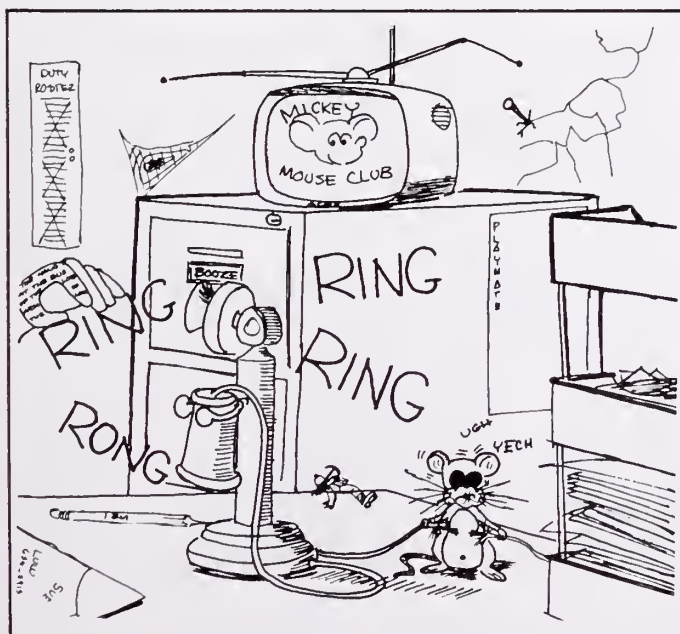
fish
man
water
land
separate
yet
together
both end up stewed

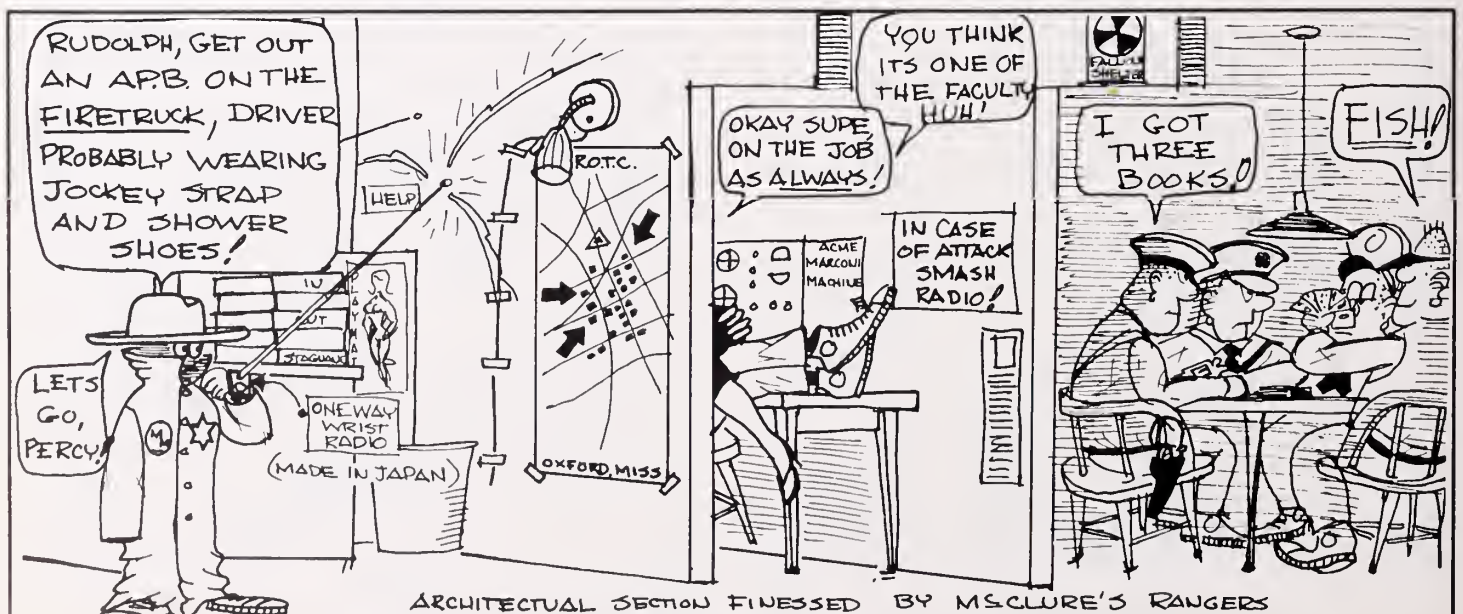
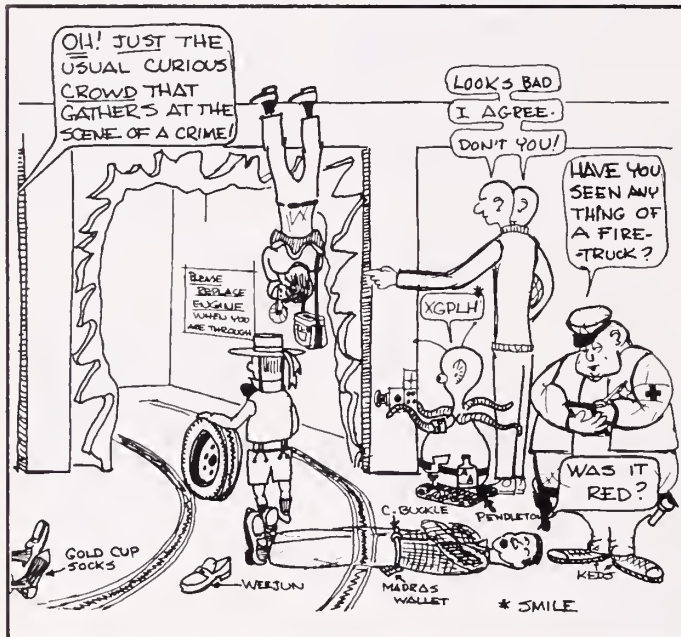
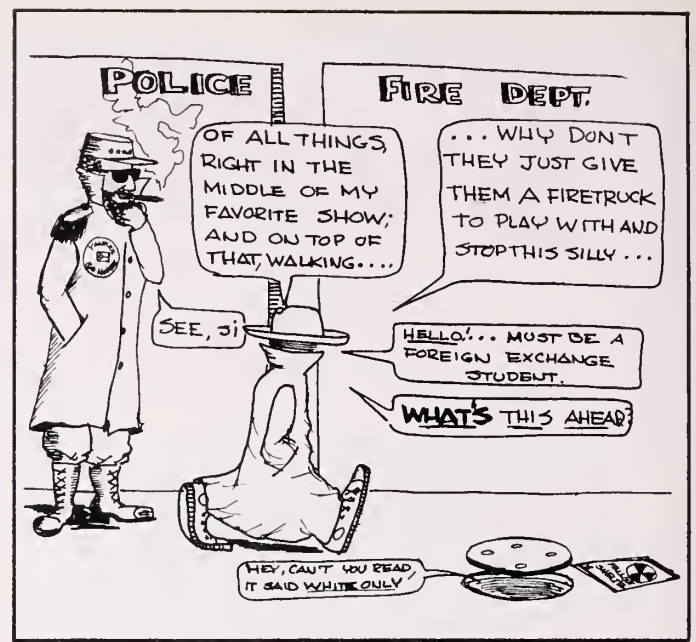
SUPER SLEUTH

MEETS THE PRO-SEX LEAGUE

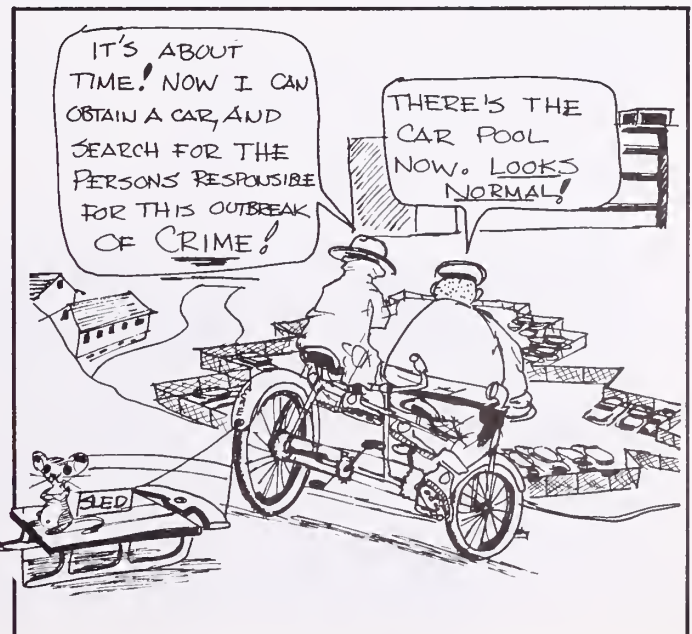
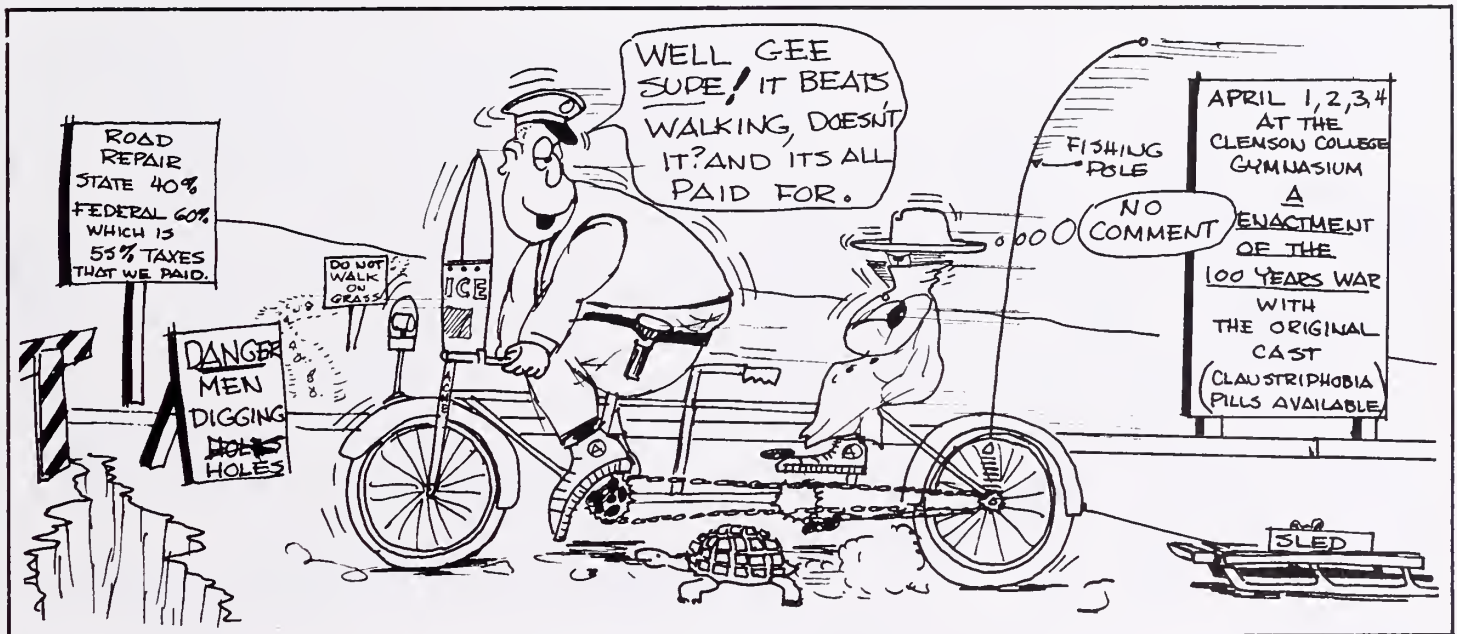


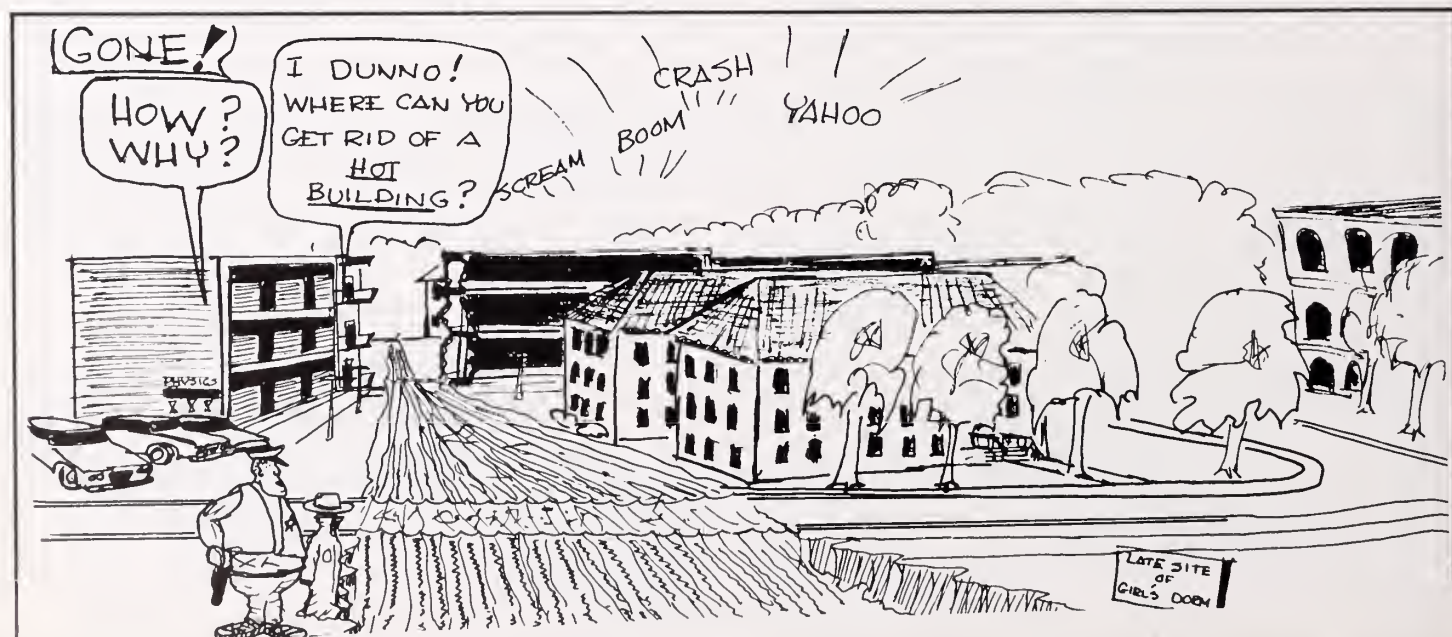
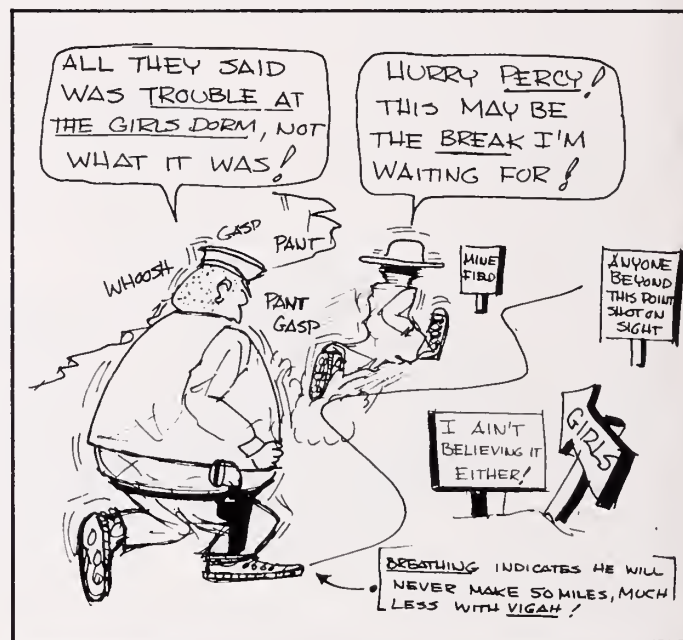
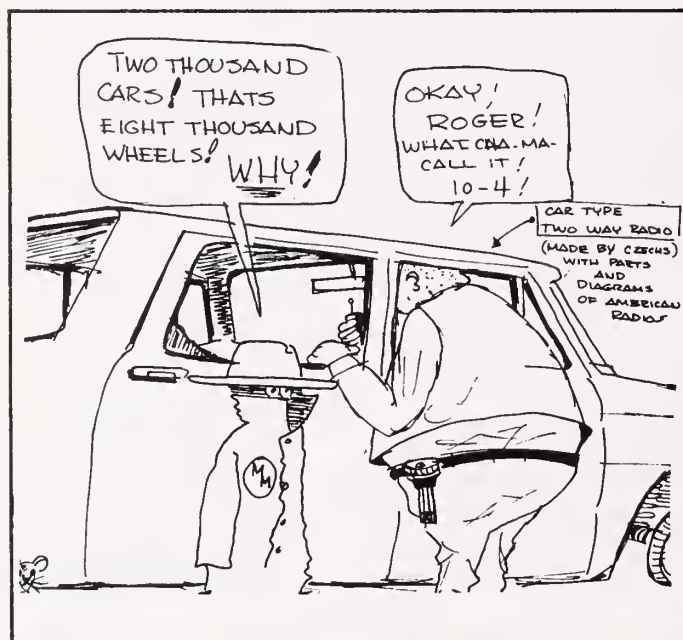
SOMEWHERE, IN A ONE STORY OFFICE BUILDING ON THE EDGE OF THE SEMI-CITY PRESIDES THE PERSON AND OFFICES OF THAT MIGHTY MITE OF JUSTICE, KNOWN TO THOSE WHO WOULD DEFEY HIM AS SUPER SLEUTH! THE PHONE RINGS, INTERRUPTING.....

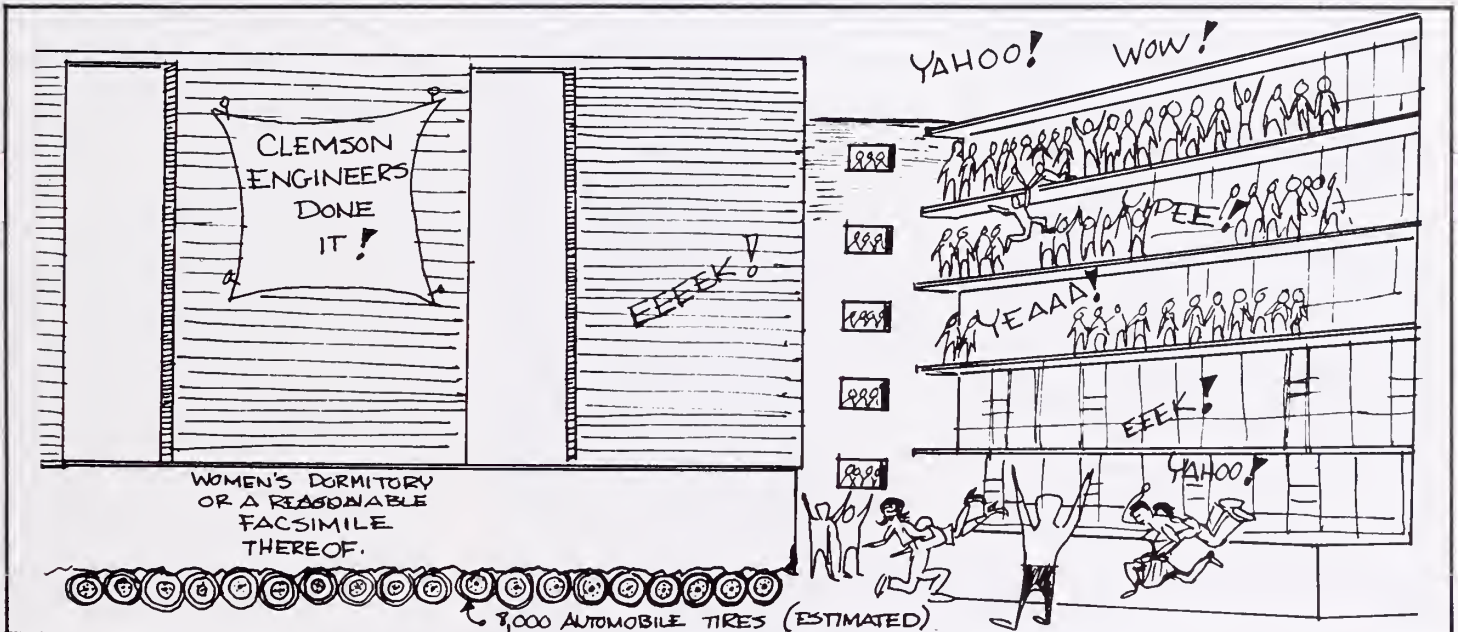
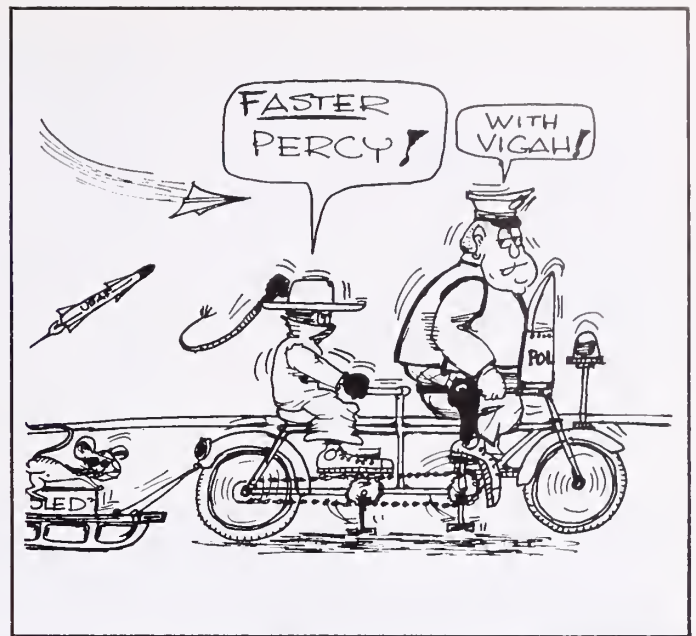




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HE ROARS FOR CLEMSON

SOUTH CAROLINA
NEWEST SOMETHING
OR ANOTHER

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PROFESSORS GLEEFUL

RECORD DROP-OUTS

T.H. BY E. ASHLEY MONTGRIEF

PEACE CORPS TO AID CLEMSON DEVELOPMENT

RENNOWNED CRIMEFIGHTER (RENT PHOTO - BLACK)

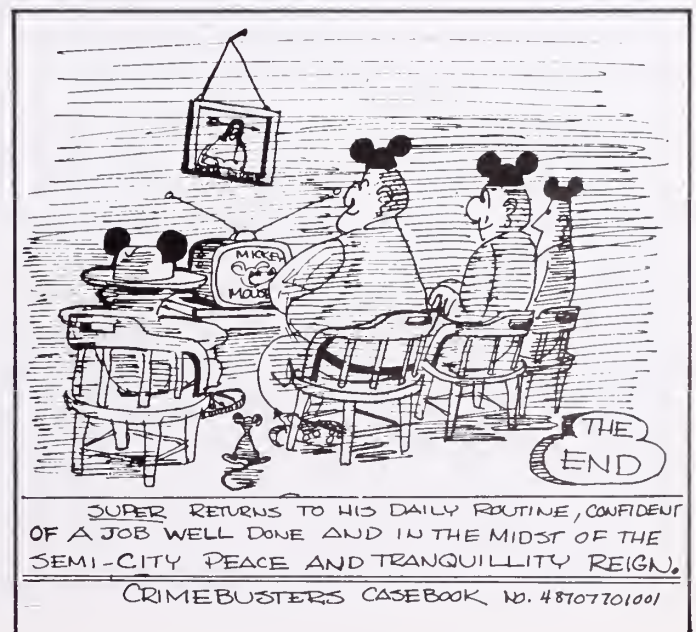
NINE OUT OF TEN N.Y. DOCTORS DO NOT RECOMMEND THE DINING HALL

LOCAL MINISTER BLAMES PLAYBOY INFLUENCE

BY ZAP GRUNT

(CONT. 43 P.)

CLEMSON PRIS ARRIVE MARDI GRAS MARTIAL LAW DECLARED



Harris

SPORTING GOODS

"THE
SPORTSMAN'S
CENTER"

FEATURING:

EVINRUDE
WILSON

CLEMSON
HIGHWAY
SENECA, SOUTH CAR.



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ARTIFICIAL BUM

continued from page 18

walked the street and I had suddenly hated one little kid for forcing this on me. But dammit maybe I was different. Maybe I deserved some special consideration and this damn kid had no right to expect any. I don't know. I turned around and walked back up to the kid.

"How much you say that football costs?"

"\$2.75," sobbed the kid.

I began to think about it. I thought about the relief a bottle of booze would bring me. I thought about all the insults I had taken to get my lousy buck seventy-five. The bar flashed in my mind again. It had taken me all morning to get this little sum of money and I didn't quite know if I could stand the cold and insults again. An old man like me couldn't stand the lonely cold like this little tyke could. People just didn't give a damn about an old man but this kid at least had someone to care about him. I would have to do without that drink and it would be a long time before I got the chance to get my old creaky bones warm again. Why the hell hadn't the kid gone to some other shop where I wouldn't have seen him. Damn, why did he have to be here when I was just on my way to get warm.

I looked down at the kid again and that small sad face of his. I reached in my tattered pockets and handed the kid all of my money.

"Here, Kid, go get that football if you really want it." The kid

looked at me and didn't know what to do. He looked as though he had just shot a rabbit for the first time and didn't know whether to go pick it up or turn and run away.

"Here, Kid take the dough and go get that football." The kid reached out and took my last cent. He took my food and drink right out of the palm of my hand.

"Gee, thanks Mister . . . Thanks Mister," he stuttered. He reached up and hugged my neck and said again, "Thanks Mister. You're the best man that I've ever known."

I turned and walked away. I glanced back and saw the big smile on the kid's face as he entered the sports shop. He looked as though he had awakened on Christmas morning and had found out that old Santa had come to see him after all.

I began to cry as I walked down the street because I was an old man and it had been so long since anyone had hugged my neck and thanked me for anything. It had been even longer since anyone had called me mister. I wished those bastards could see me now. I would tell them all to go to hell. I would like to rub their damn mouths into the cold pavement for laughing at me. Them and their dirty insults. I tried to hide my tears as I walked down the cold lonely street. I was not cold or lonely anymore but I still wanted that drink.

"Hey, Friend got a dime for an old man?"

"Ah, go to hell you old crying fool." —

NO FUTURE MAN

continued from page 7

"Is something wrong, mister?"

He was about five years old. His blonde hair was drenched beyond belief, and his eyes were brown and big. He smiled at me, and I hesitated. When I realized that I was smiling too, a shiver ran over me. He ran down the street.

"Will he live?" I thought. Or will life be snuffed out of him and all the other little Johnnys and Susans? Will they never experience life and love? Will the inferno come: man-made holocaust to reduce life on our planet to little one-celled sexless creatures who know not enough to care.

It will come, I decided. Once more I noticed the lights and they were beautiful. That's why I was sad. It took the contributions of many men — piled upon a basis for thought by many others — many years to evolve into one little electric light, the simplest of all devices which we have created. The lights are fine, but the thoughts are utmost. They are precious; they will be gone, gone forever. On a million planets never again will there be our science, or our art, or even numbers like ours. The transient ideas of earthmen will cease to flow. I'm glad I can leave early.

I wandered into an all-night restaurant and slipped into a rear booth. A man was bragging about his alma mater's basketball team to a bored and sleepy waitress.

"We had a 4-10 conference record going into the tournament and weren't given a *dog's chance*. Although we hadn't won a game in a basketball tournament in over twenty years, we whipped 'em the first night by twenty-one points. The second night we played the sixth-ranked team in the nation and beat them too. Everybody was excited, and we played the final game to determine the conference champion-

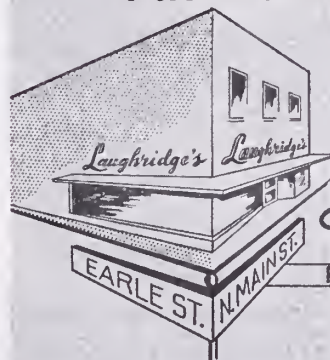
ship. We didn't win, but we ran well and shocked hell out of the conference."

A skinny waitress yawned and said to me, "Do you want anything, mister?" as I slipped back into the night.

The rain had ceased again, this time for my lifetime. After walking several blocks, I said aloud, "And we didn't even stand a *dog's chance*," and walked on. — 



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ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

TORKANOWSKY

continued from page 27

of musical literature. The science of perfection of their individual instruments has progressed. For instance, the French Horn now has valves which it didn't before. The trumpet has valves now also. And the individual skill of the performers today, I would say, is three or four times that of what it used to be. I mean, if Beethoven could hear a symphony of his today . . .

Fowler: You think he would be surprised?

Torkanowsky: . . . he certainly would! Very happily so.

Fowler: Would he be surprised because of the better musicians, or . . .

Torkanowsky: Because of the better playing. As for interpretation, he might be negatively surprised, you don't know. But the sound, the sheer sound of the modern orchestra, is really something incredible. And that is one of the rewards of the conductor . . . he has one of the most beautiful instruments in the world to play with. Provided he respects it.

Finally we asked Mr. Torkanowsky to further enumerate some of the rewards of conducting.

"It's a question of making music. Whether you conduct, play the violin, or play the piano, essentially it comes out the same; and that is to communicate music to people. You do that conducting, or you do that singing. Basically every performer has the same problems. With conducting, these problems are compounded because you do not make the music yourself. You make it through other people."

And this, we conclude, is Mr. Torkanowsky's consummate talent. — 

MORE GOOD HUMOR

Two camera bugs were draped over a Paris bar discussing their experiences of the day.

"This morning in the Bois de Boulogne I noticed an old beggar huddled beneath a bundle of rags," one shutter bug said. "She was hungry and homeless. She told me she was once a countess but lost all her family and money and now was a wretched old woman with nothing to live for."

"The poor thing," said the other photographer. "What did you give her?"

"Well, it was sunny," the first replied, "so I gave her 1/1000 at f:11 on Tri-X."

His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded, "John, I want you to promise me that you will ride in the same car with Mother at my funeral."

"Okay," sighed John, "but it's going to ruin my whole day."

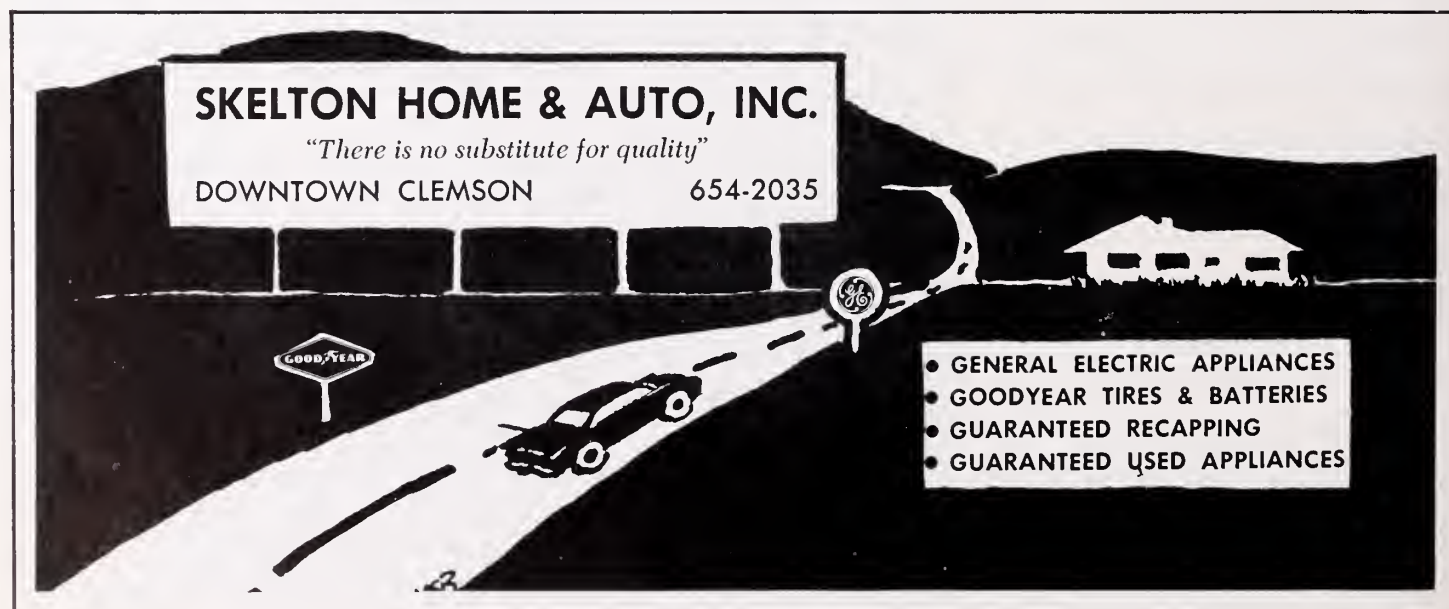
"Listen, lady, you're the ugliest woman I ever saw."

"Well, you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"I know lady, but I'll get over it in the morning."

There was always trouble in the Garden of Eden. Adam stayed mad at Eve because she kept putting his pants in the tossed salad.

Then there was the fellow who crossed a rabbit with a snake and got an adder that multiplies.



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A shabbily dressed man was perched on the ledge of a 49 story building vowing to end it all.

The local police chief was trying to talk the poor soul out of jumping.

"Think about your children."

"Ain't got no children," came the reply.

"Well, think about your wife."

"Ain't got no wife."

"Well, think about your parents."

"Been dead for twenty years."

"Well, if there's no one else think about Robert E. Lee."

"Who's Robert E. Lee?"

"Then jump you damn yankee!"

A tramp knocked at the door of an English inn named "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door, and the tramp asked, "Can you spare a poor man a bite to eat?"

"No!" and she slammed the door. After a few minutes the tramp knocked on the door again. The lady opened the door.

"Now," said the tramp, "may I have a few words with George?"

MORE GOOD HUMOR

Prof: "Are you cheating on this exam?"

Student: "No sir, I was just going to tell him his nose is dripping on my paper."

A sailor on leave in Hawaii was telling his ship-mate about his liberty ashore.

"I had a date with a hula dancer," he said, "and we just couldn't decide what to do."

"What'd you finally do?"

"We drew straws."

Have you ever wondered if the Chinese people have white pages in the back of their telephone directories?

"How can you keep eating that stuff in the dining hall?"

"Oh, it's easy. I just take a tablespoon of Drano three times a week."

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of the shop.

The absent-minded professor put his umbrella to bed and stood in the corner and dripped all night.

It happens once in a while. The gate between Heaven and Hell broke. St. Peter appeared at the scene and called down, "Hey Satan, it's your time to fix the gate."

"Sorry," he returned, "my men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"By Jupiter," thundered St. Peter, "I shall bring suit for your breaking our agreement."

"Oh yeah," retorted the red one, "and where will you find a lawyer?"

Conductor: "Can't you see the sign says 'No Smoking'?"

Passenger: "Sure, but there's another that says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets' so I ain't paying attention to any of 'em."

Uncle Joe (from Oklahoma) tells of the confused Indian who couldn't tell heads from tails.

He came home with some funny looking scalps.

"Good night," she said, "It was nice noing you."

"Drop in some night," said the Eskimo, "and we'll chew the fat."

ON ROOMMATES

continued from page 15

rubbish, we break down and clean up: usually by dumping everything into the nearest closet or under the bed. In walks the "old lady," plunk go the books, slam goes the door, off comes the coat, scrape goes the chair, scratch goes the floor, out comes the statement, "gosh, 'ole lady, I was going to clean up in a little while!"

On rare occasions the roommate monstrous will actually clean up. If this is the case, he will search diligently for any M.S. homework, or pornography which you happen to have around; and with utter glee throw it away. Not just into the trash can, but he even goes to the trouble of emptying the trash can six levels away. After hiking back to the room, he takes all of the junk that should have been discarded and puts it into neat piles right where you do your studying. He then hides your bedside books in the farthest recesses of the upper closet: behind your old CHRONICLES, unused books, your old football jersey, the other set of bed clothing, and your bottle of Seagrams.

No matter how quiet a fellow seems when you first meet him, give him a foothold in your room and he becomes a cross between a Mynah bird and a dictaphone. When you have a splitting hangover, he sashays into the room, opens the blinds, cranks up the crystal set; and offers you a beer down at Phil's. This is true only if he hasn't had one himself, in which case he only groans so that you can't go to sleep.

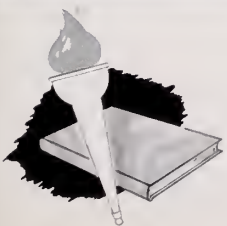
All in all, roommates are the damndest creatures that could ever prevail upon nature to allow their uninhibited and malignant existence. It is in their nature to be dastardly and all out of pure malice and nothing else. Roommates are dead to every instinct, human or otherwise, and are in league against the preservation of humanity and sanity.

I am thinking, seriously thinking, about starting a campaign to outlaw and/or exterminate the order of the roommate. — 

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The Chronicle

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MAY 1963

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Take it from our expert. F. Busch —

"Yeah, you too, can become a neat guy like me if you join the CHRONICLE staff in its efforts in putting out the best mag in S. C. The main hangout is room B-6 in the Geology Complex. Drop by and bring your filthy stories and nasty drawings. See you Monday night!"



Editor squawks after a year of silence

Chronitorial

As Octavious Fredrick Busch, noted Greek philosopher and urn maker (chairman of the board of Amalgamated Pots Inc.), said in 687 BC, "A chicken shouldn't open its beak until it has to squawk."

"Squaaaaaaaaaaaaaagaaaaaaaaaaaaawkkkkk!!"

If you are wondering just what the Chronicle head rooster is raising such a noise in the old henhouse about, I'll tell you.



EDITOR STAFFORD

It happened one Thursday afternoon, March 21. It was an ordinary Thursday, just like all of the others. It had rained over ten inches in the four preceding days, but in true Thursday style, it was a hot, dry day without a cloud in the sky. Anyway, there was an unimportant looking pink card on my door. I knew it wasn't important because it didn't

have any IBM holes in it.

It read, "THERE WILL BE A C.C.P. MEETING WEDNESDAY AT 4 P.M., MARCH 20 IN ROOM 118 CHEMISTRY BUILDING."

"*//#)** . . . sorta late," I thought. The meeting would probably have been nothing but another boring, asinine display of parliamentary procedure anyway, so I really didn't mind missing it. At the last meeting, I remembered, that they couldn't even decide if they were delegated with the authority to make the decision on whether they could decide a particular issue at hand. They tabled it.

I wasn't so mad about missing the merry-go-round as I was about getting the notice a whole day too late.

Clemson needs what nearly every other college and university in South Carolina already has — a campus mail service.

If such were inaugurated here, it would serve the students as a vital and much needed intra-campus communication system, something that the organization of dormitory "supervisors" has failed to do.

Where the system is used on other campuses, a special "CAMPUS MAIL" box is located in the post office sub-station. Students and/or organizations can communicate by simply dropping unstamped cards or letters in the box, and they are distributed to the respective recipients along with the regular mail.

This has proved to be invaluable to the students and organizations, and serves as a two-way communication system as well, something a hall supervisor system does not do.

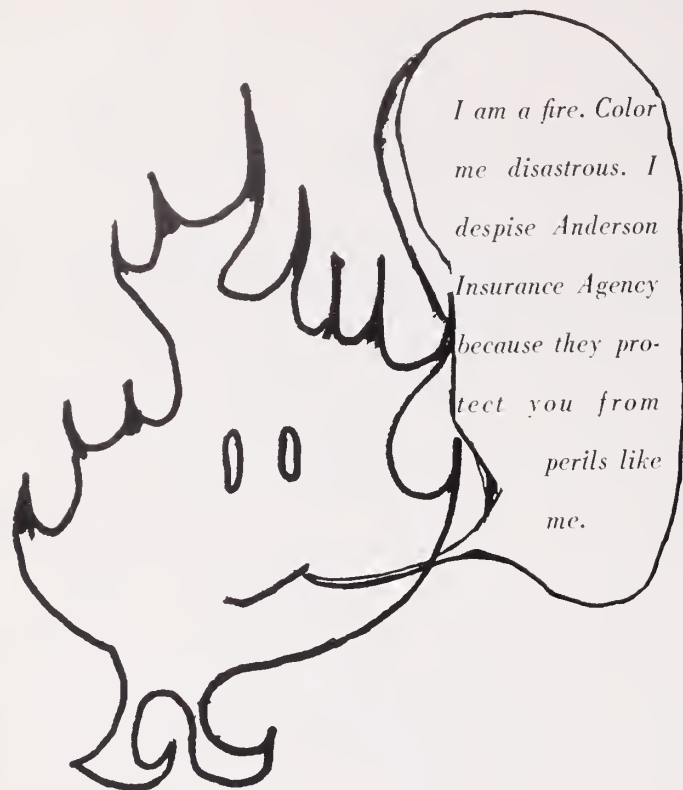
When notices are sent through the dormitory office under the system of hall supervisors here, many go undelivered and recipients are lucky if they receive communiques in time to be of any use.

It's time for somebody to get behind this idea and PUSH. It's something we need to create a more close-knit student body. How about it boys?? The University of South Carolina has one, so why can't we?

J. LEO STAFFORD

WHY ALL
US
ELEPHANTS
EAT
AT...





*I am a fire. Color
me disastrous. I
despise Anderson
Insurance Agency
because they pro-
tect you from
perils like
me.*

College Avenue

Clemson, S. C.

"Your Independent Agent in Clemson since 1919"

Terry Bottling Co.

ANDERSON, S. C.

Bottlers of

PEPSI-COLA

Clemson's Favorite
Beverage

under appointment of
Pepsi-Cola Co., N. Y.



According to one Clemson Public Finance professor, if the 1964 presidential election results in a battle between the wealthy Kennedys and the ultra-wealthy Rockefellers, the two families are going to make a small bet on the side. The loser is going to pay off the national debt.

A deaf old lady entered the church with an ear trumpet. As she was setting herself in a seat, an usher came over and whispered, "Listen, madame, one toot and out you go."

They laughed at Watt, too, until he invented the Watt Schmacallit.

A doctor had just finished checking over a not-so-young patient. "Well, old man," he said with a laugh, "I can't seem to find a thing wrong with you, but I do recommend you give up half of your love-life." After a long pause and deep thought, the patient replied, "Doctor, which half do you recommend I give up, thinking about it, or talking about it?"

"Just tell me one good reason why you can't buy a new car now," said the persistent salesman. "Well, I'll tell you," replied the farmer. "I'm still paying installments on the car I swapped for the car I traded in as part payment on the car I'm two payments behind on now."

A farmer is a man out standing in his field.

Two pretty girls met on a street and enthusiastically kissed each other. A young man watched them moodily and said, "That's the trouble with the world; too many women trying to do a man's job."

Young man: "How long have you been working here?"

Waiter: "Just started a week ago, sir."

Young man: "Then you can't be the one who took my order."

Sam: "What would you have if you took 2000 bras and cut them down the middle?"

Joe: "I don't know. What?"

Sam: "Four thousand beanies with chin straps."

"When I was a boy I was told that anyone could become president. I'm beginning to believe it now."

Then there's the one about the girl who always slept nude and awoke one morning to find herself completely dressed!

"My God," she screamed, "I've been dropped!"

First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives, adds 200 to 1."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough, you have my sympathy."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."

A large group of college students attending a national convention got on an elevator in a New York hotel. The first boy, obviously a Southerner asked, "Say, you're from Harvard, ain't you?"

"Why yes," replied the other. "How'd you know?"

"Well, I could tell by that dignified look and the stately manner in which you carried yourself."

"Why thank you," replied the young Bostonian. "And I believe you're from U. S. C., aren't you?"

"I shore am. How'd you ever guess?"

"Well, I noticed your ring when you reached up to pick your nose."

A mathematics professor complained to the policeman that a student had almost run him down as he attempted to cross the street.

"Did you get his tag number?" the policeman asked.

"Well not exactly," the professor said. "But I do remember noticing that if it was doubled and then multiplied by itself, the square root of the product was the original number with the integers reversed."

Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate devil." The teacher reprimanded him for writing this, and made him stay after school for one hour. When Johnny got out of school that evening, all his friends were eagerly awaiting to see what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?"

"I ain't saying nothing," Johnny replied, "except that it pays to advertise."

A fellow staggered into a psychiatrist's office in bad shape. "Jeepers, Doc," he moaned. "You gotta help me. Every night, I dream I'm marooned on a desert island with a dozen blondes, a dozen brunettes, and a dozen red-heads, each more beautiful than the rest."

"I should help you," exclaimed the doctor. "What do you need help for?"

"My problem, Doc," sobbed the patient, "is that I also dream I'm a girl."

"Why won't you marry me?" he demanded. "There isn't anyone else, is there?"

"Oh Edgord," she sighed. "There must be!"



BASS WEEJUNS

aren't absolutely required
but they are the general rule



Weejuns are the accepted casuals on any school campus in the country. Their traditional styling makes them acceptable for every occasion except formals.*

*Psst! BLACK Weejuns can even go there!



Only Bass makes Weejuns®

G.H. BASS & CO., 413 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

MORE GOOD HUMOR

Two drunks were looking up at the sky. Finally they stopped a third drunk.

First: Hey, pal, do me a favor. Is that the sun going down or the moon coming up?

Third: Sorry, buddy, can't tell you. I'm a stranger in town myself.

Glasses completely change your personality, if you keep emptying them.

"Didja hear about the girl who didn't know the difference between vaseline and putty?"

"No, what happened to the girl who didn't know the difference between vaseline and putty?"

"All her window panes fell out."

The federal income tax was introduced as a "temporary measure" February 25, 1913.

An Englishman was on trial before the high court of Australia for the heinous crime of sodomy with an ostrich. Before passing of sentence, he was asked if he had anything to say. The Englishman replied: "Your Honor, if I'd known you were going to make such a fuss out of it, I'd have married the bird."

We heard the Texas Oil man, unable to find a parking place for his Cadillac, gave it away and bought one that was already parked.

Late one afternoon, Sam returned home unexpectedly and found his very homely three hundred pound wife being kissed by his pal, Max. "Listen Max," protested Sam, "I must — but what's your reason."

The best way to tell boy pancakes from girl pancakes is by the way they're stacked.

"Jim, wake up! There's a burglar in the kitchen and he's eating up the rest of the pie we had for dinner."

"Go back to sleep. I'll bury him in the morning."

It's impossible for a girl to get much more than halfway into a modern bathing suit.

The reason Robin Hood robbed only the rich was because the poor had no money.

"Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?" "Well, we were sitting on the sofa, talking, and all of a sudden she turned out the lights. Well, I guess I can take a hint."

"Why did you go into politics?" "Most all of my relatives were out of work."

Whoever uses the expression "divided we fall" obviously hasn't been reading brassiere ads.



The casual, light-weight clothes (from W & H) of our young couple blend in nicely with the tranquil summer background.

walters & hillman

CLEMSON

ANDERSON

The Chronicle

MAY 1963

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OUR COVER The hard working photography crew of the CHRONICLE exhibits some of its fine work and allows you to get a preview of some of the great things in this the last issue of the school year.

The CHRONICLE is an official student publication of Clemson College, published quarterly in September, December, March and May by the Calhoun Literary Society. Second-class postage paid at Clemson, South Carolina (permit pending). Subscription rate: \$2.00 a year. Single copy: fifty cents. Copyright 1963 by the Calhoun Literary Society. Address all correspondence to the CHRONICLE, Box 2186, College Station, Clemson, S. C. Offices located in B-6 Geology Building. National Advertising Representative: College Magazines, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York. Printed by offset in the U.S.A. (by Texons no less).

"Hey kid, let me buy you a drink," offered the well-dressed young man.

"Thanks, but I've got one," replied the young man who looked as though he weren't over twenty. He was dressed neatly in a short sleeve blue shirt and tie. He wore dark glasses and had a white cane sitting by his lap.

THE LAST PITCH

By Larry Joe Payne

"Well, let me join you, and I'll buy the next round," insisted the intruder. "By the way, my name is Ken Cleavers."

"Glad to meet you Ken. My name is Joseph Dewey," replied the kid, holding out his unsteady hand.

Ken took his hand and gave it a firm shake. Ken seemed to be staring at the young man's eyes, as though he wanted to see if they were actually there.

"What the hell are you staring at?" asked Joseph.

"Uh, well . . . I didn't mean to be offending."

"Yea, I know. You mean you didn't think I could tell. Well, don't let it bother you, but it does bother me. I suppose I should be used to it after two years."

"Yea, I suppose you'll get used to it kid. I mean being . . . well, not being able to see."

"You really think so?"

"Sure kid. Sure, you'll get used to it. I know a lot of people who are handicapped by not being able to see."

"Godammit, why don't you just come out in the open and say it. Why don't you quit beating around the bush?"

"I'm sorry kid, but I don't know what you're talking about."

The blind man reached to pick up his drink. He grasped it almost deliberately/*turn to page 8*



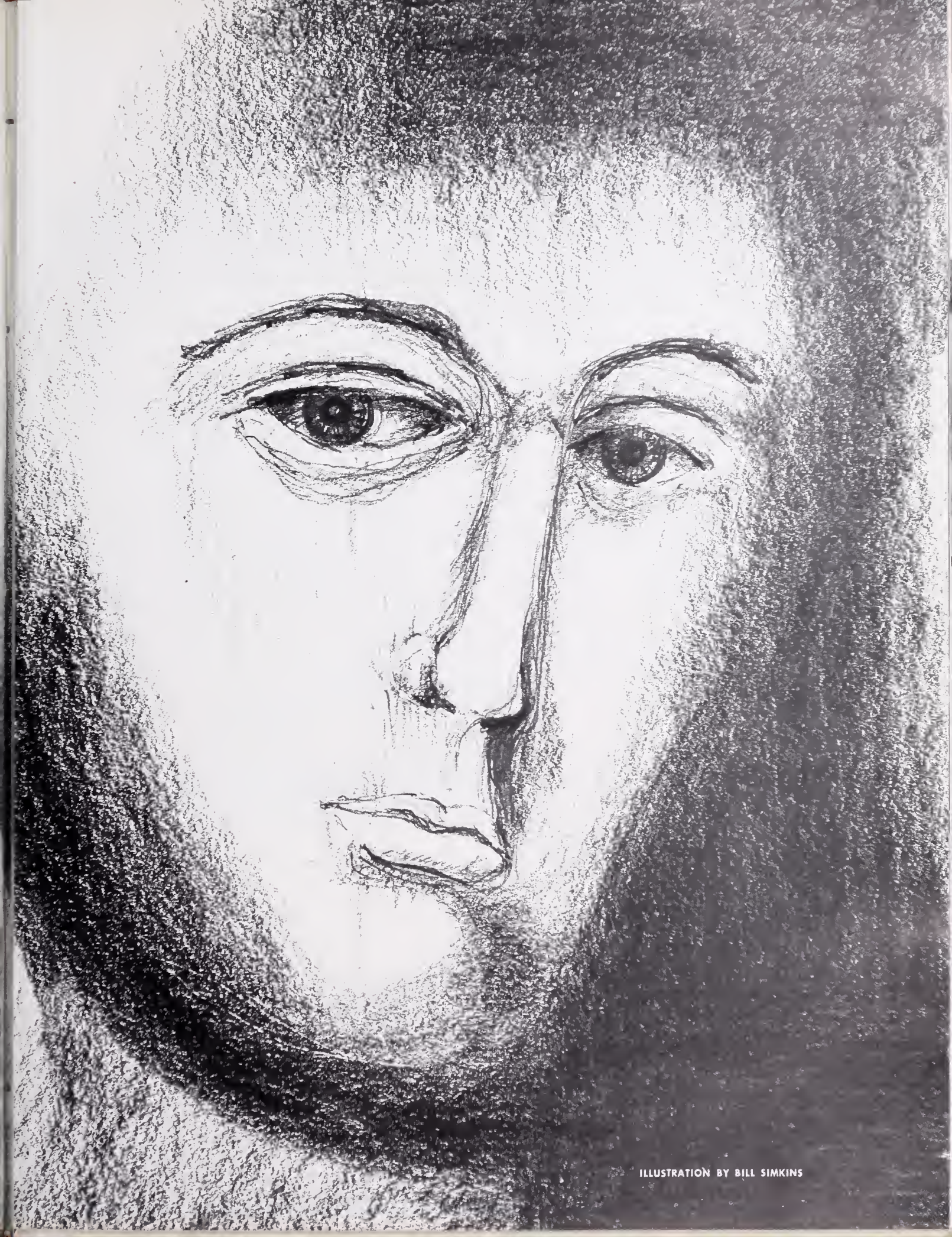


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SIMKINS

THE LAST PITCH

continued

and placed it with precision to his lips. The cool liquid flowed down his throat cooling everything it touched. He carefully set the glass back in its original spot and looked in the direction of Ken.

"Like hell you don't know what I'm talking about. Come on, say it. Say it!" he shouted.

The occupants in the dimly lit bar turned around and looked at the kid. An excited silence fell over the room for a brief second, and then the noise returned once again.

"Look kid, I'm sorry. Okay?"

"Of course you're sorry. Every damn body is sorry for me. But you're glad it was me that lost his sight instead of you. That's the way everyone feels."

"Kid, sure we're glad we didn't lose our sight, but that doesn't mean we're not sorry for you."

"Well, by God, don't be sorry for me. I don't need your sympathy, and I don't want it. Do you think sympathy is going to help me tell what color of eyes you have or what color hair you have. No, dammit; keep your sympathy."

Joseph picked up his glass and tilted his head back and drank the rest of the liquor in one smooth swallow. The beverage was relieving some of the tension he had developed over the past week. He set the empty glass back on the stained table cloth. His long slim fingers nervously tapped the table.

"Let me buy you another drink," said Ken breaking the silence which had temporarily come between them. "What will it be?"

"Make it a double bourbon on the rocks."

"Waiter! Bring us two doubles on the rocks."

Joseph continued to sit and stare at the young man. He looked as though he could actually see Ken even though Ken knew that the young man couldn't.

"Say, what brings you in this place? Do you come here often?"

Ken could sense the depressed mood that his new found friend had fallen into.

"Ah, I drop in every now and then. I usually bring my dog with me, but I decided to try to make it on my own tonight."

Joseph would not let the young man forget that he was blind. He kept haunting him as though the man had something to do with it.

"Joseph, what do you do? I mean do you work anywhere?" Ken tried to change the subject, but he knew after the question left the tip of his tongue that it was an awkward question.

"I'm kind of glad that you asked that question," replied Joseph with a sarcastic smile on his boyish face. "I'll tell you what I do. I don't do a damn thing except sit around and collect disability from the damn Army. I'm lucky. I don't

even have to sit on the corner with pencils and a tin cup. Yes Sir, I'm real lucky," he laughed. It was not an ordinary laugh that a man makes when he has heard a funny joke. It was a cynical laugh that a distrustful man makes when something has happened.

The waiter brought the drinks and set them on the tattered tablecloth. Someone put a dime in the juke-box and a song started playing. The music seemed to add to Joseph's already bitter attitude. Laughter could be heard echoing off the dirty walls as though it were directed at the young man for not being able to get up and dance with the few girls who were in the bar. The creaky door opened and a couple went out, arms around each other. The open door let a cool breeze pass through which helped to displace the smell of liquor and smoke which had enveloped the small room.

"Damn, it's hot in here tonight," remarked Ken as he loosened his tie. Joseph appeared as though Ken was talking to the stale air and not to him.

"I lost my eyesight when I was nineteen. I was only a kid just out of high school. I had my whole damn life before me. I even had a contract with a major league baseball team. I was an all-star pitcher in high school, and had offers from every club in the league. I had finally realized that I was going to get to do what I had always dreamed of. He paused to take a drink of his bourbon, and then continued talking in the same

/ turn to page 37



CAROLINA CUP

FEATURE BY TOM COOPER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF GROAT, MIKE MEDLOCK & FRANK WINESETT



CAROLINA CUP



The sound of the horn pierces the soft spring air as the day reaches its full intensity. There is no other single sound, yet there is a sound—made of many sounds thrown into one, one hum or one buzz as in a classroom, but multiplied a thousand times. People, many people, walk the soft earth and talk of events past and present. Most reminisce, for this is a day for reminiscing—a time when old friends congregate and tell old jokes and recount past deeds.

Yellows, blues and all manner of hues traverse the field, as the world goes by. Yet, on this day it is not the daily world but a world anew, blossoming forth from the cold dampness of winter. This jubilant world drapes itself in a myriad combination of light colored straws, gay madras, blue

and red seersucker, whites, navy blues, bright silks, tanned leathers and pastel cottons. Half covers its head with creations ranging from the simple to the extremely complex and often gaudy. Half holds, in its hand the cup from which most of the radiance of the day pours forth. Men and women from far and near are brothers today, all out to celebrate the birth of a new season.

The occasional cry of a brass band drowns out all else with its corps of bugles and adds rhythm to the air with its crisp snares and clashing cymbals. Horses whinny, screams of delight pour forth as old friends meet, glasses tinkle, soft drink boys bellow and an occasional hand claps for the winner of a race, but these are fleeting sounds.



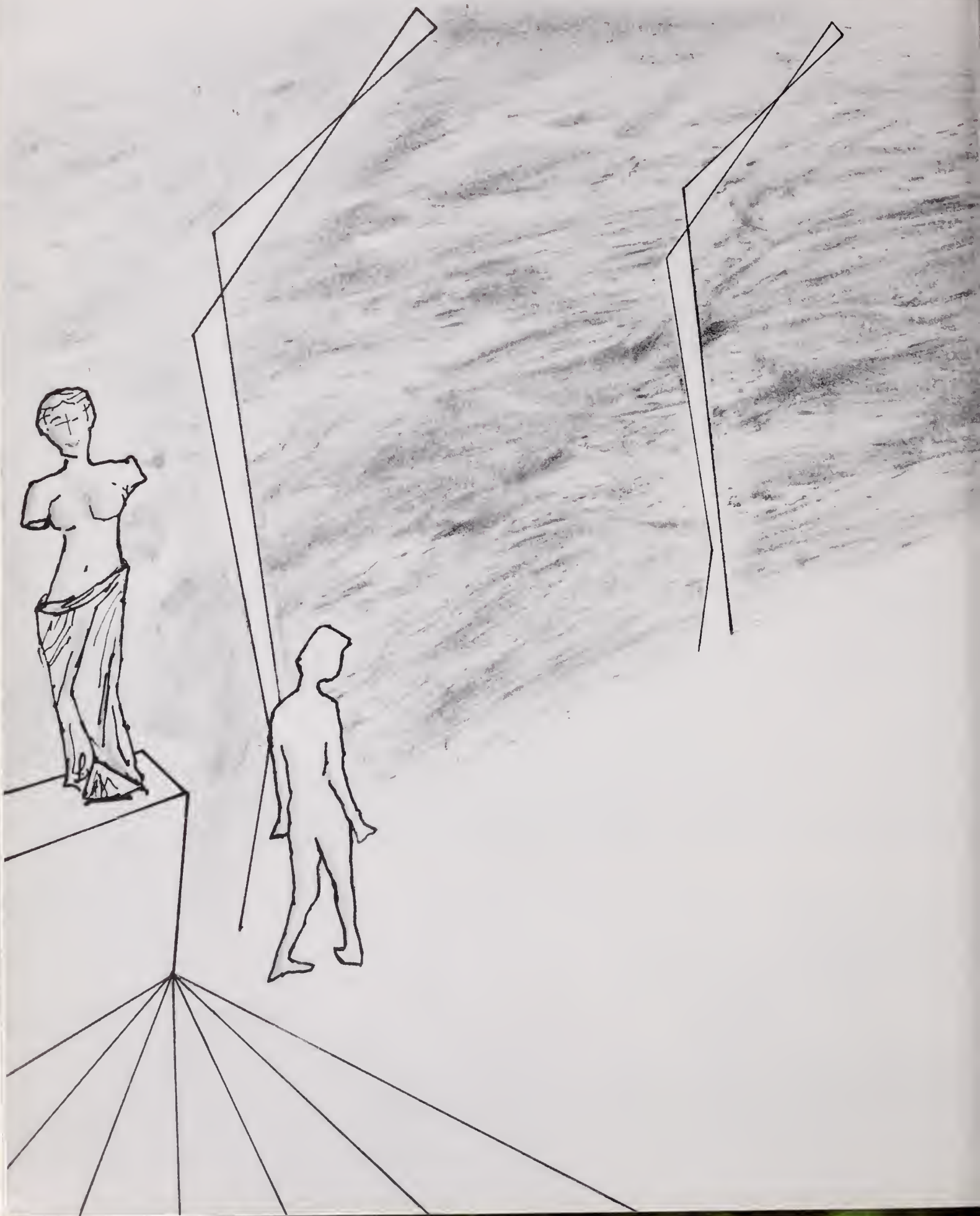
Roans, bays, chestnuts, and grays all paw the turf and chomp their bits. All wait, on edge, for their turn on the track. They see the day as a climax to many months of conditioning and training. Little do they realize that their performance is but a back drop for the real action of the day.

Car radios blare forth the music of the day and doors slam and trunks open revealing endless bounty for the hungry and the dry. And then, in rare moments of stillness, one may hear the soft whispering of the spring breeze through the pines and the angry cry of the jay, scolding those who would disturb his peace. Yet he hears but one sound, for there is but one sound, made of many sounds.

The day is an expression in color. The soft dirt track blends into the forest green of the pines only to erupt into the azure blue of the heavens, dotted with white puffs as far as the eye can see.

And below, the masses wander aimlessly about and among their shiny automobiles and over the course and through the pines. Today Spring opens its door; abandon is the password, color is the key. And as this world so lavishly arrays itself to keep pace with the fertile blossoming of nature, it drinks to its own success; and there is but one spirit, made of many spirits.

AND SUDD



LY THERE IS DARKNESS

by Jim McConnell

He sat on the museum steps, chin in his hands, eyes closed. Behind him, glaringly lit by a spotlight, stood the Venus de Melos. His back was turned to her. He barely moved as he breathed. He opened his eyes and gazed unseeingly down at the marble steps. He paid no attention to the people moving up and down the steps; they didn't look twice at him.

"Hello, Joan. Is Maria home yet? We're going to grab a bite to eat and take in a show."

"Yes, Fred, come in. She's back in the bedroom; just got in from work. Make yourself comfortable; she'll be out soon."

He stretched back on the familiar couch, then sat up again. Joan was going into the little apartment kitchen, probably to fix herself something, he thought. For a moment he considered asking her to go along with them to eat, but rejected the idea. "Nope, tonight we're going to be all by ourselves," he thought.

"Hi, darling." Maria wrapped an arm around his waist, and stretching upward, brushed her lips lightly across his cheek.

"And just what do you call that?" he said, grinning at her. He pulled her to him and kissed her warmly, pulling her up on her tiptoes.

"Oh, you, now look what you did," she said laughingly, as she wiped the lipstick off his mouth with her fingers. She went over to the mirror to put more lipstick on. He looked admiringly at her dark, almost black hair as she made a few little adjustments in its carefully arranged waves. Her blue dress set off the dark hair perfectly, he thought to himself.

"See you later, Joan," she said as they went out.

"Yeah, don't wait up for her, Joan," he added.

He got up slowly from the steps, turned around, gazed at the statue intently, then turned away and started down to the sidewalk. He wandered along, not paying any attention to where he was going. Several times he bumped into people coming toward him, but he didn't stop or even look up. As he walked on down side streets, the streetlamps became farther apart, the sidewalk dimmer. Here and there a group of teenage toughs glared at him as he passed by unnoticed.

turn the page

AND SUDDENLY

continued

There were three little sailboats skimming across the pond under the watchful eyes of a couple of laughing young boys. Maria was watching from the shade of a clump of young oaks where the two of them were sitting on a blanket.

"Oh, look, Fred. Aren't they darling? Someday we're going to have two little boys just like that." She lay down and propped her chin up with her hands, still watching.

"I think we should have a couple of girls, too," he said. "I'm partial to little black-haired, blue-eyed girls." He began rubbing her shoulders, tanned and bare in her open-back sun dress. She laid her head down on her arms and closed her eyes.

"Ummmm," she said, shrugging her shoulders beneath his hands. "You should be a professional masseur."

He bent forward and playfully nipped her ear. She rolled over suddenly and grabbed him by his ears, pulling him down beside her. He turned on his side and looked into her face. They both began chuckling.

He walked on a little further and turned into a sleepy bar on his right. It was dimly lit by beer signs and a couple of bare red bulbs over the bar. In the narrow space between the bar and the dingy wall were a row of stools and a few tables with red-and-white checkered tablecloths.

"Whad'dya have, buddy?" The bartender was a heavyset man wearing a beer-stained apron. He grinned in an empty-eyed way. "Nice night tonight, huh?"

"Whiskey, the whole bottle, he answered. He put a ten dollar bill on the bar, still looking down.

"Yeah, sure, buddy." The bartender eyed him curiously as he rang up the sale and brought his change. "Say, that's a helluva lotta drinkin'. You don't look like you. . . ."

He picked up the bottle and sat down at the table in the back corner, poured himself a drink.

The sparkling liquid bubbled and fizzed as he poured. Then, replacing the cork, he put the bottle back in the ice bucket.

Oh, Fred, I just love champagne. It makes me feel all tingly inside. I wish we could go to night clubs more often."

Maria sat across the table from him, talking animatedly and giggling now and then from the effects of the champagne. He didn't remember ever having seen her looking lovelier.

"We will," he said. "My promotion's due to come up any time now. The boss wrote to the district office about it a couple of days ago."

"Then it won't be long before we can get married. Oh, that's wonderful, darling."

They left the table for the dance floor with its blue light. The orchestra finished its cha-cha number and went into a

melancholy arrangement of "I'll Be Seeing You". They turned slowly around the floor, her head on his chest.

He poured again; the booming of the juke box echoed hollowly in his ears. His bottle was half-empty. He swallowed and poured another glass. A tipsy woman walked over to him, banging into the table.

"Hey, fella, how's about givin' a lady a drink?" She sat down.

He looked up slowly, then looked down again, as if he hadn't seen her. She cocked her head to one side and peered at him.

"Aw c'mon, don' be likkat. Say sump'in." She looked at him again, her face almost touching his.

"Get the hell outta here," he said, in a voice more of annoyance than anger. She went back to the bar.

Through the window he could see an occasional couple passing by outside, hand in hand. He laid his head on the table.

They spent the morning walking along the sidewalk windowshopping for furniture and debating whether or not they wanted Danish modern or early American. Maria won out, as usual when they were discussing that sort of thing. Afterwards, they ate lunch in Woolworth's cafeteria, and he took her back to her apartment.

"Can't you stay for a while?" she said. "I'll pop some popcorn, and we can watch the ball game on television."

"No, can't do it this afternoon. Maria. Promised Tony I'd play a little Saturday afternoon golf with him." He pecked her on the cheek. "Call you tonight."

It was on his way back from the golf course that he heard about it. It was on the news broadcast. He drove to her apartment, but no one was there. He returned to his place to find the phone ringing. It was Joan.

"Oh, Fred, it was so horrible I just We were walking across the street to the bakery when this big truck came along and Maria. . . ."

She broke down into low sobbing. It was true. He went out and walked along the street in a daze.

"Hey, hey fella, wake up. C'mon now, it's closin' time. Wake up."

He looked up to see the bartender leaning over him, shaking him by the shoulder.

"Huh?" he said.

"I gotta close up, I said. C'mon you gotta go now."

He rose to his feet, wavering a little. The bartender steadied him and led him to the door.

"Better g'wan home and sleep off ya troubles, buddy."

He looked around, shook his head slowly, and stumbled off down the street.

TEXAS RANGER



STOLEN

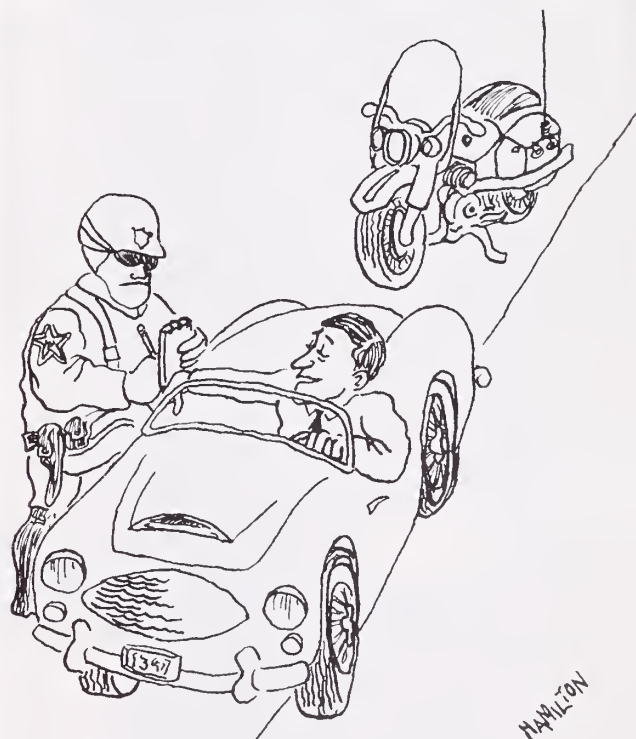
PENN STATE FROTH



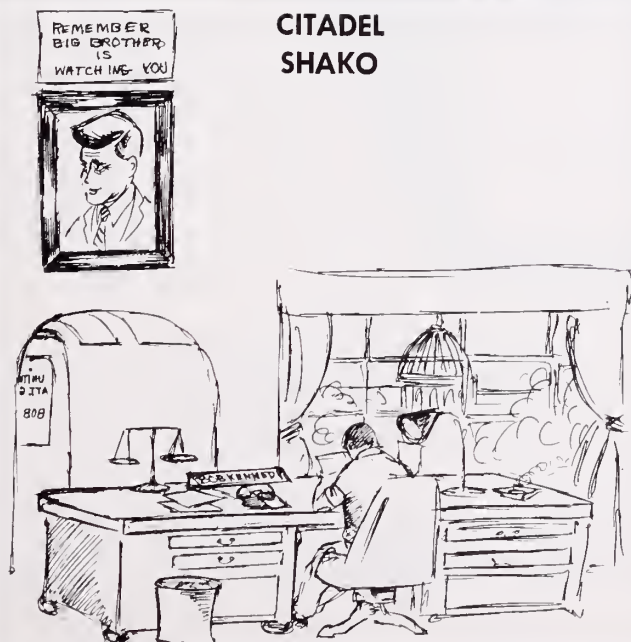
EL BURRO



DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN



CITADEL SHAKO



"I'll take a hamburger and a cup of coffee."

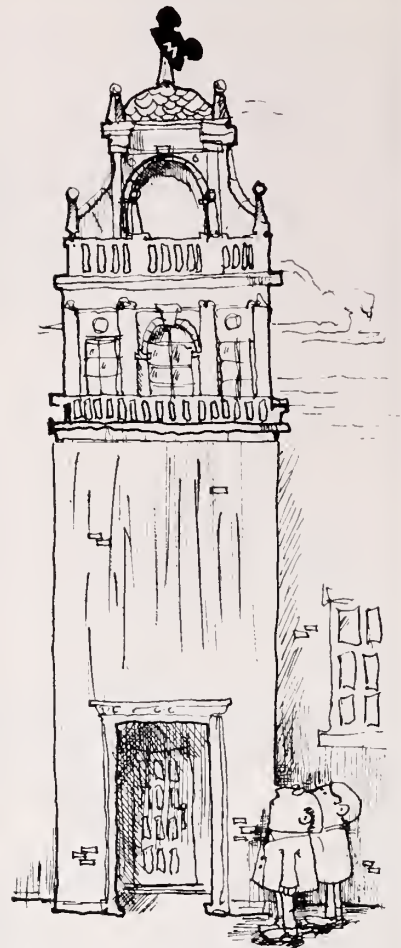
FROM:

DUKE PEER



"Whadayamean, do I want to learn to folk dance?"

BACCHANAL



"I would assume it to be some sort of student protest, Dean Smith."

SAN JOSE STATE LYKE



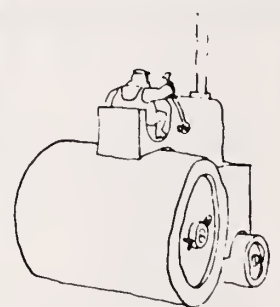
"Hold on"

HARVARD LAMPOON



"Waiter, there's a giraffe in my soup."

YALE RECORD



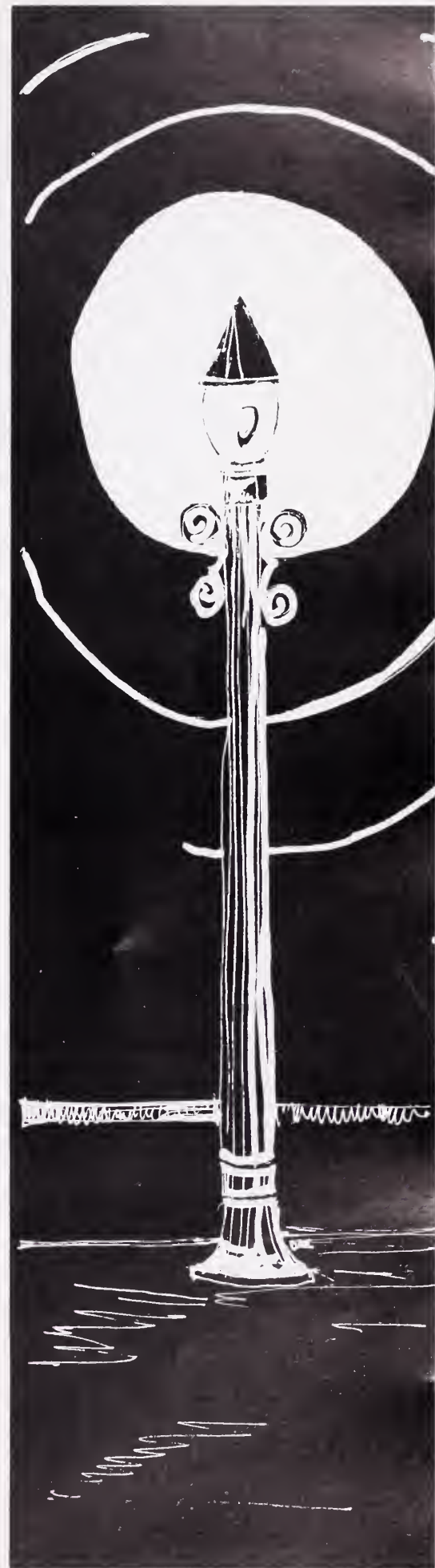
BLACK IS THE NIGHT

by jerry oxner

Well, there they go. Whew! I thought they'd never stop lecturing me. . . "Now you're sure you'll be all right. Mrs. Jonson knows you'll be here alone and she said to call her or come down there if you need anything. Here is the list of phone numbers. The police department is this and the fire department is that and the U. S. Marines is the other. And here's Grandmother's number if you need us for anything. Go to bed by 10:30 and lock all the doors. And you know how to use your asthma spray, don't you?"

Now, let's see what's on TV tonight. Hot dog! *Bonanza* comes on at 8:30. At 9:30 . . . its *Candid Camera*. This movie won't be over till eleven. They'll never know if I stay up thirty extra minutes. Unless that Mrs. Jonson is spying on me. She might even be out sneaking around right now. "The Hand of Death" . . . killer gone mad . . . ruthless death of victims . . . full moon seemed to trigger his sadistic blood-thirsty . . ." Man, I can't miss this! Wonder what "sadistic" means. Sounds like an ugly word—"sadistic." I'll turn off all the lights. Turn the set down real low. Mrs. Jonson'll never know a thing. Even if they guessed I stayed up they couldn't prove a thing. Ha! I remember I used to think Mom had X-Ray vision—just because I couldn't understand how she knew I played in the elay when she said not to. Wonder how she did find out? Guess somebody told her. Can't trust anybody these days.

Boy! I shouldn't have eaten so much of that popeorn. Made enough for three, but it sure was good. Nobody could be as mean as that guy was. Ha! Guess I put one over on that Mrs. Jonson this time! Bet she was the one who squealed about the mud. Guess I better get myself to bed. Bet a dollar nobody could slip up on me like that. Looks like that woman could have found something to hit him with. Women are just plain stupid. So sissy. You can't touch one of 'em without they gotta go squeal to a teacher. Women! They're all alike./turn the page.



Oops! Almost forgot about locking that door. Not that it really matters. Nobody goes around strangling people these days. Least, not very often. He couldn't get in this house anyhow. That window in my room is the only one he could reach.

I'm sure not very sleepy. Why do kids have to go to bed so early? Dad has to get up almost an hour before I do. Got a good mind to get back up and watch the late show. Maybe I better check that door again and that window, too.

Boy! It sure is light outside. And it's almost midnight. Full moon. Huh! Wonder how soon it starts getting day? I'm not even a bit sleepy. Listen to those crickets! How do they make that noise? Sounds like those Halloween clackers we had last week. Supposed to mean something about the rain or something. Hey! I think it is starting to rain. Yeah, I can hear the tires hissing along the street. I think I can see it in the headlights. Wonder what people are doing out this time of night? Grownups have all the fun. Looks like they oughta have a Kids Day—kinda like Mother's Day or something. Humph! Mom says everyday is Kids Day. Wonder what woulda happened if that woman had kicked the flashlight out of that guy's hand? Woman are so silly. I'd bet ten dollars that Mrs. Jonson is still snooping around. Except it's probably raining too hard for her now.

Sure did start raining in a hurry. You never know what to expect around here. One minute it's light as day and the next minute you can't see the hand in front of your face. Yeah, there it is. Couldn't see it if it wasn't for that street light, though. Funny how you can't see a thing at first. Then, all of a sudden, things start popping out at you. Like those bushes out there. I couldn't even see 'em while ago. Guess it's kinda like when you first go in a movie and you can't even see to find a seat; then after while you can see people, you know.

Huh! One of those bushes looks kinda like a man with a funny hat on. The shadow on the wall looks even more like one.

Wonder if I can tell which way the cars are going by listening to the tires?

Not enough cars to decide. Trucks are easier. With them you have a lot more clanking around and their motors make more rumble noises. Guess the only way to tell for sure is to watch the headlights flash across the room. The headlights make that shadow look even realer. Looks like its kinda moving around.

I'm glad I keep my Boy Scout knife on my lamp table. If he was to come in here, I'd chunk it at him so fast he wouldn't even get in the room. Crooks are always scared anyway, just about most of them. That guy in the movie wasn't exactly a scaredycat though. He'd just sneak around and come right on in. Maybe I could just crawl out and slip under the bed without him even noticing it. I remember the time I nearly scared Mom out of her skin when I sneaked in the closet and hid for about an hour before she ever opened the door. You gotta know how to breathe through your nose without whistling. And I thought sure she could hear my heart beating. It sure gets louder when you're trying to scare somebody.

That last car didn't go on by. Wonder who it was? Maybe Mr. Jonson had to work late tonight. No, he doesn't usually work late. Saturday's. Oh, well. It was probably just my imagina— That bush moved!! So help me it did! I don't like to swear, but I could swear it. And there hasn't been any car going by for a good little while. And I could swear that hat was cocked on the other side while ago. Oh! Why don't you go to sleep? You're seeing things! . . . Is that water dripping off the roof? I guess so. But it sure does sound funny. Sounds more like somebody pecking on something. Hey! It stopped! No, no. There it goes again.

I wonder how long it would take those lazy cops to get here if I had to call 'em. They're probably all asleep by now, anyway.

That hat is gone. I swear it's gone. That is somebody! But it couldn't be. There goes that pecking again. Now he's not moving. I guess it is just a bush.

He moved then! I saw it! He ducked when that car went by. Why does he keep pecking? Maybe he thinks I'm crazy enough to come to the window. / turn to page 40

GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE



The Greeks had a word for it. Everyone has a word for it in his own mind — beauty, that is; and regardless of what your definition is, we feel that you won't be displeased with the lovely lady featured in these pages.

Cavorting, typing, or just sitting in the grass and reflecting, she is indeed a stirring example of the classic form: Venus.







Nothing really needs to be said about our Gentle-
men's Choice. She says it all herself, and so very well.

A few interesting facts, however, might prove ap-
propriate:

Her name is Sandra Carroll.

She cuts the tape measure at five feet one inch (and
fills the space in between quite admirably, we might
add).

She has brown eyes.

Her hair is blonde.

She is eighteen years old.

And quite obviously she gets a kick out of watching
our photographers. We hope you get a kick out of her.



NEVER ON THURSDAY

BY JOHN FOWLER



ILLUSTRATION BY P. J. DAVENPORT

A generation of clouds is born on the horizon, and they grow and swell with a pregnant swirling until they block out the sun overhead.

Mighty atmospheric forces make the air expand and contract, and the battle is marked down on paper in a distant building. Here the language of adiabatics and isothermals is commonplace.

Men gather around a chart, conspiring and plotting—analyzing weird factors in their minds. One of them reaches in his pocket and pulls out a shiny metal object. With supreme concentration, he throws it up and watches it fall to the table. All the others gather around and one announces: "Heads, it's gonna rain today." The Weather Bureau has made its official decision.

Outside the first few drops condense around a microscopic dust particle 3,600 feet above the ground, and they begin a long journey downward. Sir Isaac Newton and Albert Einstein would be entirely pleased.

A drop gains momentum as it nears the end of its downward plunge and then smashes into a gauzy rose petal. The flower cries off the water and prepares for the next onslaught.

Out on a golf course a man throws his club up and mutters some very unkind words. Housewives scurry out to man their clotheslines. A poet sings in his heart with the crashing of each tiny droplet on his face.

Somewhere in front of a streaked window a little boy can be seen peering out glumly. No baseball today.

This is the generation of the rain. It is, of course, any day except Thursday. Never, never on Thursday. ☹

JUNGLE RHAPSODY

The stupid souls that constantly
Abate my dejected being,
Take your torturing encasement with you
When you die.
You are but moles;
I want no part of your
Greasy holes of slime.
To God I pray
That I may not be also
A slave to your
Static power, (The forces
You have culled
From my rivers and streams)
I beg that I
May not have to endure
The confining
Slave driving of that god
You have named Civilization.
For, if those of the past
Are now archaic,
Then what good are
Your ephemeral creations?
So hear me slaves of your own
After birth; Chase your lust, case your
Power, and hold on to what
Pride you may have left.
You can't touch me, for I see you
Not. I laugh when I see you
Loll in the lugubrious slime
Of your own creation;
I laugh when unknowingly
You submit to the call of your equals.
Yes, from my own world,
I laugh at the animalistic rituals
Of your churches and temples.
You adore the son of God and become
Jaded at the sight of the scalding,
Sweaty haunches of your
Soothsayer's wife.
Better to ignore God;
For God will cry at the sight of you.
Yes you dribbling masses of marrow,
Weak puppets hanging from
The strings of your own making.
Keep the name of humanity,
And may Darwin err so that I
May remain an Ape-

G. A. Rabasa



THE MAN OF LASCAUX

Within the graying sandstone rocks,
Amid trees, row on row,
Lived a man as crafty as a fox,
An eon or two ago.

He painted the caves from back to front,
With buffalo and roe,
For his ritual of the hunt,
An eon or two ago.

His only media, red and black,
Of beasts he could meet with his bow,
His only living, what he brought back,
An eon or two ago.

By the purple light of swift twilight,
By the roar of a creek's rushing flow,
He quarreled with nature for his very life,
An eon or two ago.

He skirted the glades but did not tarry,
Stalking game has always been slow,
Bold and brave, but always wary,
An eon or two ago.

He aged more rapidly than hour glass sand,
As he lived by torch light's glow,
For this is the ode of Cro-Magnon Man,
An eon or two ago.

Mootfy

SPECIALIZATION

Importance, importance, act while you can,
Fill up with technical knowledge, young man.
Newton and Bacon and Bohr be your guides,
To knowledge of metals, inerts, and halides.
The symbols of oxygen, mercury, lead,
And millions of books have got to be read.

Electrolysis,

Hydrolysis,

Strength,

and Ceramics.

Corrosions,

Explosions,

And Thermodynamics.

This is importance —

Specialization

Answer the call of the scientific nation,
Know all about that one little phase,
Dwell in the cycle the rest of your days.
One has to know that one reaction,
Locked in its grasp he has no attraction,
For beauty of nature, the simple shrill cries,
Of kitty hawks circling the blue of the skies.

The softness of dewdrops,

The song of the rain,

The poor and the hungry,

Of children in pain.

The sorrow and suffering,

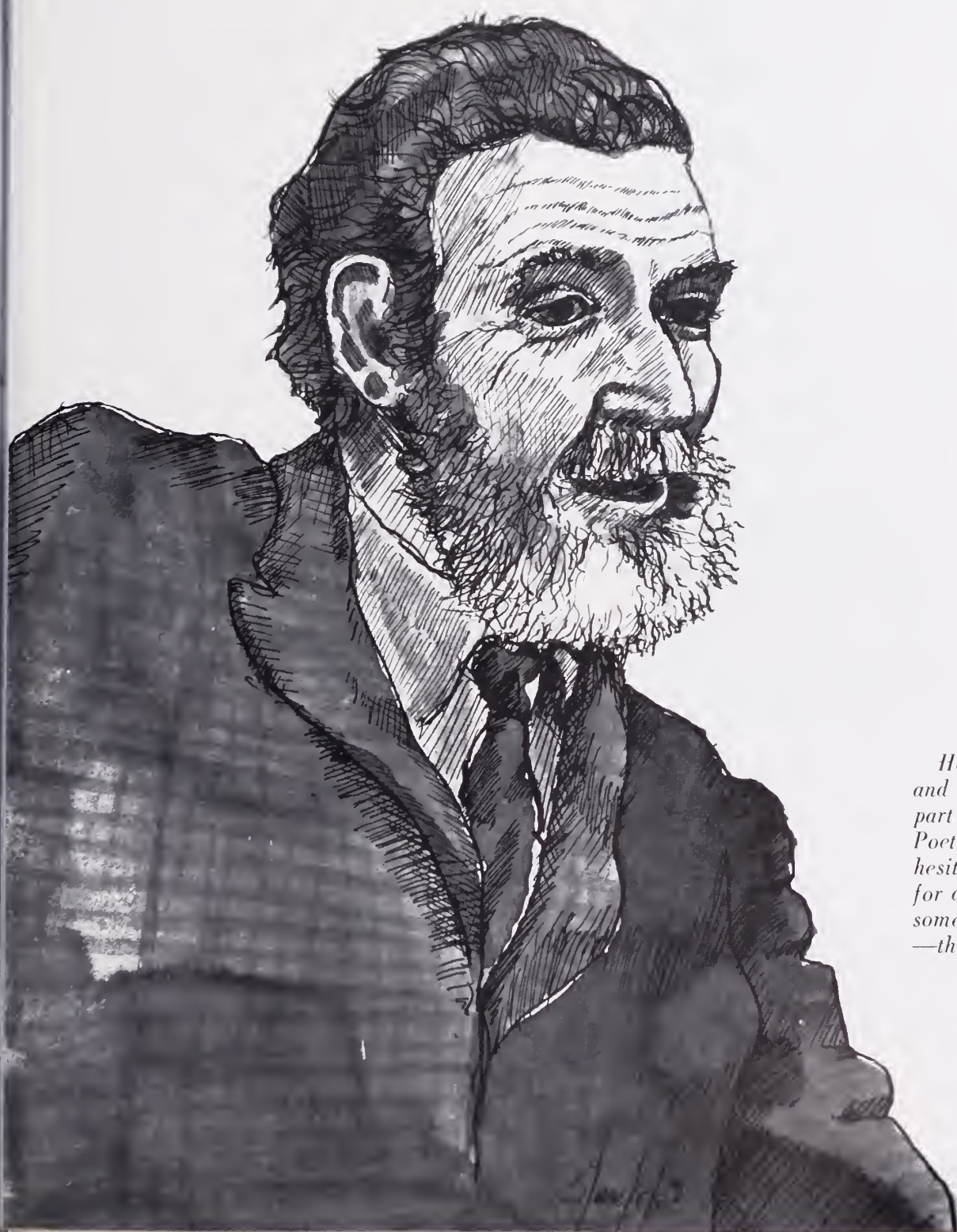
This world full of strife,

The warmth of just touching,

The wonder of life.

Tom Young

CHRONICLE INTERVIEW: RANDALL JARRELL



*He is a bard with a beard,
and on occasions the whiskers
part and the word issues forth.
Poet, critic, novelist, teacher—
hesitating, blinking, looking
for a word, pepsodent smile—
sometimes, wit, slim expressive
—this is Randall Jarrell.*

"a poem is a love

INTERVIEW BY TOM YOUNG, JOHN FOWLER & JERRY STAFFORD

CRONICLE: When did you become aware of your desire to write, and who were your early influences, if there were any?

JARRELL: I started writing poems about my last year in high school. I was out of school for a year between high school and college, and I wrote a lot then. I guess when I was first writing I was crazy about Yeats and wrote some things that were partly like that. I was sort of getting used to writing back in the days when Auden was writing a lot of his best poems—in the middle thirties. And to begin with I sort of wrote pretty hard poems. They were quite modern. I could make heads or tails of them but nobody else could, very well. And in those days the easiest way to get out of those poems was writing more or less like Auden, and I certainly did for a while. Actually I don't think that way of writing was very congenial to me, but it helped then.

CHRONICLE: Have your subjects changed since your early writings?

JARRELL: Yes, pretty much. To begin with, you don't have anything to write about and you don't have any style to write about it in; so you get one or two things that you can write about and one or two forms or ways you can write. Then, gradually, stuff comes in from the rest of your nature and from the outside. I'm fairly cheerful and make jokes and so on, but my original poems are just about as bloody and gloomy and as awful as can be. In general, the things you get particularly interested in make a big difference. Being in the Air Force in the war made a lot of difference to me and what I wrote about.

CHRONICLE: One thing that often concerns a college student and those who are interested in the field of poetry and don't know whether to make the big jump or not, is what degree of education would a poet require? Would you go on to get a graduate degree?

JARRELL: Most poets are moderately well educated. I mean, poetry and college seem to go together considerably better than college and novels. I don't think many poets get Ph. D.'s because it's a trial that takes up their



"The poem is a love affair between the poet and his subject and the reader only comes in a good while later as a witness to the wedding."

affair . . . ”

JERRY STAFFORD

time for a number of years. Usually they find, with luck, that they can get jobs without them. And so . . . it depends a lot on what a particular one is like.

CHRONICLE: What about creative writing classes? Do you think they are beneficial?

JARRELL: A great many of the writers that I know have been in them. They vary a lot. Most creative writing classes aren't very good, and many people who are moderately good writers don't do very well with such things; but nobody thinks that it's odd for a composer, a young one, to take lessons from an older composer, or for a painter to study under an older painter. All in all it helps to have somebody — who knows quite a lot about poems and stories and is really familiar with them — to talk about poems and stories and to go over good and great ones, and also to go over the student's own in the same way.

CHRONICLE: How do you feel about America's culture? People go to the opera and lectures and so forth; but do you feel that American people are truly interested in the arts or is it a superficial thing? I know this question has been asked before —

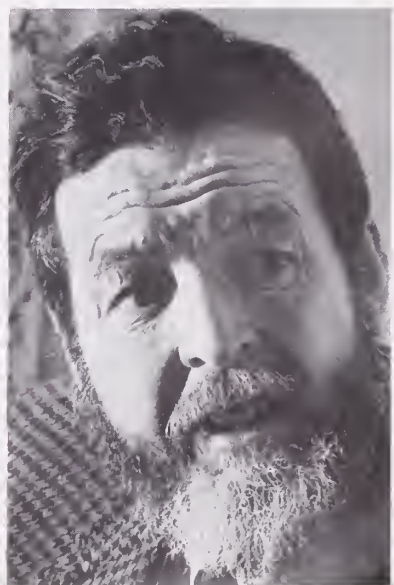
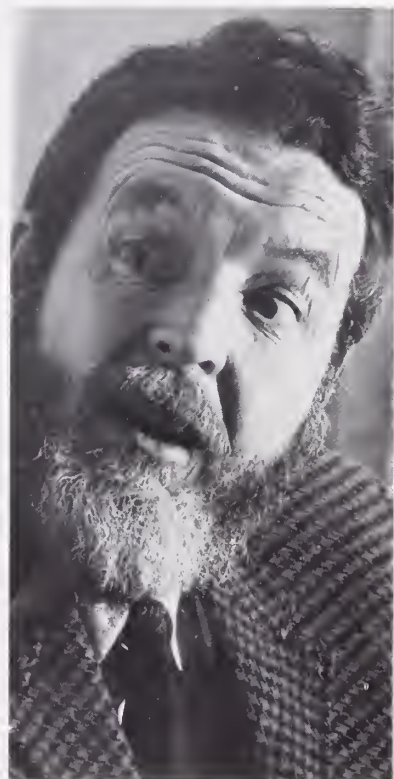
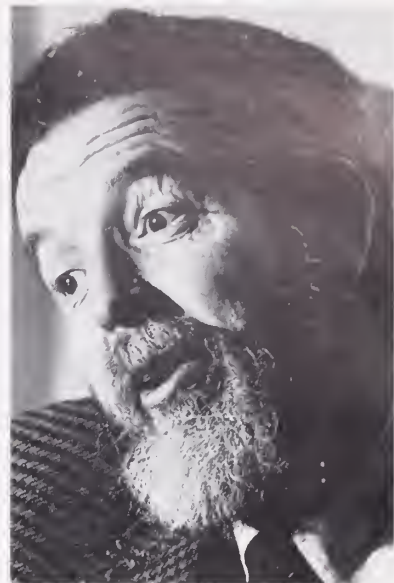
JARRELL: Yes, and it's been answered before. I don't know, it's hard to answer. There are a lot of people genuinely interested in the arts in this country, but of course, the great majority are pretty superficial, and they get pretty much acquainted with the dazzling surface of things by the mass media. I think all in all, things have been getting better in music for a few years. The long-playing records and FM stations and so on have got a lot more people to know good or fairly difficult music. Ballet is better than it used to be. Painting is in a kind of funny situation; it's much more popular because everybody just swallows anything. One cheerful thing connected with writing and the public for it, is the extraordinary number of good paperbound books. It's impossible to get a book so difficult and dull

turn the page

“I think mostly people feel there's something odd about a poet; if he weren't he wouldn't be a poet.”

“They've heard that modern poetry is obscure and so they feel that he must be obscure because, after all, he's modern. And they feel, I think, that he's a kind of queer specialist in a small, pigeon-holed thing.”

“I think the great majority of people in the United States, including engineering students, just can't read poetry because they have had so little practice.”



that somebody won't put it out in a paperback edition and sell quite a number of copies of it.

CHRONICLE: What do you think about the so-called "off-beat" poets, the beatniks, for instance? Do you think their effect is harmful or helpful?

JARRELL: A few years ago, when most younger poetry had gotten so extremely correct and academic, I thought, "Things are just going to have to get different; and I was hopeful that there would be some more radically experimental, violent poetry that would take chances. But I never did realize that it would happen on such a comic level, so to speak; that the people that did it would essentially more or less be "a press agent's creation," you know, and would exist more in pictures, than in time or life, or reality. In general, the beatniks have pathetically "doctrinaire" poems. They have a theory—you can read it best in Kerouac—that any poem with a story ought to be absolutely spontaneous, that nothing should be struck out, because if you leave out anything, the unconscious then doesn't get expressed. And, since an essential thing about any work of art is illuminating and picking some things and leaving out other things; when you have a theory like that, it makes it impossible for you to make a real work of art except by accident. The beatnik poems in general are very crude, direct things. They just preach a sort of "bohemian sermon." The poems are manifestos, and if there's anything that works of art are not, it's direct, in that way.

CHRONICLE: As a critic, do you think that the state of poetry today is a healthy one?

JARRELL: There are some very good poets under a certain age. Lowell and Elizabeth Bishop, I think, are both under fifty; and they're awfully good poets. Wilbur's quite a good poet. There's an extremely original poet who's hardly known at all: Elinor Taylor. Poetry today isn't what it was in the twenties and thirties, when we had the greatest group of poets there has ever been in America; when Eliot was writing, and William Carlos Williams and Wallace Stevens, and all the rest of them. But you certainly wouldn't expect after such an unprecedentedly good generation, that the next couple would be just as good as that. I don't think it's an ideal situa-

tion at all, but there are some very good, highly individual poets and if you mostly feel that the poetry you see in the magazines is pretty commonplace and academic and imitative and a form of correct social behavior, why it's always that way in one way or another. It doesn't seem that way about a past age because we just read the good or pretty good poets, but in the days when they were writing, why it felt like that to everybody also.

CHRONICLE: Are good long poems being written now?

JARRELL: Very few. The whole emphasis for a long time has been on lyrics, and so didactic and narrative poetry has mostly ceased to exist or exist very little.

CHRONICLE: What part do you feel that poetry should play in the life of an average college student in a technical field? Do you think that in America today people are just completely unaware of its existence or do you think that they are recognizing poetry and some of them are enjoying it?

JARRELL: I think the great majority of the people in the United States, including engineering students, just can't read poetry because they have had so little practice. I always compare it to girls who go to football games, and the girls never have played football and they never have learned enough about what is done really to enjoy the game. They like wearing a chrysanthemum and seeing the bands at the half and having a date, but all in all they don't know what's happening. And it's not that they are less intelligent than their date, it's just that they have never had any practice at reading poems. I don't think the audience for Shakespeare, say, was a lot cleverer than the audience now, but they were all used to hearing ballads and verse plays, and it was as easy for them as prose stories and prose plays would be for us. So, in general, poetry of any kind means almost nothing to most, as you say, engineering students. It's too bad. I'm not too worried as long as imaginative prose means something to them. If they read Chekhov, Faulkner, and Proust and so on, and really get them, why then it's too bad that they can't read Milton, Wordsworth, Rilke, and Frost; but still they are getting something to take its place.

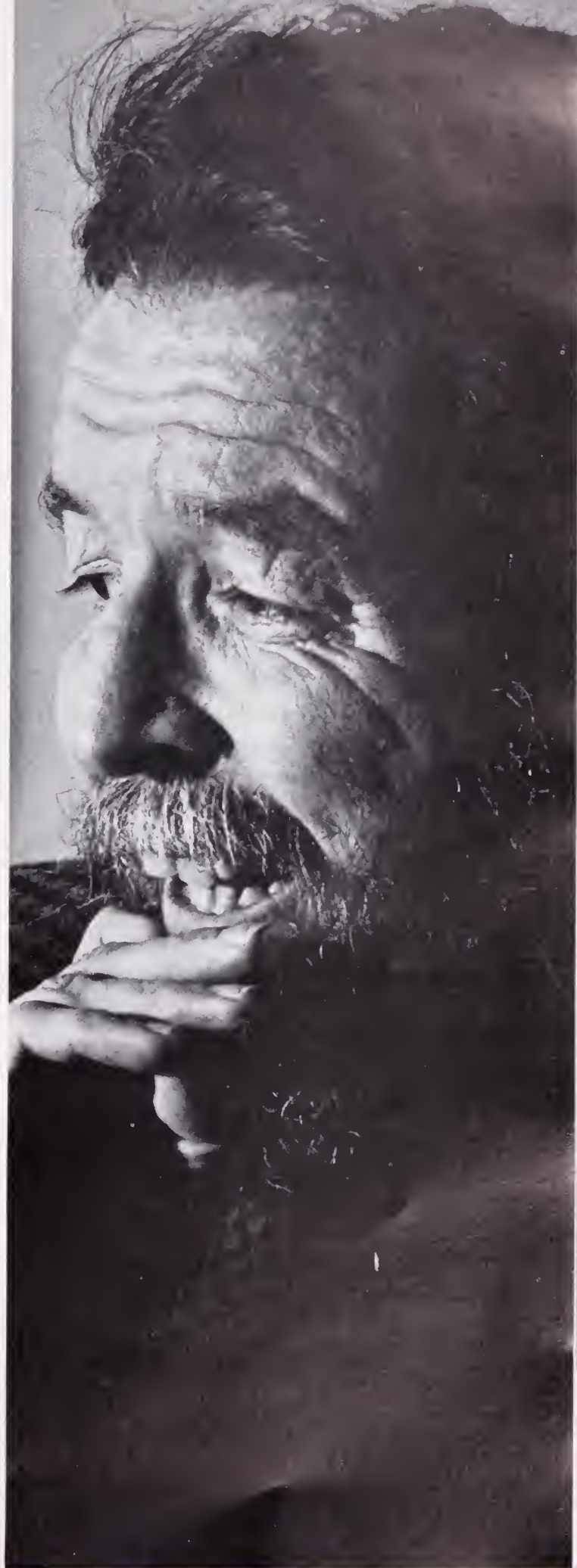
CHRONICLE: If the girl you just mentioned were to see enough football games, eventually she would learn

what it's all about. Wouldn't the same thing apply to poetry?

JARRELL: Oh yes, very much. If people get exposed to poetry quite a lot, it's just like getting exposed to classical music quite a lot. Before they know it, they are liking it better than the "Grand Ole Opry." But you see, in our culture, people don't receive it. One of the whole points of our world is that to a great extent it has eliminated poetry. Just as, you know, if you take early philosophers and scientists, they are full of imagination and poetry and literary interests; and to a great extent the whole movement of science has been to eliminate that entirely, so that, if possible, you'll end up with nothing but straight mathematics. Well, in a sense, something akin to that has happened in the world of the arts in so far as they're a commercial thing; and first poetry gets eliminated, then prose of any difficulty, then prose itself pretty much gets eliminated. You have movies, really crude "spectacle" Hollywood things; you have television shows; you have illustrated comics, you know, which show what's happening in pictures, and then have "balloons" for a certain number of words. To many people, they're just far more congenial than even the simplest ordinary story, without the "balloons" and without the pictures, would be.

CHRONICLE: Where would you say the public image of the poet lies today, in relation to where it has in the past?

JARRELL: Well, often in past cultures and in other cultures right now existing in the world — in other parts of the world — poets have been very much respected and thought of as typically imaginative and important in what they say about the world. You know, in German, for instance, the word for poet — "dichter" — is what you use for any kind of imaginative prose writer too. But that certainly isn't the case here now. Mostly I think people feel there's something odd about a poet; if he weren't, he wouldn't be a poet. They've heard that modern poetry is obscure and so they feel that he must be obscure because, after all, he's modern. And they feel, I think, that he's a kind of queer specialist in a small, pigeon-holed thing. You know, like being an expert on stamp collecting or something like that — but a queerer, crazier stamp collecting, you know, because all kinds of sober businessmen collect stamps.



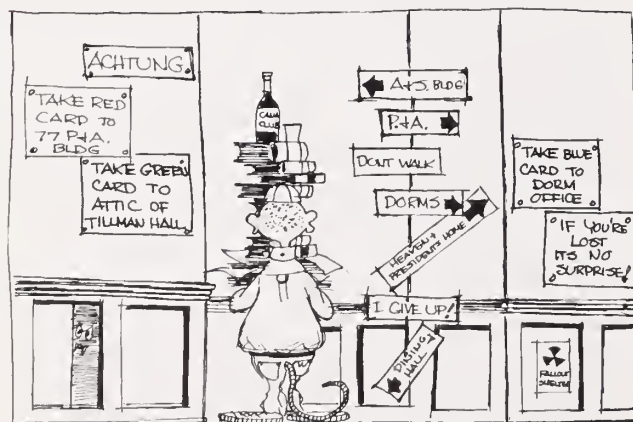
"GUNGA HO"

"AN EPIC OF STRATEGIC ERRORS"

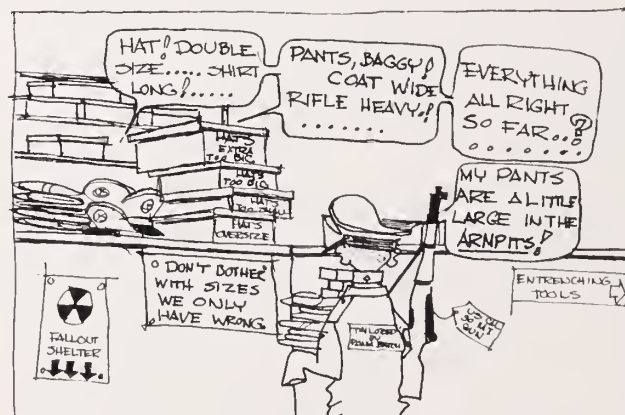
ONCE UPON A TIME, THE GREAT WHITE FATHER IN WASHINGTON GAVE AWAY LAND FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF INSTITUTIONS ; OF LEARNING THAT IS. LIKE ALL THINGS WHICH UNGLE SAM, BY WHICH NAME THE GREAT FATHER HAD BECOME KNOWN, GAVE AWAY IT HAD STRINGS ATTACHED. THE STRINGS ON THIS PARTICULAR GIFT WERE THAT PERSONS ENTERING THESE PLACES OF LEARNING. WERE TO STUDY TWO (2) YEARS OF MILITARY STUFF.

OUR EPIC DRAMA TAKES PLACE AT ONE OF THESE INSTITUTIONS. THIS PARTICULAR PLACE, BECAUSE OF ITS MILITANTLY AUSTERE CONDITIONS, WHICH IT HAD ACQUIRED QUITE HONESTLY FROM ITS LOCATION IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE , HAD PRODUCED MANY GREAT MILITARY LEADERS.

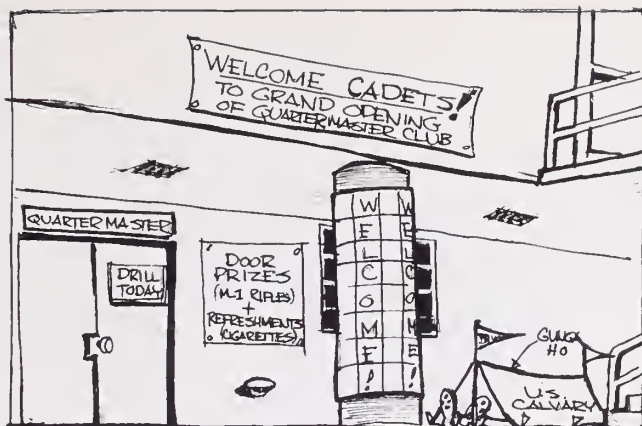
ON THE AVERAGE THE PROGRAM, ABBREVIATED R-O-T-C, AND PRONOUNCED ROT-S WAS NOT POPULAR. BUT ONCE IN A WHILE THERE WOULD BE AN EXCEPTION AND JUST SUCH A MAN WAS GUNGA HO!



GUNGA, LIKE ALL ENTRANTS, WENT THROUGH A SIMPLE WELL ORGANIZED REGISTRATION PROCEDURE AND ACQUIRED ALL THE NECESSARY MATERIAL TO BRING HIM INTO THE WORLD OF THE CAMPUS MAN, HE WAS NOW CALLED BY THE WARM NAME, RAT HO!



BUT, GUNGA'S PROUDEST MOMENT WAS WHEN HE WAS FITTED FOR HIS ROT-C UNIFORM. GUNGA WANTED TO BE THE SHARPEST SOLDIER ON THE PASTURE AND THE QUARTERMASTER. WAS VERY HELPFUL!.....



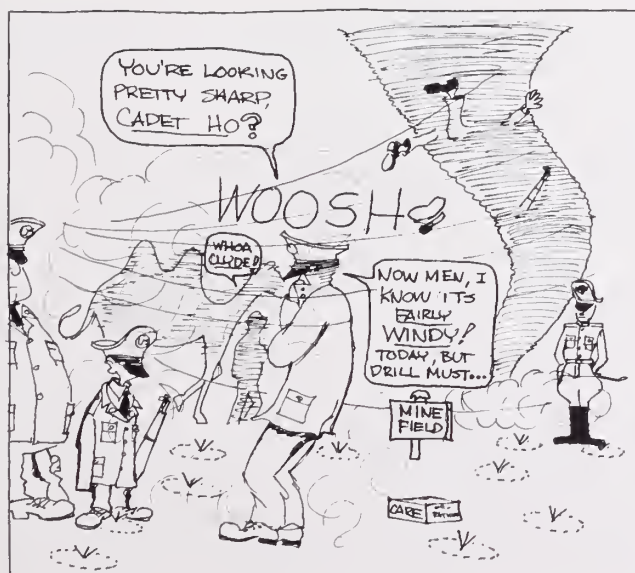
GUNGA WADED THROUGH A WEEK OF ACADEMICS IN PATIENT EXPECTATION OF THE LONG AWAITED FIRST DRILL. THE WEEKDAYS, PASSED SLOWLY UNTIL THURSDAY, WHICH IS NEITHER WEEKDAY NOR WEEK-END, BUT A DAY ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IT NEVER RAINS.



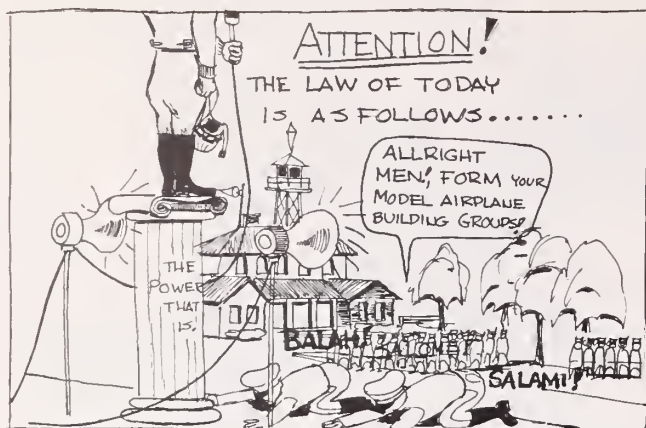
THURSDAY DAWNED, A BEAUTIFUL DRILL DAY, WITH THE SUN GENTLY WARMING THE LAND TO 108° IN THE SHADE AMIDST A 65MPH. BREEZE GUNGA WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE FRIENDLY FOUR O'CLOCK RUSH TO OBTAIN RIFLES.



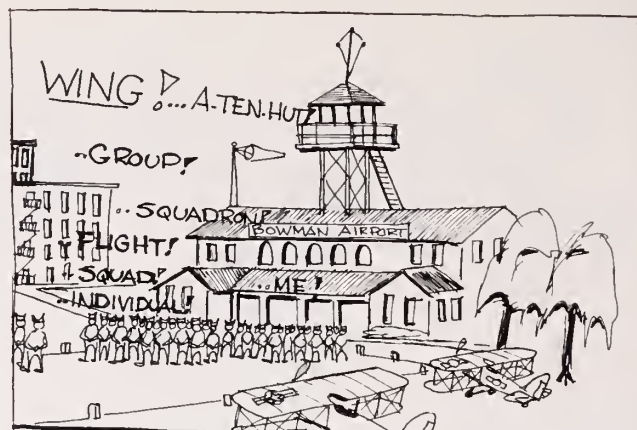
GUNGA TRIED VERY HARD TO DO HIS BEST AT DRILL, BUT THERE WERE MANY POINTS AGAINST HIM. DESPITE ALL HARDSHIPS, GUNGA'S CHARACTER PREVAILED AND HIS OUTSTANDING APPEARANCE GAINED NOTICE FROM THOSE POWERS ABOVE.



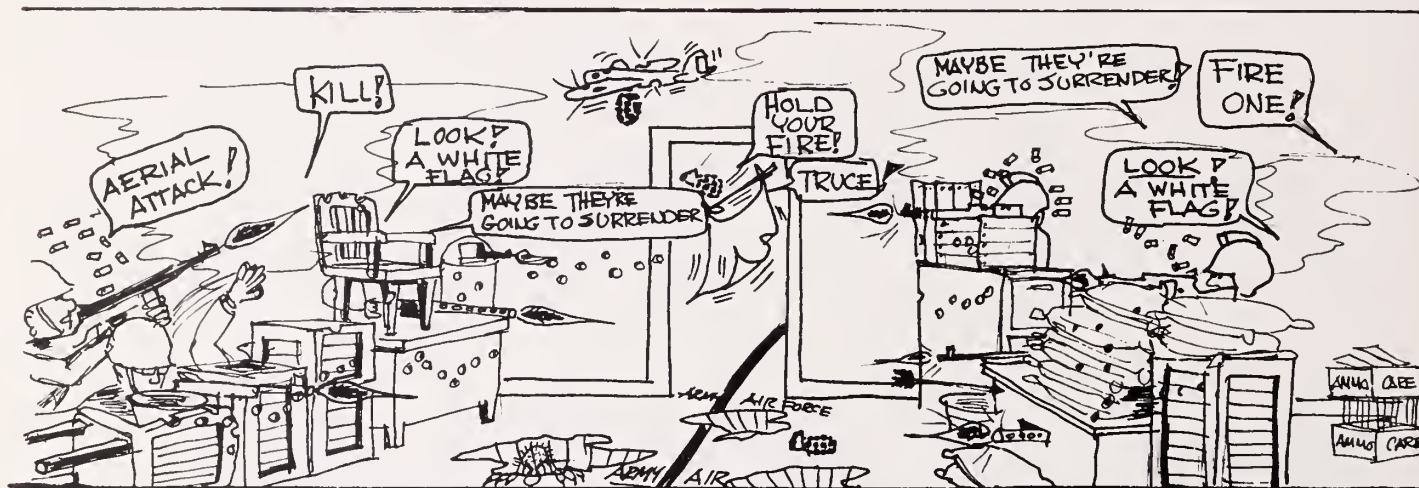
MEANWHILE BACK AT HEADQUARTERS SAFE FROM THE RAVAGES OF THE WEATHER, OFFICERS OF ROTC AND THE A-F ROTC (THAT OTHER ROTC UNIT) ARE HAVING A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION OF THE MERITS OF ARMY VS. AIR FORCE.



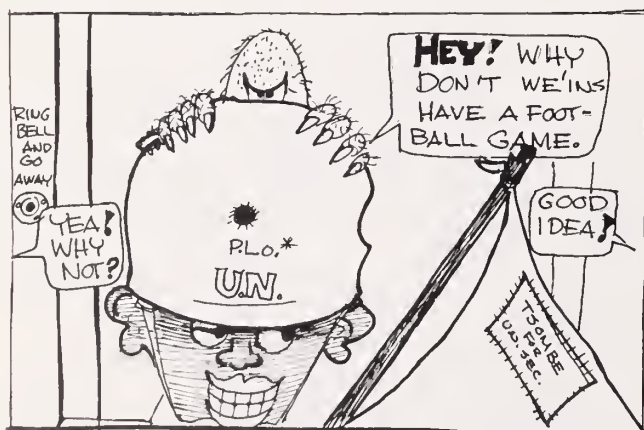
SINCE WE'VE MENTIONED THAT OTHER ROTC UNIT, LETS SEE WHAT GOES ON AT A TYPICAL AF ROTC DRILL. AS OUR SCENE OPENS WE FIND THE CADET OFFICERS DEBATING THE DRILL PROCEDURE FOR TODAY. CADET COLONEL MATTHEW (FLASH) JOCKER IS SPEAKING...



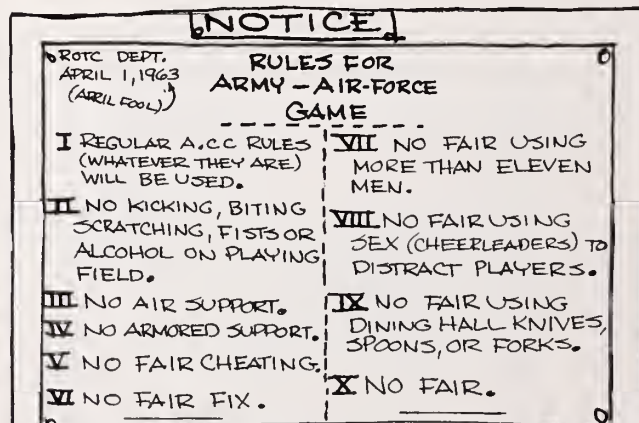
WITH THE RANKS AND MASS OF MEN FORMED, FOR THEIR UP TO DATE AIR POWER TRAINING, THE CADET COMMANDER BEGINS A PROCEDURE WHICH JUST BY CALLING A FEW MOVEMENTS TAKES UP THE ENTIRE DRILL PERIOD.



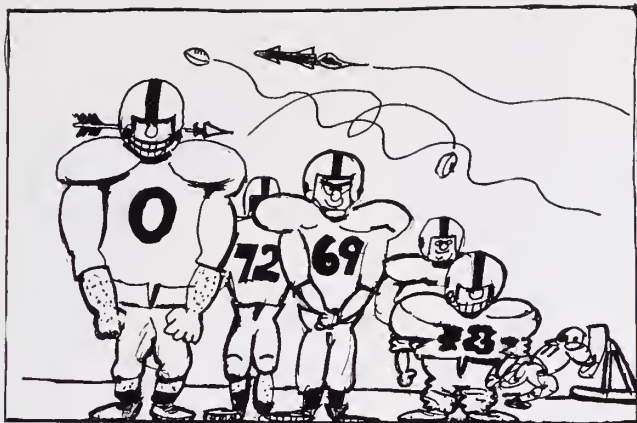
MEANWHILE BACK AT THE OFFICERS CLUB, THE DEBATE IS BECOMING HEATED AND THERE SEEMS TO BE ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE: WAR BUT, WHATS THIS? A WHITE FLAG! MAYBE WE CAN SETTLE THIS PEACEABLY.



THUS, A DARK HORSE IN THE BATTLE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN BRINGING PEACE THROUGH HIS SUGGESTION OF A BLOODLESS CONFLICT TO SETTLE FOR ONCE WHICH UNIT WAS BEST,



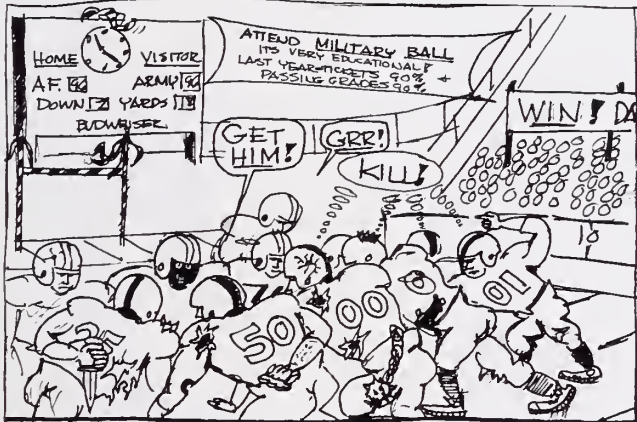
THE IDEA CAUGHT ON AND SINCE ALL CONTESTS MUST HAVE RULES, A FEW WERE ESPECIALLY WRITTEN UP FOR THIS GAME. ALL THE CADETS WERE READY, WILLING, ABLE (?), AND FIRED UP AT THE APPROACHING DATE AND



... EVERYBODY WANTED TO BE ON THE TEAM, ALL THE CADETS WENT OUT FOR THE TEAM, BUT ONLY A FEW WERE FULLY QUALIFIED. THE DEPARTMENTS IN ORDER TO KEEP AS MANY AS POSSIBLE HAPPY, GAVE EACH MAN SOMETHING TO DO. GUNGA THOUGH HE DIDN'T



.. EXACTLY QUALIFY FOR THE TEAM: HE DID, BECAUSE ITS HARD TO KEEP A GOOD SOLDIER DOWN, HELP IN THE ONLY WAY HE COULD. GUNGA REALLY FELT PROUD AND IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY HE STROVE TO DO HIS BEST. THE BIG THURSDAY CAME.



THE GREAT CONFLICT WAS JOINED, AS TEAMS REPRESENTING THE TWO NIGHTY FORCES CLASHED IN A CRASHING DISPLAY OF SPORTSMANSHIP AND FAIR PLAY. THE SCORE BALANCED AT A NINETY-SIX TO NINETY-SIX TIE, UNTIL THE CLOSING SECONDS...



WHEN AIR FORCE BROKE LOOSE WITH THE BALL AROUND END, AND IT LOOKED LIKE A TOUCHDOWN. AS THE RUNNER DANCED DOWN THE SIDELINE THERE WAS A SUDDEN RUSH OF SIDELINE SPECTATORS. GUNGA WAS STRUCK DOWN AND HIS BUCKETS FELL IN THE PATH OF THE RUNNER THUS GUNGA...

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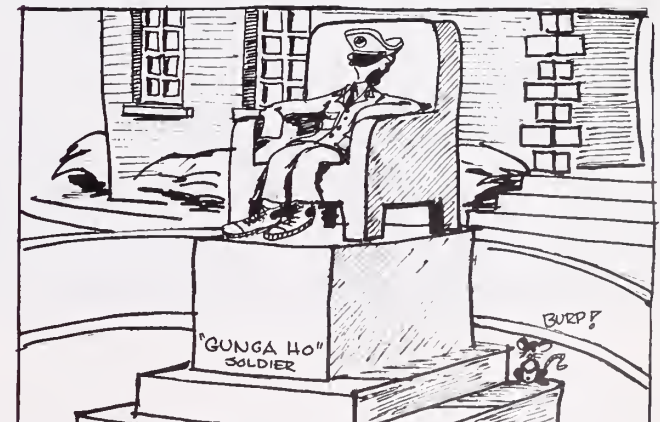
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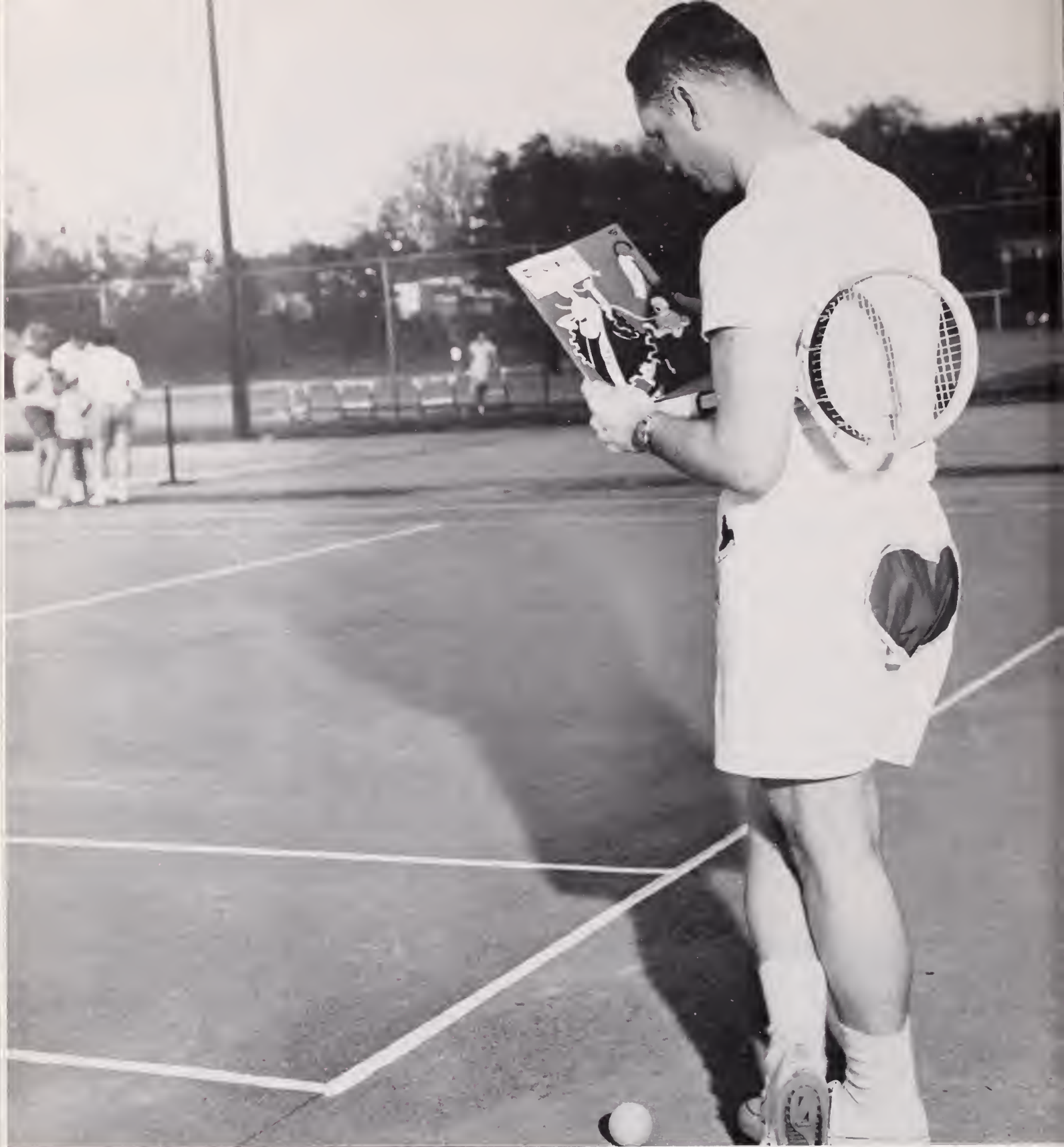
STIMSON SOUTH BY CAMPUS COR

ABD 4041

... SAVED THE DAY. THERE WERE CRIES OF PROTEST, BUT GUNGA WAS A HERO, AND THE ARMY ACCORDED HIM HIGH HONOR FOR HIS FEAT. THE CAMPUS NEWSPAPER, GAVE THE STORY AND GUNGA FULL COVERAGE.



.... BUT PERHAPS MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL WAS THE HONOR THAT IMMORTALIZED THE BETTER MAN THAN I, TO ALL MEN!



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CHRONICLE, DEPT. C., BOX 2186, COLLEGE STATION.

THE LAST PITCH

continued from page 7

bitter way. "Like I said, I had a contract to play in the American League, but I had a year before I started my spring training. The scout who had signed me up said it would be to my advantage to go ahead and enlist in the Army for six months and get my time over with. Of course there would still be the Reserve, but I wouldn't get drafted and have to quit baseball for two years unless some trouble happened overseas which would mean that I'd have to go over there. That sonafabitch said it would be to my advantage." Joseph paused as if he were remembering something, as if he were a kid of nineteen again and could see, once again.

"Kid, you don't have to tell me all this," Ken was trying to get Joseph to talk about something else.

"Yes, by God I think I do have to tell you this. I think you really want to know how I lost my sight. I think every person who sees a blind person wants to know how they lost their sight and how they feel about it. Dammit. I didn't invite you over here to my table. You wanted to come over and talk, so now I'm talking and if you don't want to listen, then go somewhere else. But you want to listen. I know you do because everyone does."

He picked his glass up nervously and the ice rattled. He drank the soothing liquid, and trembled as he put the glass back on the table. The dim light seemed to cast a shadow on the wall of a perfectly normal figure sitting at a table. The shadow did not look like that of a blind person. Joseph was not aware of the dim light nor the shadow, but he was well aware of the hot, sticky air and thick smoke which floated throughout the room as though it were lazily relaxing and in no big hurry to move. He was aware of the odor of the liquor and smoke which mingled with the sweat of the customers. Joseph was painfully aware of the small beads of moisture which were trickling down the side of his face and only seemed to cause him to sweat more profusely. He could not see the people in the bar, but he was aware of them by listening to the sounds of their laughter and the shifting of their bodies trying to get rid of the stale hot air. Their nostrils had become filled with the rank odor of sweating bodies. He could not see their bodies but he could almost pick out the fat from the thin and the tall from the short by just listening to them

talk and move about. It seemed as though all these people and their laughter had just sprung from out of the night to haunt him and not let him forget that he was different from them. He felt the ragged table cloth and knew that it needed cleaning. It felt rough and sticky like an old rag the field hand uses to wipe his brows on a hot day. He was aware of the figure sitting directly across from him, and this reminded him of the cold hard steel which pressed against his thigh. The bluesteel .38 revolver in the front pocket of his pants kept rubbing against his thigh as though it was soothing his embittered body.

"Damn this hot weather. I wish the hell it would rain and cool things off," said Ken, still trying to change the subject.

"It's hot okay, but you guys could be out beating the heat somewhere by swimming, but I could see myself out there blindly swimming around not knowing in which direction the bank lay." Joseph wouldn't let Ken change the subject. He kept feeling sorry for himself and seemed to enjoy it. "Now as I was saying about that sonafabitch who told me to join the Army, well, I'll admit it sounded like a good idea at the time, so I joined. I went through my basic without any trouble and then I was assigned to mine detecting school for training. Well, early one morning when the sun was bright, and your mind turns to baseball or the beach I was being instructed on how to disarm a live mine. I had gone over the damn routine for what seemed a million times and my mind was on baseball. It just so happened that I was in a tight spot on the mound. There were two outs with the bases loaded and I had two strikes on the guy at the plate. Well, one run could win the ball game and I had to get the batter out and the next pitch had to be a strike because he also had three balls, and I couldn't waste the next pitch. I was trying to figure out what pitch to throw the imaginary batter in my imaginary game, when all of a sudden the whole damn game blew up in my face. I later found out the mine had blown up and had killed the instructor. If I had been paying attention I could have shielded my eyes from the fragments, but that damn game was much more important at the time than that live mine. I thought the instructor knew what he was doing but I guess everyone is entitled to mistakes, but that bastard made a mistake that cost me my eyes. When I found out later that I was blind, I wished and prayed that I would die./turn the page

THE LAST PITCH

continued

I wished that it had been me who had gotten killed instead of the instructor."

Joseph picked his drink up and finished drinking the small amount of whiskey that remained in the glass. Ken sat silently on the other side of the table wiping the sweat from his face. Joseph set the glass on the table and sat there staring at the dirty wall.

"Let me buy you another drink." Ken noticed the two glasses were empty once again.

"No, I'll buy this round." Joseph held his long slim hand up and motioned for the waiter to come over. "Bring us two doubles with water. No, make mine straight." called Joseph as the waiter walked away.

Ken took a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and lit one. He offered one to Joseph, but the man waved it off. Ken took a deep draw on his cigarette and exhaled the smoke into the area which had already become smoke filled from the people at the bar.

"Listen, Joseph, I don't know what it's like not to be able to see but like I said before, I know a lot of people who can't see, and they seem happier than me."

"That's right, you don't know what it's like. You know what it's like? It's like nothing you'll ever experience until it happens to you. At first it's the most frightening thing you could imagine. You're always afraid to move for fear you'll bump into something. It's like when you're in pitch dark at night and you have never been to the spot before. You're alone and you can't even see your hand in front of your face. You hear something move and you can't see it. In fact, you hear just about everything that is capable of making a sound. You can even hear your own damn heart beating and you are afraid something or somebody will pounce on you and cut your throat at any given second. You have to start learning how to walk again: learning to walk slowly and carefully so you won't bump into anything or anybody. You have to learn how to dress yourself again. It's almost as if you were starting to learn everything over again, only this time you have to learn to do things without being able to see what you're doing."

"Sure, I know it's no picnic but . . ."

"That's exactly right. It's no damn picnic. Don't you think

I would like to see where I was going and the people's faces around me. What about their smile? I would like just to be able to see a baseball game. Sure, I can listen to them but you know the old saying that one picture is worth a thousand words. Just one damn lousy picture, but I can't even see one. I would like to see what my mother and father look like when they are happy. I would give anything just to be able to see the beautiful face of a girl and her figure or just to see what the new cars look like. Why hell, do you know that I don't even know what the President of the United States looks like. I don't even know what my sister's baby looks like. Dammit, I'll never know. Hell, you've read in books about blind people being able to describe a person to you. They say they can tell how they look by feeling the outline of their face or by their voice or by the way they walk about. Well, dammit they think they know what he looks like but they actually don't know. That junk the writers write about blind people being happy and being able to see things by their touch and sound is a bunch of propaganda. Who the hell could be happy going through life not knowing what anything actually looks like? I say those damn writers are fools for expecting the people to believe their fantasy."

"Listen, Joseph, why don't you try making the best of it and quit feeling sorry for yourself."

"Ha. It's easy for you to sit there and tell me what to do when you aren't faced with the problem and don't actually know what it's like. It's like the farmer trying to tell a pilot how to land his plane when the farmer has never been in an airplane."

"But . . ."

"But hell, I know what it's like and I know that I had just as soon be dead. I know that I can't tell black from white and that I can't see the sky or sun. I can only remember what it looks like. I only know that if God wants to put a blind man on this earth to be tortured by knowing that everything he touches has a certain color and features and is to never be seen, then he is an unjust God. It's as if you are one damn inch away from a million dollars which you know is there and is yours if you can only reach out and take it. But you find that your arm will never reach it. Hell, it's enough to drive a guy crazy. I say that if God wants to torture a person that way, then I have no use for God. I only welcome the day when that torture will cease and I can either reach that million or can see that it/*continued*

is gone." Joseph stopped and grasped for his drink. The waiter had forgotten to bring the two men their drinks and Joseph was infuriated.

"Where the hell is that waiter! Waiter! Waiter!"

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," he apologized as he brought the two drinks.

Joseph reached for his drink and felt the cold gun pressing against his leg. He picked up his drink and pressed it to his lips. "Wait," he said, withdrawing the glass. "Let's make a toast."

"To what?" asked Ken, rather puzzled.

"To my happiness that will one day engulf my blind body."

"Right. That will one day soon be yours."

The tinkling of glasses could be heard echoing throughout the dimly lit bar. They drank the whiskey in one long easy swallow and set the glasses on the stained table cloth.

"That damn table cloth needs washing" said Joseph.

"It certainly does, but how did you know?"

"I can feel it and smell it," laughed Joseph getting up from the table and getting his white cane.

"Are you leaving?" asked Ken also standing up as if he wanted to help his friend, but not sure if he should.

"Yes, I think I'll go and see if I can find that happiness that is soon to be mine," laughed Joseph. The smile soon disappeared and a sad expression covered his boyish face once again.

"Sure Kid. Sure, you'll find it."

"Tell the waiter to change this damn table cloth. Will you?" He felt its dirty surface once again.

"Yes, I'll do that. Take it easy, Joseph."

"Thanks, Ken. Hope I didn't make you too mad tonight."

he said reaching out to shake his friend's hand. "And thanks for the drinks. . . and the toast."

"Want me to walk with you to the door?"

"No, No, I can find my way. Thanks just the same though."

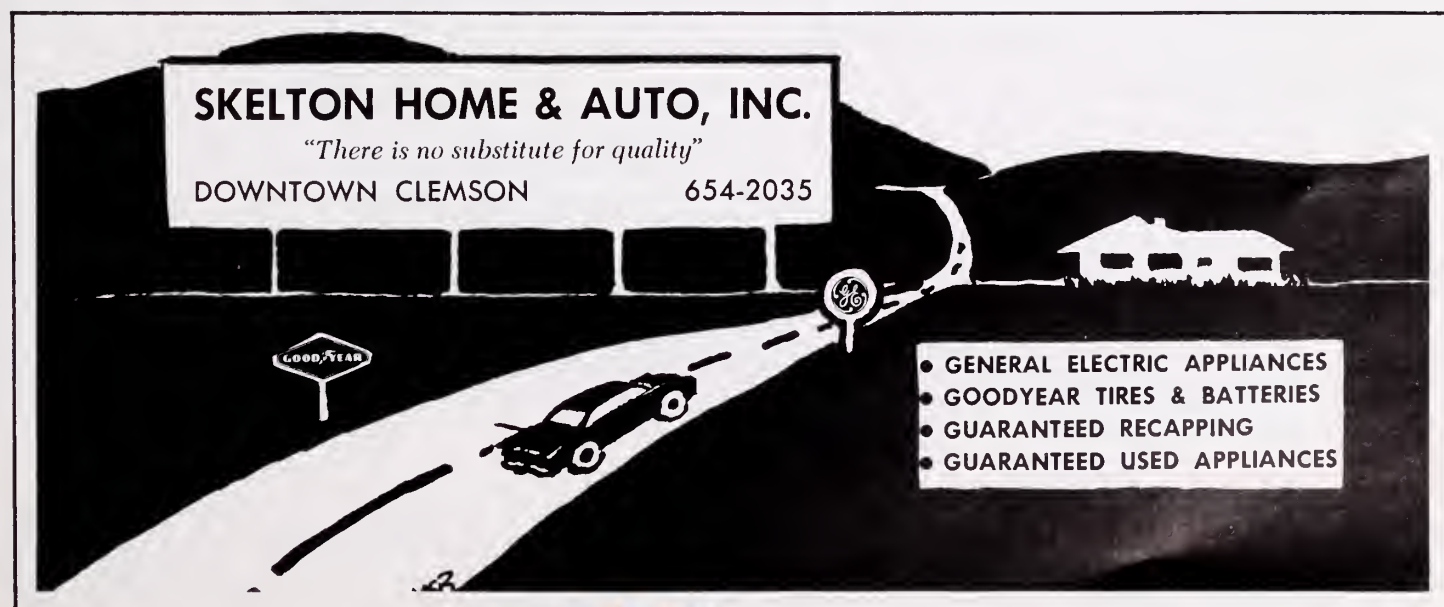
He cautiously walked to the door as the people moved out of his way. Some stared at the young man while others didn't seem to notice his white cane. The cold gun rubbed against his leg as he slowly walked forward seeking the door and looking forward to pitching that last strike that would win the ball game.

Ken sat at the now deserted table and wondered if the kid would ever find that happiness and would ever get to pitch that last strike that would win or lose the ball game.

He hoped he would win the game for all those fans pulling for him. He hoped he would be able to walk off the mound a winner and not a loser. His sincere thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a loud bang which broke the silence and laughter in the bar. Everyone seemed to be paralyzed for a brief moment and then Ken jumped from the table and ran forward screaming, "Kid . . . Kid! Joseph!" He reached the door and saw the kid lying on the hot stinking pavement.

"Joseph! Kid!" he gasped as he knelt and took the young man's head in his hands. He listened for some faint sound of life. He listened for some faint sound that would tell him that the ball game was not yet over. He held the kid's head for what seemed eternity and then slowly stood up. The bar had now emptied out into the street and the people stood in the warm night air which seemed to be frozen in stillness by the sight of the limp body which lay on the weather-beaten brown sidewalk. The people looked at the limp body which was clutching a blue-steel pistol in one hand and a white cane in the other.

Ken looked at his newly acquired pitcher and finally spoke, not to the crowd but directly to his pitcher lying on the sidewalk. "Well, Kid, you finally got to throw that last pitch. I just hope the umpire calls it a strike." 



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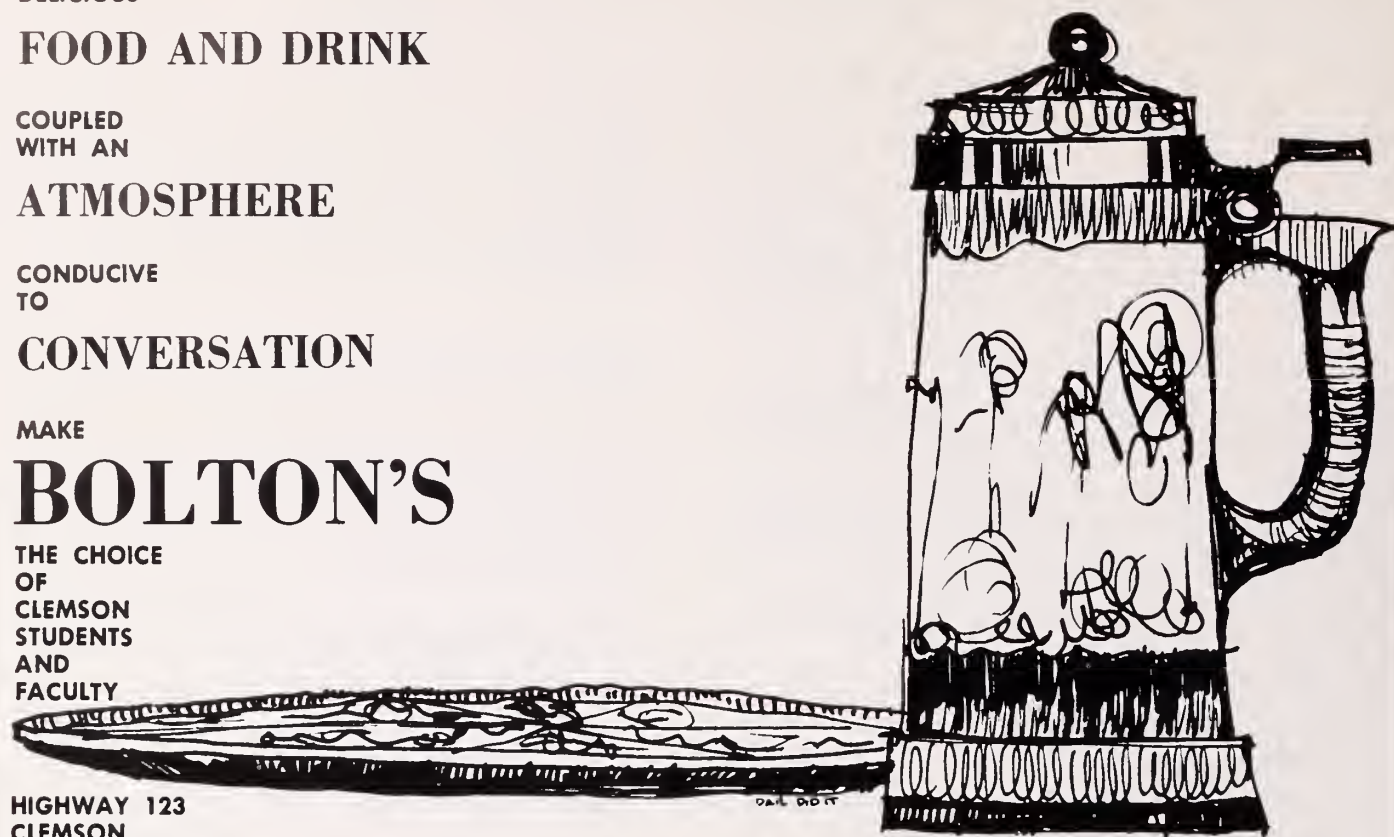
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AND
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BLACK IS THE NIGHT

continued from page 18

But he doesn't know I'm in here. He can't see in here. It's too dark. But maybe he can. I can see him!

Why does he keep pecking? Maybe if I hide under the covers real slow and stay real still, he'll go away, if he hasn't already seen me. There goes my heart again. Something must be wrong with it. It thumps a lot louder than anybody's I've ever listened to.

Think I'll have a slow peek out from under the blanket. Slow now. If he's gonna leave, he should be gone by now.

Oh, no . . . he's still there. I've gotta do something. If he comes through that window, I swear he's gonna get a Boy Scout knife right on the head. But it'll have to be a good throw. The best I've ever made. Cause I might not get but one shot at him.

I know! I'll try to make it to the phone. If I can just get out of bed without making any noise, I might could do it if I crawled along like when we play army. No, no! He'll see me sure and he might have a gun.

There's somebody on the porch! I heard one of the chairs move. What am I gonna do?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Oh my gosh! Somebody's at the door. It's him! I know it's him. What can I . . .

KNOCK! KNOCK!

. . . It—it could be some of the neighbors, I guess I—I'd better see who it is. But I'm taking this knife with me. The first time he makes a false move . . . That's the only way to do it. Get him before he gets me.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"All—All right! I—I'm coming.

Stop shaking knees. You gotta keep cool now. Be ready.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Click

"OK! OK! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Careful now. Remember. Don't take any chances. The first false move.

Hey! It's a woman! Why it—it looks like—

"Mrs. Jonson! Boy am I glad to see you! What are you doing out this time of night? Did you hear somebody prowling around? Mrs. Jonson? Are you OK? Your face sure looks funny. Are you sure you feel all right? Mrs. Jonson? Mrs. Jonson? What—What are you doing? Mrs. Jonson? Mrs. Jonson! No! Mrs. Jonson! No! No! No!!!

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